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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI.
PART I. AND II.

BASIL:

Printed and sold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.

M.DCCC.I.

KING HENRY VI.

PART I.*

* KING HENRY VI. PART I.] The hiſtorical tranſactions contained in this play, take in the compaſs of above thirty years. I muſt obſerve, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very preciſe to the date and diſpoſition of his facts; but ſhuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For inſtance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was ſolemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the ſecond part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to inſult Queen Margaret; though her penance and baniſhment for ſorcery happened three years before that princeſs came over to England. I could point out many other tranſgreſſions againſt hiſtory, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes in theſe three plays, which inconteſtibly betray the workmanſhip of Shakſpeare; yet I am almoſt doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unleſs they were wrote by him very early, I ſhould rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the ſtage; and ſo have received ſome finiſhing beauties at his hand. An accurate obſerver will eaſily ſee, the diction of them is more obſolete, and the numbers more mean and proſaical, than in the generality of his genuine compoſitions.

THEOBALD.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to theſe plays at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.* it is *here* only neceſſary to apprize the reader what my hypotheſis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long ſtruck with the many evident *Shakſpearianiſms* in theſe plays, which appeared to me to carry ſuch deciſive weight, that I could ſcarcely bring myſelf to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged againſt his being the author of them. I am now ſurpriſed, (and my readers perhaps may ſay the ſame thing of themſelves,) that I ſhould never have adverted to a very ſtriking circumſtance which diſtinguiſhes this *firſt* part from the other parts of *King Henry VI.* This circumſtance is, that none of theſe Shakſperian paſſages are to be found here, though ſeveral are ſcattered through the two other parts. I am therefore deciſively of opinion that *this* play was not written by Shakſpeare. The reaſons on which that opinion is founded, are ſtated at large in the Diſſertation above referred to. But I would here requeſt the reader to attend particularly to the verſification of this piece, (of which almoſt every line has a pauſe at the end,) which is ſo different from that of Shakſpeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two ſucceeding pieces as *altered* by him, and ſo exactly correſponds with that of

the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his firſt commencing author, that this alone might decide the queſtion, without taking into the account the numerous claſſical alluſions which are found in this firſt part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deſerves attention, from the ſeveral extracts from thoſe ancient pieces which he will find in the Eſſay on this ſubject.

With reſpect to the *ſecond* and *third* parts of *King Henry VI.* or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, they ſtand, in my apprehenſion, on a very different ground from that of this firſt part, or, as I believe it was anciently called, *The Play of King Henry VI.—The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of ſome playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with, Shakſpeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third* Parts of *King Henry VI.*; as, out of the old plays of *King John* and *The Taming of a Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the ſame titles. For the reaſons on which this opinion is formed, I muſt again refer to my Eſſay on this ſubject.

This old play of *King Henry VI.* now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *firſt* part of *King Henry VI.* I ſuppoſe, to have been written in 1589, or before. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. The diſpoſition of facts in theſe three plays, not always correſponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and conſiſtency in the ſeries of events exhibited, may perhaps be in ſome meaſure accounted for by the hypotheſis now ſtated. As to our author's having accepted theſe pieces as a *Director* of the ſtage, he had, I fear, no pretenſion to ſuch a ſituation at ſo early a period.

MALONE.

The chief argument on which the firſt paragraph of the foregoing note depends, is not, in my opinion, concluſive. This hiſtorical play might have been one of our author's earlieſt dramatic efforts; and almoſt every young poet begins his career by imitation. Shakſpeare, therefore, till he felt his own ſtrength, perhaps ſervilely conformed to the ſtyle and manner of his predeceſſors. Thus, the captive eaglet deſcribed by Rowe,

" —— a while endures his cage and chains.
" And like a priſoner with the clown remains:
" But when his plumes ſhoot forth, his pinions ſwell,
" He quits the ruſtic and his homely cell,
" Breaks from his hoods, and in the face of day
" Full in the ſun's bright beams he ſoars away."

What further remarks I may offer on this ſubject, will appear in the form of notes to Mr. Malone's Eſſay, from which I do not wantonly differ,—though hardily, I confeſs, as far as my ſentiments may ſeem to militate againſt thoſe of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

PERSONS represented.

King Henry *the Sixth.*
Duke of Gloſter, *uncle to the king, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and Regent of* France.
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of* Exeter, *great uncle to the king.*
Henry Beaufort, *great uncle to the king, Biſhop of* Winchester, *and afterwards Cardinal.*
John Beaufort, *Earl of* Somerſet; *afterwards Duke.*
Richard Plantagenet, *eldeſt ſon of* Richard *late Earl of* Cambridge; *afterwards Duke of* York.
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Saliſbury. *Earl of* Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewſbury:
John Talbot, *his ſon.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Mortimer's *Keeper, and a Lawyer.*
Sir John Faſtolfe. *Sir* William Lucy.
Sir William Glanſdale. *Sir* Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London. Woodville, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Vernon, *of the White Roſe, or* York *faction.*
Baſſet *of the Red Roſe, or* Lancaſter *faction.*
Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards king of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular king of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy. *Duke of* Alençon.
Governor of Paris. Baſtard *of* Orleans.
Maſter-Gunner of Orleans, *and his ſon.*
General of the French *forces in* Bourdeaux.
A French *Sergeant. A Porter.*
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called,* Joan *of* Arc.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, *Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the* Engliſh *and* French.
SCENE, partly in England, *and partly in* France.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Weſtminſter *Abbey*.

Dead march. Corpſe of King Henry *the Fifth diſcovered, lying in ſtate; attended on by the Dukes of* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER; *the earl of* WARWICK; [2] *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *Heralds, &c.*

BED. Hung be the heavens with black,[3] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Braniſh your cryſtal treſſes[4] in the ſky;

[2] —— *earl of* Warwick;] The *Earl of Warwick* who makes his appearance in the firſt ſcene of this play is *Richard Beauchamp*, who is a character in *King Henry V.* The Earl who appears in the ſubſequent part of it, is *Richard Nevil*, ſon to the *Earl of Saliſbury*, who became poſſeſſed of the title in right of his wife, *Anne*, ſiſter of *Henry Beauchamp* Duke of Warwick, on the death of Anne his only child in 1449. *Richard*, the father of this *Henry*, was appointed governor to the king, on the demiſe of Tomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reaſon to think that the author meant to confound the two characters. RITSON.

[3] *Hung be the heavens with black,*] Alluding to our ancient ſtage-practice when a tragedy was to be expected. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "There aroſe, even with the ſunne, a vaile of darke clouds before his face, which ſhortly had *blacked over all the face of heaven*, preparing (as it were) a mournfull ſtage for a tragedie to be played on." See alſo Mr. Malone's *Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Braniſh your* cryſtal *treſſes* —] *Cryſtal* is an epithet repeatedly beſtowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"When as thoſe *cryſtal* comets whiles appear."

And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That have conſented [5] unto Henry's death!

Speoſer, in his *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. x. applies it to a lady's ſace:
" Like ſunny beams threw from her *chryſtal* ſace."
Again, in an ancient ſong entitled *The falling out of Lovers is the reuewing of Love:*
" You *chryſtal* planets ſhine all clear
" And light a lover's way."
" There is alſo a *white comet* with ſilver haires," ſays Plioy, as tranſlated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

[5] *That have* conſented—] If this expreſſion means no more than that the ſtars gave a bare *conſent*, or *agreed* to let King Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *conſent;* in this inſtance, means to *act* in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muſe applauding the ſong of Apollo, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out: " O ſweet *conſent!*" i. e. ſweet union of ſounds. Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:
" Such muſick his wiſe words with time *conſented.*"
Again, in his tranſlation of Virgil's *Culex:*
" Chaoted their ſundry notes with ſweet *coacent.*"
and in many other places. *Conſented*, or as it ſhould be ſpelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themſelves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry.* Spenſer, in more than one inſtance, ſpells this word as it appears in the text of Shakſpeare; as does Ben Jonſon, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weſton.* The following lines.
" —— ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
" That *plotted* thus," &c.
ſeem to countenance my explanation; and Falſtaff ſays of Shallow's ſervants, that " —— they flock together in *conſent*, like ſo many wild geeſe." See alſo *Tully de Natura Deorum*, Lib. II. ch. xlvi: *Nolo in ſtellarum ratione multas vobis videri, maximéque earum quæ errare dicuntur. Quarum tantus eſt* conceptus *ex diſſimilibus motibus*, &c.
Milton uſes the word, and with the ſame meaning, in his *Penſeroſo:*
" Whoſe power hath a true *conſent*
" With planet, or with element." STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in his explanation of the word *conſented.* So, in *The Knight of The Burning Peſtle*, the Merchant ſays to Merry-thought:
" —— too late, I well perceive,
" Thou art *conſenting* to my daughter's loſs."

Henry the fifth,[6] too famous to live long![7]
England ne'er loſt a king of ſo much worth.

GLO. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deſerving to command:
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with his beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings;[8]
His ſparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

EXE. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

and in *The Chances*, Antonio, ſpeaking of the wench who robbed him, ſays:

"And alſo the fiddler who was *conſenting* with her."

meaning the fiddler that was her accomplice.

The word appears to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the fifth ſcene of this act, where Talbot ſays to his troops:

"You all *conſented* unto Saliſbury's death,
"For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge."

M. MASON.

Conſent, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the uſual ſpelling of the word *concent*. See Vol. XI. p. 85, n. 3; and Vol. XIII. p. 211, n. 2. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper ſpelling; but, in the preſent inſtance, I apprehend, the word was uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. In the ſecond act, Talbot, reproaching the ſoldiery, uſes the ſame expreſſion, certainly without any idea of a *malignant conjuration*:

"You all *conſented unto* Saliſbury's *death*." MALONE.

[6] *Henry the fifth*,] Old copy, redundantly,—*King* Heory &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *too famous to live long!*] So, in *King Richard III*:

"So wiſe ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long." STEEVENS.

[8] *His arms* ſpread *wider than a* dragon's wings;] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"The *dragon wing* of night *o'erſpreads* the earth."

Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted French[6]
Conjurers and ſorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſes have contriv'd his end?

WIN. He was a king bleſs'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement day
So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought:
The church's prayers made him ſo proſperous.

GLO. The church! where is it? Had not church-men pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince.
Whom, like a ſchoolboy, you may over-awe.

WIN. Gloſter, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookeſt to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

GLO. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

[6] —— *the ſubtle-witted French* &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As ſuperſtition grew weaker, theſe charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was ſuppoſed that the Iriſh could kill rats by a ſong. JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Iriſhmen addict themſelves, &c. yea they will not ſticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beaſt to death." STEEVENS.

BED. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Inſtead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Poſterity, await for wretched years.
When at their mothers' moiſt eyes[7] babes ſhall ſuck;
Our iſle be made a nouriſh of ſalt tears,[8]
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;

[7] —— moiſt *eyes* —] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, redundantly,—*moiſten'd*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Our iſle be made a* nouriſh *of ſalt tears,*] Mr. Pope—*moriſh*. All the old copies read, *a nouriſh*: and conſidering it is ſaid in the line immediately preceding, that babes ſhall ſuck at their mothers' moiſt eyes, it ſeems very probable that our author wrote, *a nource*, i. e. that the whole iſle ſhould be one common *nurſe*, or *nouriſher*, of tears: and thoſe be the nouriſhment of its miſerable iſſue.
THEOBALD.

Was there ever ſuch nonſenſe! But he did not know that *mariſh* is an old word for marſh or fen; and therefore very judiciouſly thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

We ſhould certainly read—*mariſh*. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:
" Made mountains *marſh*, with ſpring-tides of my tears."
RITSON.

I have been informed, that what we call at preſent a *ſtew*, in which fiſh are preſerved alive, was anciently called a *nouriſh*. *Nource*, however, Fr. a nurſe, was anciently ſpelt many different ways, among which *nouriſh* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date:
" Of that chylde ſhe was blyth,
" After *noryſhes* ſhe ſent belive."
A *nouriſh* therefore in this paſſage of our author may ſignify a *nurſe*, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. I. c. xii:
" Athenes whan it was in his floures
" Was called *nouriſh* of philoſophers wiſe."
—— *Jubæ tellus generat, leonum*
Arida nutrix. STEEVENS.

Spenſer, in his *Ruins of Time*, uſes *nource* as an Engliſh word:
" Chaucer, the *nource* of antiquity." MALONE.

Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright[8]——

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,[9]
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

[8] *Than Julius Cæſar, or bright——*] I can't gueſs the occaſion of the hemiſtich and imperfect ſenſe in this place; 'tis not impoſſible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*, though that were a terrible anachroniſm (as bad as Hector's quoting Ariſtotle in *Troilus and Creſſida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave Engliſhman was in his glory, to an Engliſh-hearted audience, and pronounced by ſome favourite actor, the thing might be popular, though not judicious; and, therefore, by ſome critic in favour of the author afterwards ſtruck out. But this is a mere ſlight conjecture. POPE.

To confute the ſlight conjecture of Pope, a whole page of vehement oppoſition is annexed to this paſſage by Theobald. Sir Thomas Hanmer has ſtopped at *Cæſar*—perhaps more judiciouſly. It might, however, have been written,—*or bright Berenice.*

JOHNSON.

Pope's conjecture is confirmed by this peculiar circumſtance, that two blazing ſtars (the Julium ſidus) are part of the arms of the *Drake* family. It is well known that families and arms were much more attended to in Shakſpeare's time, than they are at this day.

M. MASON.

This blank undoubtedly aroſe from the tranſcriber's or compoſitor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a ſubſequent paſſage the word *Nero* was omitted for the ſame reaſon. See the Diſſertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.*

MALONE.

[9] *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verſe might be completed by the inſertion of *Rouen* among the places loſt, as Gloſter in his next ſpeech inſers that it had been mentioned with the reſt. STEEVENS.

BED. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead Henry's corſe?
Speak ſoftly; or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.
GLO. Is Paris loſt? is Roüen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.
EXE. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?
MESS. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the ſoldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain ſeveral factions;
And, whilſt a field ſhould be deſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks,[8] without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth her flowing tides.[9]
BED. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with theſe diſgraceful wailing-robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miſeries.[4]

[8] *A third* man *thinks,*] Thus the ſecond folio, The firſt omits the word—*man*, and conſequently leaves the verſe imperfect. STEEVENS.

[9] —— her *flowing tides.*] i. e. England's flowing tides. MALONE.

[4] —— *their intermiſſive miſeries.*] i. e. their miſeries, which have

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. MESS. Lords, view theſe letters, full of bad miſchance,
France is revolted from the Engliſh quite;
Except ſome petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The baſtard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his ſide.

EXE. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither ſhall we fly from this reproach?

GLO. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

BED Gloſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3. MESS. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearſe,—
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight,
Betwixt the ſtout lord Talbot and the French.

WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't ſo?

3. MESS. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the ſiege of Orleans,

had only a ſhort intermiſſion from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongſt them. WARBURTON.

Having full ſcarce ſix thouſand in his troop.[4]
By three and twenty thouſand of the French
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon:
No leiſure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders[5] with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:[6]
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him:
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle.[7]
Here had the conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If ſir John Faſtolfe[8] had not play'd the coward;

[4] *Having* full *ſcarce* &c.] The modern editors read,—*ſcarce full*, but, I think, unneceſſarily. So, in *The Tempeſt:*

"—— Proſpero, maſter of a *full* poor cell." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *above human thought,*
Enacted wonders—] So, in *King Richard III:*

"The king *enacts* more *wonders* than a man."
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *he* flew:] I ſuſpect, the author wrote—*flew.*
MALONE.

[7] *And ruſh'd into the* bowels of the battle.] Again, in the fifth act of this play:

"So, ruſhing in *the bowels* of the French."

The ſame phraſe had occurred in the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in *the battle's bowels.*"
STEEVENS.

[8] *If ſir John Falſtolfe* &c.] Mr. Pope has taken notice, "That Falſtaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V.* The

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,[9]
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and maſſacre;

occaſion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV.* or *King Henry V.*" But it is the hiſtorical Sir John Faſtolfe (for ſo he is called by both our Chronielers) that is here mentioned; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain. Nor when he named him *Falſtaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a ſlur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have ſeen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Faſtolfe*, whether truly or not, is ſaid by Hall and Holinſhed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin, in his *Saint George for England*, tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good reaſon by him alledged in his defence, reſtored to his honour,"—"This Sir *John Falſtoff*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wiſe captain, notwithſtanding the ſtage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. XII. p. 184, n. 4; and Oldys's Life of Sir John Faſtolfe in the *General Dictionary*. MALONE.

In the 18th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this *Sir John Faſtolph*:

"Strong *Faſtolph* with this man compare we juſtly may;
"By Salſbury who oft being ſeriouſly imploy'd
"In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;
"With excellent ſucceſſe in Main and Anjou fought,
"And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought:
"And choſen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,
"Moſt reſolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre."

STEEVENS.

For an account of this Sir John Faſtolfe, ſee Anſtis's *Treatiſe on the Order of the Garter*; Parkins's *Supplement to Blomfield's Hiſtory of Norfolk*; Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica*; or Capel's notes, Vol. II. p. 221; and Sir John Fenn's *Collection of the Paſton Letters*. REED.

[9] *He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,)* Some of the editors ſeem to have conſidered this as a contradiction in terms, and have propoſed to read—the *rearward*,—but without neceſſity. Some part of the van muſt have been behind the foremoſt line of it. We often ſay the *back front* of a houſe. STEEVENS.

Encloſed were they with their enemies:
A baſe Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt Talbot with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

BED. Is Talbot ſlain? then I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here, in pomp and eaſe,
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3. MESS. O no, he lives; but is took priſoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took, likewiſe.

BED. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my maſters; to my taſk will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great ſaint George's feaſt withal:
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.

3. MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is beſieg'd;
The Engliſh army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Saliſbury craveth ſupply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry ſworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

GLO. I'll to the Tower with all the haſte I can,

To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry King.
[*Exit.*

EXE. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor;
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick weal.[9]
[*Exit. Scene cloſes.*

[9] *The king from Eltham I intend to* ſeod,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick weal.] The king was oot at this time ſo much in the power of the Cardinal, that he could ſeod him where he pleaſed. I have therefore oo doubt but that there is ao error in this paſſage, and that it ſhould be read thus:

The king from Eltham I intend to ſteal
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick weal.

This ſlight alteration preſerves the ſenſe, and the rhyme alſo, with which many ſcenes in this play cooclude. The king's perſoo, as appears from the ſpeech immediately precediog this of Wiochelter, was uoder the care of the Duke of Exeter, oot of the Cardinal:

"*Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young kiog is,
"Beiog ordain'd his ſpecial governor." M. MASON.

The ſecond charge in the *Articles of accuſation* preferred by the Duke of Gloſter agaioſt the Biſhop, (Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. f. 12, b.) coontenances this conjecture. MALONE.

The diſagreeable claſh of the words—*intend* and *ſend*, ſeems indeed to coofirm the propriety of Mr. M. Maſon's emeodation. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, *with his forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

CHAR. Mars his true moving,[a] even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he ſhine upon the Engliſh ſide;
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famiſh'd Engliſh, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.

ALEN. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they muſt be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIG. Let's raiſe the ſiege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Saliſbury;
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, ſound alarum; we will ruſh on them.

[a] *Mars his true moving,* &c.] So, Naſh, in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up,* 1596:—"You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muſe, as the aſtronomers are in the *true movings of Mars,* which to this day they could never attain to." STEEVENS.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excurſions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

CHAR. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! daſtards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

REIG. Saliſbury is a deſperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.[3]

ALEN. Froiſard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,[4]
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;

[3] —— *as their* hungry *prey.*] I believe it ſhould be read:
——*as their* hungred *prey.* JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which appears to ſignify—*the prey for which they are hungry.* STEEVENS.

[4] *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] Theſe were two of the moſt famous in the liſt of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered ſo ridiculouſly and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence aroſe that ſaying amongſt our plain and ſenſible anceſtors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver,* to ſignify the matching one incredible lye with another. WARBURTON.

Rather, to oppoſe one hero to another, i. e. *to give a perſon as good a one as he brings.* STEEVENS.

The old copy has *breed.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

For none but Sampſons, and Goliaſſes,
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe
They had ſuch courage and audacity?

CHAR. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd ſlaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:[5]
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.

REIG. I think, by ſome odd gimmals[6] or device,
Their arms are ſet, like clocks,[7] ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne'er could they hold out ſo, as they do.
By my conſent, we'll e'en let them alone.

ALEN. Be it ſo.

[5] *And hunger will enforce them* to *be more eager:*] The prepoſition *to* ſhould be omitted, as injurious to the meaſure, and unneceſſary in the old elliptical mode of writing. So, Act IV. ſc. i. of this play:

" Let me perſuade you take a better courſe."

i. e. *to* take &c. The error pointed out, occurs again in p. 29:

" Piel'd prieſt, doſt thou command me *to* be ſhut out?"

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *gimmals* —] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*. JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Saliſbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is, " A faire cheſt with *gimmals* and key." Again: " Three other cheſts with *gimmals* of ſilver and gilt." Again, in *The Vow-breaker*, or *The Faire Maide of Cliſton*, 1636:

" My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*
" Fixt in a watch."

See alſo, Vol. XIII. p. 425, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[7] *Their arms are ſet, like clocks,*] Perhaps the author was thinking of the clocks in which figures in the ſhape of men ſtruck the hours. Of theſe there were many in his time. MALONE.

To go like *clock-work*, is ſtill a phraſe in common uſe, to expreſs a regular and conſtant motion. STEEVENS.

Enter the Baſtard *of* Orleans.

BAST. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

CHAR. Baſtard of Orleans,[8] thrice welcome to us.

BAST. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your cheer appall'd;[9]
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a viſion ſent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege,
And drive the Engliſh forth the bounds of France.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,

[8] Baſtard *of Orleans,*] That this in former times was not a term of reproach, ſee Biſhop Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, in the third volume of his Dialogues, p. 233, who obſerving on circumſtances of agreement between the heroic and Gothick manners, ſays that "Baſtardy was in credit with both." One of William the Conqueror's charters begins, "*Ego Guilelmus cognomento Baſtardus.*" And in the reign of Edward I. John Earl Warren and Surrey being called before the King's Juſtices to ſhow by what title he held his lands, *produxit in medium gladium antiquum evaginatum & ait, Ecce Domini mei, ecce warrantum meum! Anteceſſores mei cum Willo Baſtardo venientes conqueſti ſunt terras ſuas*, &c. *Dugd. Orig. Jurid.* p. 13. *Dugd. Bar. of Engl.* Vol. I. Blount 9.

"Le Baſtarde de Savoy," is inſcribed over the head of one of the figures in a curious picture of the Battle of Pavia, in the Aſhmolean Muſeum. In Feno's *Paſton Letters*, Vol. III. p. 72-3, in the articles of impeachment againſt the Duke of Suffolk, we read of the "Erle of Danas, baſtard of Orlyauoce——."

VAILLANT.

[9] —— *your* cheer *appall'd*;] *Cheer* is jollity, gaiety.

M. MASON.

Cheer, rather ſignifies—*countenance*. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of *cheer*."

See Vol. VII. p. 95, n. 4. STEEVENS.

Exceeding the nine ſibyls of old Rome ;[2]
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? Believe my words,[3]
For they are certain and infallible.

CHAR. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Baſtard.] But, firſt, to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern;—
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter LA PUCELLE, Baſtard *of* Orleans, *and Others.*

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?

PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me? —
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee will, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

[2] —— nioe ſibyls *of old Rome;*] There were no *nine ſibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and miſtakes this for the nioe books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. WARBURTON.

[3] —— *Believe* my *words,*] It ſhould be read:
—— *Believe* her *words.* JOHNSON.
I perceive no need of change. The Baſtard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has juſt given of the prophetick ſpirit and proweſs of the Maid of Orleans. MALONE.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate: [4]
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of majeſty, [5]
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs:
In complete glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſs'd with, which you ſee. [6]
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this: [7] Thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHAR. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;

[4] *To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate:*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" ——— thy king &c.
" *Lightens forth glory on thy dark eſtate.*" STEEVENS.

[5] —— *a viſion full of* majeſty,] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" This is a moſt *majeſtick viſion*——." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *which you ſee.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, injudiciouſly as well as redundantly,—which you *may* ſee. STEEVENS.

[7] Reſolve *on this:*] i. e. be firmly perſuaded of it. So, Vol. XV. p. 62:

" ——— I am *reſolv'd*,
" That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue."
STEEVENS.

And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

PUC. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each ſide;[8]
The which, at Touraine, in ſaint Katharine's church-yard,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.[9]

CHAR. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

PUC. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man. [*They fight.*

CHAR. Stay, ſtay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightſt with the ſword of Deborah.

PUC. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire;[1]

[8] *Deck'd with five flower-de-luces*, &c.] Old copy—*fine*; but we ſhould read, according to Holinſhed, —*five* flower-de-luces.—"——in a ſecret place there among old iron, appointed ſhe hir ſword to be ſought out and brought her, that with *five* floure-de-lices was graven on both ſides," &c. STEEVENS.

The ſame miſtake having happened in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, and in other places, I have not heſitated to reform the text, according to Mr. Steevens's ſuggeſtion. In the MSS. of the age of Queen Elizabeth, u and n are undiſtinguiſhable. MALONE.

[9] *Out of a deal of old iron* &c.] The old copy yet more redundantly—Out of a *great* deal &c. I have no doubt but the original line ſtood, elliptically, thus:

Out a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

The phraſe of hoſpitals is ſtill an *out door*, not an *out of door* patient. STEEVENS.

[1] *Impatiently I burn with thy deſire;*] The amorous conſtitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play:

"*Doing* is activity, and he will ſtill be *doing*." COLLINS.

My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not ſovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.
PUC. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompenſe.
CHAR. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.
REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
ALEN. Doubtleſs, he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
REIG. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
REIG. My lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
PUC. Why, no, I ſay, diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight till the laſt gaſp; I will be your guard.
CHAR. What ſhe ſays, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
PUC. Aſſign'd am I to be the Engliſh ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect ſaint Martin's ſummer,[3] halcyon days,

The Dauphin in the preceding play is *John*, the elder brother of the preſent ſpeaker: He died in 1416, the year after the battle of Agincourt. RITSON.

[3] *Expect ſaint Martin's ſummer,*] That is, expect *proſperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

Since I have entered into theſe wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till, by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.[4]
With Henry's death, the Engliſh circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.[5]

[4] *Glory is like a circle in the water,*
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till, by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.] So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"As when a ſtone is into water caſt,
"One circle doth another circle make,
"Till the laſt circle reach the bank at laſt."

The ſame image, without the particular application, may be found in *Silius Italicus*, Lib. XIII:

"Sic ubi perrumpſit ſtagnantem calculus undam,
"Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,
"Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliſcente liquorem
"Multiplicat crebros ſinuati gurgitis orbes;
"Donec poſtremo laxatis circulus oris,
"Continget gemmas patulo curvamine ripas." MALONE.

This was a favourite ſimile with Pope. It is to be found alſo in *Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo*, Book VIII. ſt. 63, of Sir John Harrington's Tranſlation:

"As circles in a water cleare are ſpread,
"When ſtone doth ſhine by day, and moone by night,
"Succeeding one another in a ranke,
"Till all by one and one do touch the banke."

I meet with it again in Chapman's *Epiſtle Dedicatorie*, prefixed to his verſion of the *Iliad*:

"——— As in a ſpring,
"The plyant water, mov'd with any thing
"Let fall into it, puts her motion out
"In perfect circles, that moue round about
"The gentle fountaine, one another ſayſing."

And the ſame image is much expanded by Sylveſter, the tranſlator of *Du Bartas*, 3d part of 2d day of 2d week. HOLT WHITE.

[5] ——— *like that proud inſulting ſhip,*
Which Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a paſſage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæſar*, thus tranſlated by Sir

CHAR. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove?[6]
Thou with an eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the mother of great Conſtantine,
Nor yet ſaint Philip's daughters,[7] were like thee.
Bright ſtar of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?[8]

ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.

REIG. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

CHAR. Preſently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it;
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe.

[*Exeunt.*

T. North: "Cæſar hearing that, ſtraight diſcovered himſelfe unto the maiſter of the pynnaſe, who at the firſt was amazed when he ſaw him; but Cæſar, &c. ſaid onto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear oot, for *thou haſt Cæſar and his fortune with thee.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Was* Mahomet *inſpired with a dove?*] *Mahomet* had a dove, "which he uſed to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted oo *Mahomet's* ſhoulder, and thruſt its bill in to find its breakfaſt; *Mahomet* perſuadiog the rude aod ſimple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghoſt that gave him advice." See Sir Walter Raleigh's *Hiſtory of the World*, Book 1. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

[7] *Nor yet ſaint Philip's daughters,*] Meaniog the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

[8] *How may I* reverently *worſhip thee enough?*] Perhaps this uumetrical line originally ran thus:

How may I reverence, *worſhip thee enough?*

The climax riſes properly, from *reverence*, to *worſhip*. STEEVENS.

SHAKSPEARE

Third Part of

King Henry the Sixth

Tutor. *Oh, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,*
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

Cliff. *How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,*
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

ACT I. SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, between Sandal Castle and Wakefield

Rutland and his Tutor, Clifford and Soldiers

SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the* Tower.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men in blue coats.*

GLO. I am come to ſurvey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.[9]—
Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; it is Gloſter that calls.
[Servants *knock.*

1. WARD. [*Within*] Who is there that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
1. SERV. It is the noble duke of Gloſter.
2. WARD. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1. SERV. Villains, anſwer you ſo the lord protector?
1. WARD. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him:
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.
GLO. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I. —
Break up the gates,[a] I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[9] —— *there is* conveyance.] *Conveyance* means *theft.* HANMER.

So Piſtol, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "*Convey* the wiſe it call; *Steal!* foh; a fico for the phraſe." STEEVENS.

[a] Break up *the gates,*] I ſuppoſe to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themſelves. STEEVENS.

Servants *ruſh at the* Tower *gates. Enter, to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

WOOD. [*Within.*] What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?

GLO. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear? Open the gates; here's Gloſter, that would enter.

WOOD. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I have expreſs commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.

GLO. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant Wincheſter? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late ſovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.

1. SERV. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

To *break up* in Shakſpeare's age was the ſame as to *break open*. Thus in our tranſlation of the Bible: "They have *broken up*, "and have paſſed through the *gate*." *Micah*, ii. 13. So again, in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 43: "He would have watched, and would not have ſuffered his houſe to be *broken up*." WHALLEY.

Some one has propoſed to read —

Break ope *the gates*, ——

but the old copy is right. So Hall, HENRY VI. folio 78, b. "The luſty Kentiſhmen hopyng on more friends, *brake up* the gaytes of the King's Bench and Marſhalſea," &c. MALONE.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.*[6]

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?[7]

GLO. Piel'd prieſt,[8] doſt thou command me to be ſhut out?

[6] —— *tawny coats.*] It appears from the following paſſage in a comedy called *A Maidenhead well Loſt*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dreſs of a *ſummoner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whoſe buſineſs it was to ſummon offenders to an eccleſiaſtical court:

" Tho I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *ſummoner's* part."

Theſe are the proper attendants therefore on the Biſhop of Wincheſter. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822, " —— and by the way the *biſhop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats*," &c.

Tawny was likewiſe a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*: and was therefore the ſuitable and ſober habit of any perſon employed in an eccleſiaſtical court:

" A ernune of bayes ſhall that man weare
" That triumphs over me;
" For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,
" Whiche *mournyng colours be.*"

The Complaint of a Lover wearyng *blacke* and *tawnie:* by E. O. [i. e. the Earl of Oxford.] *Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes*, 1576.

STEEVENS.

[7] *How now, ambitious* Humphrey? *what means this?*] The firſt folio has it—*umphrie.* The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in *italicks*, convince me, that the duke's chriſtian name lurk'd under this corruption. THEOBALD.

[8] Piel'd *prieſt*,] Alluding to his ſhaven crown. POPE.

In ſkinner (to whoſe Dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd garlick, eui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præſertim è lue venerea, defluxerunt.*

In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, the following inſtance occurs:

" I'll ſee them p—'d firſt, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd.*"

STEEVENS.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 364, Robert Baldocke, biſhop of London, is called a *peel'd* prieſt, *pilide* cleike ſeemingly in al-

WIN. I do, thou moſt uſurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

GLO. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou that contriv'dſt to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin:[9]
I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,[a]
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.

luſion to his ſhaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of ſcorn and mockery. TOLLET.

The old copy has—*piel'd* prieſt. *Piel'd* and *pil'd* were only the old ſpelling of *peel'd*. So, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 4to. 1594:

" His leaves will wither, and his ſap decay,
" So muſt my ſoul, her bark being *pil'd* away."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: *Pelare*. To *pill* or pluck, as they do the feathers of fowle; to *pull off the hair* or *ſkin*." MALONE.

[9] *Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin:*] The publick ſtews were formerly under the diſtrict of the biſhop of Wincheſter. POPE.

There is now extant an old manuſcript (formerly the office book of the court-leet held under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of Winchester in Southwark) in which are mentioned the ſeveral fees ariſing from the brothel-houſes allowed to be kept in the biſhop's manor, with the cuſtoms and regulations of them. One of the articles is,

" *De his, qui cuſtodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

" *Item.* That no ſtewholder keep any woman within his houſe, that hath any ſickneſs of brenning, but that ſhe be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C ſhillings." UPTON.

[a] *I'll* canvas *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe— *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and ſhake thee, as bran and meal are ſhaken in a ſieve.*

So, ſir W. D'Avenant, in *The Cruel Brother*, 1630:

" I'll ſift and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvas* was anciently uſed for *to ſift*. So, in *Hans Beerpot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

" —— We'll *canvas* him.——
" ——I am too big ——."

Again, in the Epiſtle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: " *canvaze* him and his angell brother Gabriell, in ten ſheets of paper," &c. STEEVENS.

WIN. Nay ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed Cain,[3]
To ſlay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
GLO. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back!
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
WIN. Do what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.
GLO. What? am I dar'd and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Prieſt, beware your beard;
[Gloſter *and his men attack the Biſhop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly:
Under my feet I ſtamp thy cardinal's hat;
In ſpite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Again, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* Doll Tearſheet ſays to Falſtaff—"If thou doſt, I'll *canvas* thee between a pair of ſheets." M. MASON.

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *ſieve* is made. Perhaps, however, in the paſſage before us Gloſter means, that he will toſs the cardinal in a ſheet, even while he was inveſted with the peculiar badge of his eccleſiaſtical dignity.—Coarſe ſheets were formerly termed *canvaſs ſheets.* See Vol. XIII. p. 96, n. 8. MALONE.

[3] *This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed Cain,*] About four miles from Damaſcus is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which Cain ſlew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131. POPE.

Sir John Maundeville ſays, "And in that place where *Damaſcus* was founded, *Kaym* ſloughe *Abel* his brother." Maundeville's *Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148. REED.

"*Damaſcus* is as moche to ſaye as ſhedynge of blood. For there *Chaym* ſlowe *Abell*, and hydde hym in the ſonde." *Polychronicon*, fo. xii. RITSON.

WIN. Gloſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the pope.

GLO. Winchester gooſe,[3] I cry—a rope! a rope![4]—
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them ſtay?—
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou wolf in ſheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, ſcarlet hypocrite![5]

Here a great tumult. In the midſt of it, Enter the Mayor *of* London, [6]*and Officers.*

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!

GLO. Peace, mayor; thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here diſtrain'd the Tower to his uſe.

WIN. Here's Gloſter too, a foe to citizens;[7]
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is protector of the realm;

[3] *Winchester gooſe,*] A ſtrumpet, or the conſequences of her love, was a Wincheſter gnoſe. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *a rope! a rope!*] See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. X. p. 288, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] —— *out*, ſcarlet *hypocrite*!] Thus, in *King Henry VIII.* the Earl of Surrey, with a ſimilar alluſion to Cardinal Wulſey's habit, calls him—"*ſcarlet* ſin." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *the Mayor of London,*] I learn from Mr. Pennant's LONDON, that this Mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom is deſcended the preſent Earl of Coventry. STEEVENS.

[7] *Here's Gloſter* &c.] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt folio, with leſs ſpirit of reciprocation, and feebler metre,—*Here is Gloſter* &c. STEEVENS.

And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himſelf king, and ſuppreſs the prince.

GLO. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

MAY. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation: —
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canſt.

OFF. *All manner of men, aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highneſs' name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or uſe, any ſword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we ſhall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloſter, we'll meet; to thy dear coſt, be ſure: [8]
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away: [9] —
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

[8] *Gloſter, we'll meet; to thy* dear *coſt, be ſure:*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the epithet — *dear*; as does Mr. Malone, who ſays that the word —*ſure* "is here uſed as a diſſyllable." STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll call for* clubs, *if you will not away:*] This was an outcry for aſſiſtance, on any riot or quarrel in the ſtreets. It hath been explained before. WHALLEY.

So, in *King Henry VIII:* —— and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*" STEEVENS.

That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or ſtaves. In affrays, it was cuſtomary in this author's time to call out *clubs, clubs!* See *As you like it.* Vol. VIII. p. 319, n. 2. MALONE.

GLO. Mayor, farewell: thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.

WIN. Abominable Gloſter! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

MAY. See the coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart. —
Good God! that nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomachs[8] bear!
I myſelf fight not once in forty year.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *ſtomachs* —] *Stomach* is pride, a haughty ſpirit of reſentment. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" ——————— he was a man
" Of an unbounded *ſtomach* ——." STEEVENS.

[9] —— that *nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomachs bear!*
I myſelf fight not once in forty year.] Old copy — *theſe* nobles. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The mayor of London was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preſerves a ſufficient dignity. In the line preceding theſe, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt theſe two lines ſhould be given. They ſuit his character, and are very expreſſive of the pacific temper of the city guards. WARBURTON.

I ſee no reaſon for this change. The mayor ſpeaks firſt as a magiſtrate, and afterwards as a citizen. JOHNSON.

Notwithſtanding Warburton's note in ſupport of the dignity of the Mayor, Shakſpeare certainly meant to repreſent him as a poor, well-meaning, ſimple man, for that is the character he invariably gives to his Mayors. The Mayor of London, in *Richard III.* is juſt of the ſame ſtamp. And ſo is the Mayor of York, in the Third Part of this play, where he refuſes to admit Edward as king, but lets him into the city as Duke of York, on which Gloſter ſays —

" A wiſe ſtout captain! and perſuaded ſoon.
" *Haſt.* The good old man would fain that all were well."

Such are all Shakſpeare's Mayors. M. MASON.

SCENE IV.

France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Maſter-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'ſt how Orleans is beſieg'd;
And how the Engliſh have the ſuburbs won.
SON. Father, I know; and oft have ſhot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miſs'd my aim.
M. GUN. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief maſter-gunner am I of this town:
Something I muſt do, to procure me grace.
The prince's eſpials [2] have informed me,
How the Engliſh, in the ſuburbs cloſe intrench'd,
Wont, through a ſecret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city; [3]

[2] *The prince's* eſpials —] *Eſpials* are ſpies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale*:

" For ſubtilly he had his *eſpiaille*." STEEVENS.

The word is often uſed by Hall and Holinſhed. MALONE.

[3] Wont, *through a ſecret grate of iron bars* &c.] Old copy — *went*. See the notes that follow Dr. Johnſon's. STEEVENS.

That is, the Engliſh *went* not *through a ſecret grate*, but *went to over-peer the city through a ſecret grate* which is *in yonder tower*. I did not know till of late that this paſſage had been thought difficult. JOHNSON.

I believe, inſtead of *went*, we ſhould read — *wont*, the third perſon plural of the old verb *wont*. *The Engliſh — wont*, that is, *are accuſtomed — to over-peer the city*. The word is uſed very frequently by Spenſer, and ſeveral times by Milton. TYRWHITT.

And thence diſcover, how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot, or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully even theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer.[4]
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word;
And thou ſhalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

SON. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT,[5] *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and Others.*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being priſoner?

The emendation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is fully ſupported by the paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle*, on which this ſpeech is formed. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— the uſual time is nie,
" When *wont* the dames of fate and deſtinie
" In robes of chearfull colour to repair, ——. "

MALONE.

[4] —— *Now, boy, do thou watch,*
For I can ſtay no longer.] The firſt folio reads:
And even theſe three days have I watch'd
If I could ſee them. Now do thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer. STEEVENS.

Part of this line being in the old copy by a miſtake of the tranſcriber connected with the preceding hemiſtich, the editor of the ſecond folio ſupplied the metre by adding the word — *boy*, in which he has been followed in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

As I cannot but entertain a more favourable opinion than Mr. Malone of the numerous emendations that appear in the ſecond folio, I have again adopted its regulation in the preſent inſtance. This folio likewiſe ſupplied the word — *fully*. STEEVENS.

[5] — *Talbot,*] Though the three parts of *King Henry VI.* are

Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke of Bedford had a priſoner,
Called — the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchang'd and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, diſdaining, ſcorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd.[6]

deſervedly oumbered among the feebleſt performaoees of Shakſpeare, this firſt of them appears to have been received with the greateſt applauſe. So, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French,) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred years in his tombe, he ſhould triumph againe on the ſtage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt (at ſeveral times,) who io the tragediao that repreſents his perſoo, imagioe they behold him freſh bleeding?" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *ſo* pil'd *eſteem'd.*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without authority — *ſo* vile-*eſteem'd.* — *So pill'd*, may mean — *ſo pillag'd, ſo ſtripp'd of honours;* but I ſuſpect a corruptioo, which Mr. M. Maſon would remedy, by reading either *vile* or *ill*-eſteemed.

It is *poſſible*, however, that Shakſpeare might have written — *Philiſtin'd;* i. e. treated as contumelioully as Sampſon was by the *Philiſtines.* — Both Sampſon and Talbot had been priſoners, and were alike inſulted by their captors.

Our author has jocularly formed more than one verb from a proper name; as for inſtance, from *Aufidius*, in *Coriolanus:* "——— I would not have been ſo *fidius'd* for all the cheſts in Corioli." Again, in *King Henry V.* Piſtol ſays to his priſoner: "Maſter *Fer*? I'll *fer* him," &c. Again, in *Hamlet*, from *Herod*, we have the verb "*out-herod.*"

Shakſpeare therefore, in the preſeot inſtaoce, might have takeo a ſimilar liberty. — To fall into the hands of the *Philiſtiaes* has long been a cant phraſe, expreſſive of danger incurred, whether from enemies, aſſociation with hard drinkers, gameſters, or a leſs welcome acquaintanee with the harpies of the law.

Talbot's idea would be ſufficiently expreſſed by the term — *Philiſtin'd*, which (as the play before us appears to have been copied by the ear) was more liable to corruptioo than a commoo verb.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Faſtolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

SAL. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

TAL. With ſcoffs, and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick ſpectacle to all;
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the French,
The ſcare-crow that affrights our children ſo.[7]

I may add, that perhaps no word will be found nearer to the ſound and traces of the letters, in *pil-eſteem'd*, than *Philiſtin'd*.

Philiſtine, in the age of Shakſpeare, was always accented on the firſt ſyllable, and therefore is not injurious to the line in which I have heſitatingly propoſed to inſert it.

I cannot, however, help ſmiling at my own conjecture; and ſhould it excite the ſame ſenſation in the reader who journeys through the barren deſert of our accumulated notes on this play, like Addiſon's traveller, when he diſcovers a cheerful ſpring amid the wilds of ſand, let him

"—— bleſs his ſtars, and think it luxury." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that we ſhould read—*ſo* pile-*eſteem'd*: a Latiniſm, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occaſion to go to Lilly's grammar. "Floeci, nauci, nihili, *pili*, &c. his verbis, *æſtimo*, penso, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut,—*Nec hujus facio qui me* pili æſtimat." Even if we ſuppoſe no change to be neceſſary, this ſurely was the meaning intended to be conveyed. In one of Shakſpeare's plays we have the ſame phraſe, in *Engliſh*,—vile-eſteem'd. MALONE.

If the author of the play before us deſigned to avail himſelf of the Latin phraſe—*pili æſtimo*, would he have only half tranſlated it? for what correſpondence has *pile* in Engliſh to a ſingle *hair*? Was a ſingle hair ever called—a *pile*, by any Engliſh writer? STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the* terror *of the* French,
The ſcare-crow that affrights our children ſo.] From Hall's *Chronicle*: "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very ſcourge and a daily *terror*, inſomuch that as his perſon was fearful, and terrible to his adverſaries preſent, ſo his name and fame was

Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure;
So great fear of my name 'mongſt them was ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,[8]
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and ſir William Glanſdale,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our battery next.

GAR. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand lords.

GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

ſpiteful and dreadful to the common people abſent; inſomuch that women in France to feare their yong children, would crie, the *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." The ſame thing is ſaid of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy Land. See Camden's *Remaines*, 4to. 1614, p. 267. MALONE.

[8] *Here, through this grate, I can count every one,*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, very harſhly and unmetrically, reads:

Here, thorough this grate, I count each one. STEEVENS.

TAL. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled. [8]

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners!

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

TAL. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſs'd us? —
Speak, Saliſbury; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off! [9] —
Accurſed tower! accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Saliſbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he firſt train'd to the wars:
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field. —
Yet liv'ſt thou, Saliſbury? though thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heaven for grace: [a]
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world. —
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Saliſbury wants mercy at thy hands! —

[8] —— *enfeebled.*] This word is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. MALONE.

[9] —— *thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!*] Camden ſays in his *Remaines*, that the French ſcarce knew the uſe of great ordnance, till the ſiege of Mans in 1425, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the Engliſh, under the conduct of this earl of Saliſbury; and that he was the firſt Engliſh gentleman that was ſlain by a cannon-ball. MALONE.

[a] *One eye thou haſt* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in *King Lear*:

"—— my lord, you have one eye left,
"To ſee ſome miſchief on him." STEEVENS.

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Saliſbury, cheer thy ſpirit with this comfort;
Thou ſhalt not die, whiles ——
He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me;
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,[3]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall France be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*
What ſtir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new riſen up,—
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[SALISBURY *groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Saliſbury doth groan!

[3] —— *and* Nero-like,] The firſt folio reads:
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee —— STEEVENS.
In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the tranſcriber's not being able to make out the name. The editor of the ſecond folio, with his uſual freedom, altered the line thus:
—— and *Nero-like will* ——. MALONE.
I am content to read with the ſecond folio (not conceiving the emendation in it to be an arbitrary one) and omit only the needleſs repetition of the verb —*will*. Surely there is ſome abſurdity in making Talbot addreſs Plantagenet, and invoke Nero, in the ſame line. STEEVENS.

It irks his heart: he cannot be reveng'd. —
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish, [4]
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [5] [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

[4] Pucelle *or* puzzel, dolphio *or dogfish,*] *Puffel* means *a dirty wench* or a *drab*, from *puza*, i. e. malus fætor, says Minsheu. In a translation from Stephen's *Apology for Herodotus*, io 1607, p. 98, we read — "Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft." TOLLET.

So, Stubbs, io his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595: "No nor yet any droye oor *puzzel* io the couutry but will carry a nosegay in her hand."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Commendatory Verses*, prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Lady or *Pufill*, that wears mask or fao."

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be coontenanced by that of James I. who lookiog at the statue of Sir Thomas *Bodley* in the library at Oxford, "Pii Thomæ *Godly* nomine insignivit, eoque potius nomioe quam *Bodly*, deinceps merito nominandum esse censuit." See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. edit. quint. Oxoo. 1635, p. 187.

It should be remembered, that io Shakspeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

There are frequent refereoces to Pucelle's name in this play:

"I fear'd the dauphin and his *trull*."

Again:

"Scoff on, vile fiend, aod shameless *courtezan!*"

MALONE.

[5] And *then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.*] Perhaps the conjunction — *and*, for the sake of metre, should be omitted at the beginning of this line, which, in my opinion, however, originally ran thus:

Then try we what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

The ſame. Before one of the gates.

Alarum. Skirmiſhings. TALBOT *purſueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving* Engliſhmen *before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

TAL. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh troops retire, I cannot ſtay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here ſhe comes: —— I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee,[5] thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

PUC. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee. [*They fight.*

TAL. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage.
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.

PUC. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I muſt go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canſt; I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-ſtarved[6] men;

[5] *Blood will I draw on thee,*] The ſuperſtition of thoſe times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

[6] —— hunger-*ſtarved* —] The ſame epithet is, I think, uſed by Shakſpeare. The old copy has — *hungry*-ſtarved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Help Saliſbury to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be.

[PUCELLE *enters the town, with Soldiers.*

TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;[4]
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear,[5] not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So bees with ſmoke, and doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, Engliſh dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A ſhort alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep in lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo timorous[6] from the wolf,
Or horſe, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.

[*Alarum. Another ſkirmiſh.*

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto Saliſbury's death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In ſpite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Saliſbury!
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his forces, &c.*

[4] —— like a *potter's* wheel;] This idea might have been caught from Pſalm lxxxiii. 13: "—— Make them *like* unto *a wheel*, and as the ſtubble before the wind." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *by fear*, &c.] See Hannibal's ſtratagem to eſcape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in *Livy*, Lib. XXII. c. xvi. HOLT WHITE.

[6] ——*ſo* timorous——] Old copy — *treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and ſoldiers.*

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Reſcu'd is Orleans from the Engliſh wolves: [7] —
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
CHAR. Divineſt creature, bright Aſtræa's daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs?

[7] —— *from the Engliſh* wolves: *&c.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the word — *wolves.* STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, not perceiving that *Engliſh* was uſed as a triſyllable, arbitrarily reads — Engliſh *wolves*; in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. So, in the next line but one, he reads — *bright Aſtræa*, not obſerving that *Aſtræa*, by a licentious pronunciation, was uſed by the author of this play, as if written *Aſteræa*. So *monſtrous* is made a triſyllable; — *monſterous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. IV. p. 191, n. 7. MALONE.

Here again I muſt follow the ſecond folio, to which we are indebted for former and numerous emendations received even by Mr. Malone.

Shakſpeare has frequently the ſame image. So, the French in *King Henry V.* ſpeaking of the *Engliſh*: "They will eat like *wolves*, and fight like devils."

If Pucelle, by this term, does not allude to the hunger or fiereeneſs of the Engliſh, ſhe refers to the *wolves* by which their kingdom was formerly infeſted. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"Peop'ed with *wolves*, thy old inhabitants."

As no example of the proper name — *Aſtræa*, pronounced as a quadriſyllable is given by Mr. Malone, or has occurred to me, I alſo think myſelf authoriſed to receive — *bright*, the neceſſary epithet ſupplied by the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

Thy promiſes are like Adonis' gardens,[8]
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

[8] —— *like Adonis' gardens,*] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a diſpute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very *important* point of the *gardens of Adonis*. Milton had ſaid:

" Spot more delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd,
" Or of reviv'd Adonis, or —— "

which Dr. Bentley pronounces ſpurious; *for that the* Κῆποι Ἀδώνιδος, *the gardens of Adonis, ſo frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with ſome lettice or fennel growing in them. On his yearly feſtival every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worſhip; becauſe Venus had once laid him in a lettice bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c.* To this Dr. Pearce replies, *That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he ſays of them: for why* (ſays he) *did the Grecians on Adonis' feſtival carry theſe ſmall gardens about in honour of him? It was, becauſe they had a* tradition, *that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: for proof of this we have Pliny's words* xix. 4. " Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata eſt quàm Heſperidum *hortos*, ac regum *Adonidis* & Alcinoi." One would now think the queſtion well decided: but Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Bentley's ſecond. *A learned and reverend gentleman* (ſays he) *having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for maintaining that there* never was exiſtent *any magnificent or ſpacious gardens of Adonis, an opinion in which it has been my fortune to ſecond the doctor, I thought myſelf concerned, in ſome part, to weigh thoſe authorities alledged by the objector, &c.* The reader ſees that Mr. Theobald miſtakes the very queſtion in diſpute between theſe two truly learned men, which was not whether *Adonis' gardens were ever exiſtent*, but whether there was *a tradition of any celebrated gardens cultivated by Adonis*. For this would ſufficiently juſtify Milton's mention of them, together with the gardens of Alcinous, confeſſed by the poet himſelf to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no ſuch garden* (ſays Dr. Bentley) *ever exiſtent*, or *even feign'd*. He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would juſtify the poet; and it is on that aſſertion only that his adverſary Dr. Pearce joins iſſue with him. *Why* (ſays he) *did they carry the ſmall earthen gardens? It was becauſe they had a* tradition, *that when alive he delighted in gardens.* Mr. Theobald, therefore, miſtaking the queſtion, it is no wonder that all he ſays, in his long note at the end of his fourth volume, is nothing to the purpoſe; it being to ſhew that Dr. Pearce's quotations from Pliny and others, do not

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! —
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
REIG. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?[9]
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
ALEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
CHAR. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's,[1] or Memphis', ever was:

prove the real *existence* of the gardens. After these, comes the Oxford editor; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. Bentley against Dr. Pearce, in these words, *The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description.* But whether this was said at hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pearce, or to rectify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine. WARBURTON.

[9] *Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?*] The old copy, unnecessarily as well as redundantly, reads —

Why ring not out *the bells* aloud *&c.*

But if the bells rang *out*, they must have rang *aloud*; for to *ring out*, as I am informed, is a technical term with that signification. The disagreeable jingle, however, of *out* and *without* induces me to suppose the line originally stood thus:

Why ring not bells aloud throughout the town?

STEEVENS.

[1] *Than* Rhodope's,] *Rhodope* was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have

In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,[a]

married Pſammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnſon thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a ſtrumpet, all the while he is making this loud praiſe of her.

Rhodope is mentioned in the play of *The Coſtly Whore*, 1633:

" —— a baſe *Rhodope*,
" Whoſe body is as common as the ſea
" In the receipt of every luſtful ſpring."

I would read:

Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was. STEEVENS.

The brother of Sappho, was in love with *Rhodope*, and purchaſed her freedom (for ſhe was a ſlave in the ſame houſe with Æſop the fabuliſt) at a great price. Rhodope was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids:

" Barbara *Pyramidum* ſileat miraeula *Memphis*."
MART. De ſpectaculis Libel. Ep. I. MALONE.

The queſtion, I apprehend, is not where Rhodope was born, but where ſhe obtained celebrity. Her Thracian birth-place would not have reſcued her from oblivion. STEEVENS.

The emendation propoſed by Mr. Steevens muſt be adopted. The meaning is — not that Rhodope herſelf was of Memphis, but — that her *pyramis* was there. I will rear to her, ſays the Dauphin, a pyramid more ſtately than that of Memphis, which was called Rhodope's. Pliny ſays the pyramids were ſix miles from that city, and that "the faireſt and moſt commended for workmanſhip was built at the coſt and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie ſtrumpet."
RITSON.

[a] —— *coffer of Darius*,] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidſt the other ſpoils and wealth of Darius treaſured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little cheſt or caſket, and aſked thoſe about him what they thought fitteſt to be laid up in it. When they had ſeverally delivered their opinions, he told them, he eſteemed nothing ſo worthy to be preſerved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.

The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589: "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, inſomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in *the rich jewel cofer of Darius*, lately before vanquiſhed by him in battaile." MALONE.

Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals
Before the kings and queens of France.[3]
No longer on ſaint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle ſhall be France's ſaint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, *and two* Sentinels.

SERG. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe, or ſoldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[4]

1. SENT. Sergeant, you ſhall. [*Exit* Sergeant.]
— Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon quiet beds,)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold,

I believe, we ſhould read, with Puttenham, "jewel-coffer," and not, as in the text, "jewel'*d* coffer." The *jewel-coffer* of Darius was, I ſuppoſe, the *cabinet* in which he kept his *gems*.

To a *jewelled* coffer (i. e. a coffer ornamented with *jewels*) the epithet *rich* would have been ſuperfluous. STEEVENS.

[3] *Before the kings and queens of France,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the obvious defect in this line, by reading—

Ever *before the kings* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *court of guard.*] The ſame phraſe occurs again in *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c. and is equivalent to the modern term—*guard-room*. STEEVENS.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with ſcaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

TAL. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy.—
By whoſe approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful ſorcery.

BED. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

BUR. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term ſo pure?

TAL. A maid, they ſay.

BED. A maid! and be ſo martial!

BUR. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long;
If underneath the ſtandard of the French,
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.

TAL. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits:
God is our fortreſs; in whoſe conquering name,
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.

BED. Aſcend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

TAL. Not all together: better far, I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.

BED. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
BUR. And I to this.
TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave. —
Now, Saliſbury! for thee, and for the right
Of Engliſh Henry, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* Engliſh *ſcale the walls, crying St.* George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter by the town.*

SENT. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make aſſault!

The French *leap over the walls in their ſhirts. Enter, ſeveral ways,* BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

ALEN. How now, my lords? what all unready ſo?[3]
BAST. Unready? ay, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.

[3] —— unready *ſo?*] *Unready* was the current word in thoſe times for *undreſs'd.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638: "Enter Sixtus and Lucrece *unready.*"
Again, in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:
"Enter James *unready* in his night cap, garterleſs," &c.
Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is this ſtage direction:
"*He mates himſelf* unready"
"Why what do you mean? you will not be ſo uncivil as to *unbrace* you here?"
Again, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"You are not going to bed, I ſee you are not yet *unready.*"
Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:
"Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himſelf *unready.*
Unready is equivalent to the old French word—*di-pret.*
STEEVENS.

REIG. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.*
ALEN. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate than this.
BAST. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.
REIG. If not of hell, the heavens, ſure, favour him.
ALEN. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he ſped.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

BAST. Tut! holy Joan was his defenſive guard.
CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?
PUC. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident ſoldiers! had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.
CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
ALEN. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

* *Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.*] So, in *King Lear*:
"Or, at their chamber door I'll beat the drum——."
STEEVENS.

BAST. Mine was ſecure.
REIG. And ſo was mine, my lord.
CHAR. And, for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the ſentinels:
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?
PUC. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,—
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſpers'd,
And lay new platforms[3] to endamage them.

Alarum, Enter an Engliſh Soldier *crying, a* Talbot! *a* Talbot![4] *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLD. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot ſerves me for a ſword;

[3] —— *platforms* —] i. e. plans, ſchemes. STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter an* Engliſh *Soldier crying*, a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards:

"The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword."

Here a popular tradition, excluſive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakſpeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, firſt publiſhed in 1579, obſerves in his notes on *June*, that Lord Talbot's "ſoldierneſſe bred ſuch a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftimes greate armies were defaited and put to flight, at *the only hearing of his name:* inſomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh.*" See alſo ſc. iii. T. WARTON.

The ſame is ſaid in Drayton's *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, of Lord Warwick:

"And ſtill ſo fearful was great *Warwick's* name,
"That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,
"On the king's army till at length they light."

STEEVENS.

For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and Others.*

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit.
[*Retreat ſounded.*

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Saliſbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul;[4]

In a note on a former paſſage, p. 38, n. 7, I have quoted a paſſage from Hall's *Chronicle*, which probably furniſhed the author of this play with this circumſtance. It is not mentioned by Holinſhed, (Shakſpeare's hiſtorian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author. See the Eſſay at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* It is ſurely more probable that the writer of this play ſhould have taken this circumſtance from the Chronicle which furniſhed him with his plot, than from the Comment on Spenſer's *Paſtorals.* MALONE.

This is one of the floating atoms of intelligence which might have been orally circulated, and conſequently have reached our author through other channels than thoſe of Speoſer's annotator, or our Engliſh Chronicler. STEEVENS.

[4] *Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul;* &c.] So, in the old ſpurious play of *King John:*

"Thus hath king Richard's ſon perform'd his vow,
"And offer'd Auſtria's blood for ſacrifice
"Unto his father's ever-living ſoul." STEEVENS.

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at leaſt five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpſe ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his falſe conſederates.

BED. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did, amongſt the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myſelf (as far as I could well diſcern,
For ſmoke, and duſky vapours of the night,)
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESS. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

TAL. Here is the Talbot; Who would ſpeak with him?

MESS. The virtuous lady, counteſs of Auvergne,
With modeſty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor caſtle where ſhe lies;[5]
That ſhe may boaſt, ſhe hath beheld the man
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even ſo? Nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comick ſport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.

TAL. Ne'er truſt me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd. —
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

BED. No, truly it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid,—Unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.

TAL. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whiſpers.*]—You perceive my mind.

CAPT. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*where ſhe* lies;] i. e. where ſhe dwells. See Vol. XIII. p. 140, n. 6. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Auvergne, *Court of the Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs *and her* Porter.

COUNT. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done ſo, bring the keys to me.
PORT. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
COUNT. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure[4] of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger *and* TALBOT.

MESS. Madam,
According as your ladyſhip deſir'd,
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is lord Talbot come.
COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
MESS. Madam, it is.
COUNT. Is this the ſcourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, ſo much fear'd abroad,

[4] —— *their* cenſure —] i. e. their opinion. So, in *King Richard III:*
" And give your *cenſures* in this weighty buſineſs."
STEEVENS.

That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?[5]
I ſee, report is fabulous and falſe:
I thought, I ſhould have ſeen ſome Hercules,
A ſecond Hector, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs,
Alas! this is a child, a ſilly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled[6] ſhrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, ſince your ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you.

COUNT. What means he now?—Go aſk him, whither he goes.

MESS. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.

TAL. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with keys.*

COUNT. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.

TAL. Priſoner! to whom?

COUNT. To me, blood-thirſty lord;
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,

[5] *That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?*] Dryden has tranſplanted this idea into his *Don Sebaſtian, King of Portugal:*

"Nor ſhall Sebaſtian's formidable name
"Be longer us'd, to lull the crying babe." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *writhled* —] i. e. *wrinkled*. The word is uſed by Spenſer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads —*wrizled*, which has been followed in ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

The inſtance from Spenſer, is the following:

"Her *writhled* ſkin, as rough as maple rind."

STEEVENS.

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like;
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny, theſe many years,
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and huſbands captivate.[7]

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

COUNT. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.

TAL. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,[8]
To think that you have aught but Talbot's ſhadow,
Whereon to practice your ſeverity.

COUNT. Why, art not thou the man?

TAL. I am indeed.

COUNT. Then have I ſubſtance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but ſhadow of myſelf:[9]
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here,
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here;
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

COUNT. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;[1]

[7] —— *captivate.*] So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:
" If not deſtroy'd and bound, and *captivate*,
" If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith."
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *ſo* fond,] i. e ſo fooliſh. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II.
" *Fondly* brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *I am but* ſhadow of myſelf:] So, in *King Henry VIII*:
" I am the *ſhadow of poor Buckingham.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *This is a riddling merchant* &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" What ſaucy *merchant* was this?"
See a note on this paſſage, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

TAL. That will I ſhow you preſently.[3]

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, madam? are you now perſuaded,
That Talbot is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms, and ſtrength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

COUNT. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuſe:
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,[4]
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TAL. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
No other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience,) that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;
For ſoldiers' ſtomachs always ſerve them well.

COUNT. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *That will I ſhow you preſently.*] The deficient foot in this line may properly be ſupplied, by reading—

That, madam, *will I ſhow you preſently.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*bruited,*] To *bruit* is to proclaim with noiſe, to announce loudly. So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— one of greateſt note
" Seems *bruited.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

London. *The* Temple *Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.[2]

PLAN. Great lords, and gentlemen what means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth?
SUF. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
PLAN. Then ſay at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, elſe, was wrangling Somerſet in the error?[3]
SUF. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch.
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

[2] —— *and* another *Lawyer.*] Read—*a* lawyer. This lawyer was probably *Roger Newyle*, who was afterward hanged. See *W. Wyrceſter*, p. 478. RITSON.

[3] *Or, elſe, was wrangling Somerſet in the* error?] So all the editions. There is apparently a want of oppoſition between the two queſtions. I once read,

Or elſe was wrangling Somerſet i'th' right? JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer would read:

And was not ——. STEEVENS.

Betwen two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt.[3]
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgement:
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLAN. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loath to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants[4] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a trueborn gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.[5]

[3] —— bear him *beſt*,] i. e. regulate his motions moſt artfully. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"He *bears* him like a portly gentleman." STEEVENS

[4] *In dumb* ſignificants—] I ſuſpect, we ſhould read—*ſignificance*. MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "Bear this *ſignificant* [i. e. a letter] to the country maid, Jaquenetta." STEEVENS.

[5] *From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houſes of York and Lancaſter, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expreſſion of *ſaying a thing under the roſe*, I am perſuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itſelf into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* roſe, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting againſt one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the ſame quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *ſaid it*

SOM. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours;[6] and, without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe, with Plantagenet.

SUF. I pluck this red roſe, with young Somerſet;
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

under the roſe; meaning that, as it coocerned the faction, it was religiouſly to be kept ſecret. WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is oot learned too?—— The roſe (as the fables ſay) was the ſymbol of ſilence, and coo-ſecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have inſtructed Dr. Warburton io this. "Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis ſuæ roſam dedit in muous, ut ſcilicet ſi quid licentius dictum, vel actum ſit in convivio, ſciant tacenda eſſe omnia. Atqoe idcirco veteres ad fioem convivii *ſub roſa*, Anglicè *under the roſe*, traoſacta eſſe omnia ante digreſſum conteſtabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem eſſet, atque iſta, Μισῶ μνάμονα συμπόται. Probaot hanc rem verſus qui reperiuotur in marmore:

"Eſt roſa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta latereot,
"Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.
"Inde roſam menſis hoſpes ſuſpeodit amicis,
"Coovivæ ut ſub ea dicta taceoda ſciaot.

UPTON.

[6] *I love no* colours;] *Colours* is here uſed ambiguouſly for *tints* aod *deceits*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "——I do fear colourable *colours*." STEEVENS.

SOM. Good maſter Vernon, it is well objected;[7]
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
PLAN. And I.
VER. Then, for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
SOM. Well, well, come on: Who elſe?
LAW. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* SOMERSET.
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white roſe too.
PLAN. Now, Somerſet, where is your argument?
SOM. Here, in my ſcabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white roſe in a bloody red.
PLAN. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
SOM. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks[8]

[7] —— *well objected;*] Properly thrown in our way, juſtly propoſed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Verſion of the 21ſt Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:
"Excites Penelope t'*object* the prize,
"(The bow and bright ſteeles) to the woers' ſtrength."
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *but anger,——that thy cheeks* &c.] i. e. it is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumſtance, namely, that *thy* cheeks bluſh, &c. MALONE.

Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.

PLAN. Hath not thy roſe a canker, Somerſet?

SOM. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLAN. Ay, ſharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſehood.

SOM. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true;
Where falſe Plantagenet dare not be ſeen.

PLAN. Now, by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion,[9] peeviſh boy.

[9] *I ſcorn thee and thy* faſhion,] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *faction*, not conſidering that by *faſhion* is meant the badge of the *red roſe*, which Somerſet ſaid he and his friends would be diſtinguiſhed by. But Mr. Theobald aſks, *If* faction *was not the true reading, why ſhould Suffolk immediately reply,*

Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet.

Why? becauſe Plantagenet had called Somerſet, with whom Suffolk ſided, *peeviſh boy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald with great probability reads—*faction*. Plantagenet afterward uſes the ſame word:

"—— this pale and angry roſe —
"Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

In *King Henry V.* we have *pation* for *paction*. We ſhould undoubtedly read—and thy *faction*. The old ſpelling of this word was *faccion*, and hence *faſhion* eaſily crept into the text.

So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii. "—— whom we ought to beleve to be ſent from God, and of hym onely to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguiſh both the *faccions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth." MALONE.

As *faſhion* might have been meant to convey the meaning aſſigned to it by Dr. Warburton, I have left the text as I found it, allowing at the ſame time the merit of the emendation offered by Mr. Theobald, and countenanced by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, Somerſet;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,[2]
Third ſon to the third Edward king of England;
Spring creſtleſs yeomen[3] from ſo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,[4]
Or durſt not, for his craven heart, ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

[2] *His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,*] The author miſtakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the ſon of Philippa the daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence. That duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. See Vol. XII. p. 215, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] *Spring creſtleſs yeomen* —] i. e. thoſe who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

[4] *He bears him on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious houſe, was an aſylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodſhed. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the Temple had any peculiar privilege at this time, being then, as it is at preſent, the reſidence of law-ſtudents. The author might, indeed, imagine it to have derived ſome ſuch privilege from its former inhabitants, the Knights Templars, or Knights Hoſpitalers, both religious orders: or blows might have been prohibited by the regulations of the Society: or what is equally probable, he might have neither known nor cared any thing about the matter. RITSON.

For treaſon executed in our late king's days? [5]
And, by his treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt [6] from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerſet,
Were growing time once ripen'd [7] to my will.
For your partaker Poole, [8] and you yourſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory, [9]
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion: [a]

[5] *For treaſon executed in our late king's days?*] This unmetrical line may be ſomewhat harmonized by adopting a practice common to our author, and reading—*execute*, inſtead of executed. Thus in *King Henry V.* we have *create* inſtead of created, and *contaminate* inſtead of contaminated. STEEVENS.

[6] *Corrupted, and* exempt —] *Exempt*, for *excluded*. WARBURTON.

[7] —— time *once* ripen'd —] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" —— ſtay the very *riping* of the *time*." STEEVENS.

[8] *For your* partaker *Poole*,] *Partaker* in ancient language, ſignifies *accomplice*. So, in *Pſalm* L: " When thou ſaweſt a thief thou did'ſt conſent unto him, and haſt been *partaker* with the adulterers." STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll note you in my* book of memory,] So, in *Hamlet*:
" —— the *table of my memory*.
Again:
" ———— ſhall live
" Within the *book* and volume of my brain." STEEVENS.

[a] *To ſcourge you for this* apprehenſion:] Though this word poſſeſſes all the copies, I am perſuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventured to read—*reprehenſion*: and Plantagenet means, that Somerſet had *reprehended* or reproached him with his father the Earl of Cambridge's treaſon. THEOBALD.

Apprehenſion, i. e. opinion. WARBURTON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
" —— how long have you profeſs'd *apprehenſion*?"
STEEVENS.

Look to it well; and ſay you are well warn'd.
SOM. Ay, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill:
And know us, by theſe colours, for thy foes;
For theſe my friends, in ſpite of thee, ſhall wear.
PLAN. And, by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,[3]
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
SUF. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And ſo farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
SOM. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
PLAN. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
WAR. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out[4] in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Wincheſter and Gloſter:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,

[3] —— *this* pale *and angry roſe,*
As cognizance of my blood-drinking *hate,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt *pale.*—
"And, truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
"Dry ſorrow *drinks our blood.*" STEEVENS.
A *badge* is called a *cognizance* à *cognoſcendo*, becauſe by it ſuch perſons as do wear it upon their ſleeves, their ſhoulders, or in their hats, are manifeſtly known whoſe ſervants they are. In heraldry the *cognizance* is ſeated upon the moſt eminent part of the helmet. TOLLET.

[4] *Shall be* wip'd *out* —] Old copy—*whip't*, Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Againſt proud Somerſet, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe:
And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night.

PLAN. Good maſter Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VER. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.

LAW. And ſo will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle ſir.[5]
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER,[6] *brought in a chair by two Keepers.*

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

[5] —— *gentle* ſir.] The latter word, which yet does not complete the metre, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Perhaps the line had originally this concluſion:
" —— Thanks, gentle ſir; *thanks both.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Enter* Mortimer,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, obſerves, that Shakſpeare has varied from the truth of hiſtory, to introduce this ſcene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer ſerved under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinſhed ſays, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed priſoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being

Let dying Mortimer here reſt himſelf.[4] —

charged with an attempt to make his eſcape in order to ſtir up an inſurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

A *Remarker* on this note [the author of the next] ſeems to think that he has totally overturned it, by quoting the following paſſage from Hall's *Chronicle*: "During whiche parliament [held in the third year of Henry VI. 1425,] came to London Peter Duke of Quimber, — whiche of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was highly feſted. — During whych ſeaſon Edmond Mortymer, the laſt Erle of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene reſtrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) diſceaſed without yſſue, whoſe inheritance deſcended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a circumſtance which Hall mentioned to mark the *time* of Mortimer's death, neceſſarily explained the *place* where it happened alſo. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did *not* die in London, but at Trim in Ireland. He did not however die in confinement (as Sandford has erroneouſly aſſerted in his *Genealogical Hiſtory*. See *King Henry IV*. Part I. Vol. XII. p. 215, n. 7.); and whether he ever was confined, (except by Owen Glendower) may be doubted, notwithſtanding the aſſertion of Hall. Hardyng, who lived at the time, ſays he was treated with the greateſt kindneſs and care both by Henry IV. (to whom he was a *ward*,) and by his ſon Henry V. See his *Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 229. He was certainly at liberty in the year 1415, having a few days before King Henry ſailed from Southampton, divulged to him in that town the traiterous intention of his brother-in-law Richard Earl of Cambridge, by which he probably conciliated the friendſhip of the young king. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry, and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Katharine he attended and held the ſceptre.

Soon after the acceſſion of King Henry VI. he was conſtituted by the Engliſh Regency chief governor of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the latter end of the year 1424, he went himſelf to that country, to protect the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence) from the incurſions of ſome Iriſh chieftains, who were aided by a band of Scotiſh rovers; but ſoon after his arrival died of the plague in his caſtle at Trim, in January 1424-5.

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old hiſtorians, with his kinſman, who was perhaps about thirty years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:

years old; for ſuppoſing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of ſixteen, Edmond was born in 1394.

This family had great poſſeſſions in Ireland, in conſequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulſter, in 1360, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for ſome time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Edward III. Duke of *Clarence*, in conſequence of poſſeſſing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of Thomond. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa the duke's only daughter, ſucceeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey, near Cork, in December 1381. His ſon, Roger Mortimer, was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was ſlain at a place called Kenles, in Offaly, in 1398. Edmund his ſon, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, Chief Governor of Ireland, in the years 1423, and 1424, and died there in 1425. His nephew and heir, Richard Duke of York, (the Plantagenet of this play) was in 1449 conſtituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his ſon George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Caſtle of Dublin, in 1450. This prince filled the ſame office which ſo many of his anceſtors had poſſeſſed, being conſtituted Chief Governor of Ireland for *life*, by his brother King Edward IV. in the third year of his reign.

Since this note was written, I have more preciſely aſcertained the age of Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, uncle to the Richard Plantagenet of this play. He was born in December 1392, and conſequently was thirty-two years old when he died. His anceſtor, Lionel Duke of Clarence, was married to the daughter of the Earl of Ulſter, but not in 1360, as I have ſaid, but about the year 1353. He probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Iriſh poſſeſſions, (as I have ſuggeſted) but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth de Clare, third daughter of Gilbert de Clare Earl of Gloſter, and ſiſter to Gilbert de Clare, the laſt (of that name) Earl of Gloſter who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

The error concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard Earl of Cambridge, having been "*kept in captivity untill he died*," ſeems to have ariſen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, duke of Yorke, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575, where the following lines are found:

And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,[5]

" His curſed ſon enſued his cruel path,
" And kept my guiltleſs *couſin* ſtrait in *durance*,
" For whom my father hard entreated hath,
" But living hopeleſs of his life's aſſurance,
" He thought it beſt by politick procurane
" To ſlay the king, and ſo reſtore his friend;
" Which brought himſelf to an infamous end.
" For when king Henry, of that name the fifth,
" Had tane my father in his conſpiracie,
" He, from Sir Edmund all the blame to ſhift,
" Was faine to ſay, the French king Charles, his ally,
" Had hired him this traiterous act to try;
" For which condemned ſhortly he was ſlain:
" In helping right this was my father's gain."

MALONE.

It is objected that Shakſpeare has varied from the truth of hiſtory to introduce this ſcene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet; as the former ſerved under Henry V. in 1422, and died *unconfined* in *Ireland*, in 1424. In the third year of Henry the Sixth, 1425, and during the time that Peter Duke of Coimbra was entertained in London, " Edmonde Mortimer (ſays Hall) the laſt erle of Marche of that name (*which longe tyme had bene reſtrayned from his liberty*, and fynally waxed lame) diſceaſed without yſſue, whoſe inheritance diſcended to lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. Holinſhed has the ſame words; and theſe authorities, though the fact be otherwiſe, are ſufficient to prove that Shakſpeare, or whoever was the author of the play, did not intentionally vary from the truth of hiſtory to introduce the preſent ſcene. The hiſtorian does not, indeed, expreſsly ſay that the Earl of March died in the *Tower*; but one cannot, reaſonably ſuppoſe that he meant to relate an event which he knew had happened to a *free man* in *Ireland*, as happening to a *priſoner* during the time that a particular perſon was in *London*. But, wherever he meant to lay the ſcene of Mortimer's death, it is clear that the author of this play underſtood him as repreſenting it to have happened in a *London priſon*; an idea, if indeed his words will bear any other conſtruction, a preceeding paſſage may ſerve to corroborate. " The erle of March (he has obſerved) was *ever kepte in the courte* under ſuch a keper that he could nether doo or atrempte any thyng agaynſte the kying wythout his knowledge, and dyed without iſſue." I am aware and could eaſily ſhow, that ſome of the moſt intereſting events, not only in the Chronicles of Hall and Holinſhed, but in the Hiſtories of Rapin, Hume, and Smollet,

Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
Theſe eyes,—like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,[6]—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[7]
Weak ſhoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithleſs arms,[8] like to a wither'd vine

are perfectly fabulous and unfounded, which are nevertheleſs conſtantly cited and regarded as incontrovertible facts. But, if modern writers, ſtanding, as it were, upon the ſhoulders of their predeceſſors, and poſſeſſing innumerable other advantages, are not always to be depended on, what allowances ought we not to make for thoſe who had neither *Rymer*, nor *Dugdale*, nor *Sandford* to conſult, who could have no acceſs to the treaſuries of *Cotton* or *Harley*, nor were permitted the inſpection of a publick record? If this were the caſe with the hiſtorian, what can be expected from the dramatiſt? He naturally took for *fact* what he found in *hiſtory*, and is by no means anſwerable for the miſinformation of his authority. Ritson.

[4] *Let dying Mortimer here reſt himſelf.*] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. Johnson.

Rather from the beginning of the laſt ſcene of the third act of the *Phœniſſæ* of Euripides:

Tireſias. Ἦγε πάροιθε, δύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σὺ, ναυβάταισιν ἀσφαλὴς ὡς.
Δεῦρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἰχνος τίθεισ' ἐμὸν, &c. Steevens.

[5] —— purſuivants *of death*,] *Purſuivants.* The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. Johnson.

[6] —— *like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent*,] So, in *King Richard II:*

" My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light—."

Steevens.

[7] —— *as drawing to their* exigent:] *Exigent*, end. Johnson.

So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

" Hath driven her to ſome deſperate *exigent*."

Steevens.

[8] *And* pithleſs *arms*,] *Pith* was uſed for *marrow*, and figuratively, for *ſtrength*. Johnson.

In the firſt of theſe ſenſes it is uſed in *Othello:*

" For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' *pith*—."

And, figuratively, in *Hamlet:*

" And enterprizes of great *pith* and moment—"

Steevens.

That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:—
Yet are theſe feet—whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. KEEP. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

MOR. Enough; my ſoul ſhall then be ſatisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms,)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;[9]
And even ſince then hath Richard been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,[a]
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence;
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

[9] *Since Henry Monmouth firſt began to reign,—*
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;] Here again, the author certainly is miſtaken. See p. 68, n. 3. MALONE.

[a] *——the* arbitrator *of deſpairs,*
Juſt death, kind umpire *of men's miſeries,*] That is, he that terminates or concludes miſery. The expreſſion is harſh and forced. JOHNSON.

The ſame idea is expreſſed with greater propriety in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
"Shall play the *umpire*, *arbitrating* that" &c. STEEVENS.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1. KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed[3] Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpent my latter gaſp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs. —
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from York's great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay—of late thou wert deſpis'd?

PLAN. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm?
And, in that eaſe, I'll tell thee my diſeaſe.[4]
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerſet and me:

[3] —— *late-deſpiſed* —] i. e. lately deſpiſed. M. MASON.

[4] —— *I'll tell thee my* diſeaſe.] *Diſeaſe* ſeems to be here *uneaſineſs*, or *diſcontent*. JOHNSON.

It is ſo uſed by other ancient writers, and by Shakſpeare in *Coriolanus*. Thus likewiſe, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, Book III. c. v:

"But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *diſeaſe*."

That to *diſeaſe* is to *diſturb*, may be known from the following paſſages in Chapman's Verſion of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*:

"But brother, bye thee to the ſhips, and Idomen *diſeaſe*."

i. e. wake him. Book VI. edit. 1598. Again, *Odyſſ.* Book VI.

"——with which he declin'd
"The eyes of any waker when he pleas'd,
"And any ſleeper, when he wiſh'd, *diſeas'd*."

Again, in the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*:

"He thought the Scots might him *diſeaſe*
"With conſtituted captains meet." STEEVENS.

Among which terms, he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' ſake,—declare the cauſe,
My father, earl of Cambridge, loſt his head.

MOR. That cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathſome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.

PLAN. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.

MOR. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done,
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard;[5] Edward's ſon,
The firſt-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that deſcent:

[5] —— *his* nephew *Richard;*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read — his *couſin* —— but without neceſſity. *Nephew* has ſometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is uſed with great laxity amnog our ancient Engliſh writers. Thos in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio he ſhall "have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him." STEEVENS.

It would be ſurely better to read *couſin*, the meaning which *nephew* ought to have in this place. Mr. Steevens only proves that the word *nephews* is ſometimes uſed for *grand-children*, which is very certain. Both *uncle* and *nephew* might, however, formerly ſignify *couſin*. See the *Menagiana*, Vol. II. p. 193. In *The Second Part of the troubleſome raigne of K. John*, Prince Henry calls his *couſin* the Baſtard, "*uncle*." RITSON.

I believe the miſtake here aroſe from the author's ignorance; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew.

MALONE.

During whoſe reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his uſurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reaſon mov'd theſe warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard[6] thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third ſon[7]
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,[8]
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambrige,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was
Again, in pity of my hard diſtreſs,
Levied an army;[9] weening to redeem,
And have inſtall'd me in the diadem:

[6] —— *young* king *Richard* —] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits—*king*, which is neceſſary to the metre. STEEVENS.

[7] —— the *third ſon*—] The article—*the*, which is neceſſary to the metre, is omitted in the firſt folio, but found in the ſecond. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *in this* haughty *great attempt*,] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

So, in the fourth act.

"Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Levied an army*;] Here is again another falſification of hiſtory. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry ſailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. MALONE.

But, as the reſt, ſo fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title reſted, were ſuppreſs'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the laſt.

MOR. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no iſſue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:[2]
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

PLAN. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.

MOR. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the houſe of Lancaſter,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.[3]
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.

PLAN. O, uncle, 'would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age![4]

[2] *Thou art my heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:*] The ſenſe is,—I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the conſequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.
HEATH.

[3] *And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd,*] Thus Milton, *Par. Loſt*, Book IV:
"Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd." STEEVENS.

[4] *O, uncle, 'would ſome part of my young years*
Might but redeem &c.] This thought has ſome reſemblance to that of the following lines, which are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed by a married lady who died very young, to her huſband. The inſcription is, I think, in the church of Trent:
"Immatura peri; ſed tu diuturnior annos
"Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos." MALONE.
This ſuperſtition is very ancient. Some traces of it may be found in the traditions of the Rabbins; it is enlarged upon in the *Alceſtes*

MOR. Thou doſt then wrong me; as the ſlaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.[5]
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And ſo farewell; and fair be all thy hopes![6]
And proſperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[*Dies.*

PLAN. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpaſs'd thy days.—
Well I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myſelf

of Euripides; and ſuch offers ridiculed by *Juvenal*, Sat. XII. Dion Caſſius in *Vit. Hadrian*, fol. edit. Hamburgh, Vol. II. p. 1160, inſinuates, "That Hadrian ſacrificed his favourite *Antinous* with this deſign." See *Reiſmari Annotat. in loc.* "De noſtris annis, tibi Jupiter augeat annos," ſaid the Romans to Auguſtus. See Liſter's *Journey to Paris*, p. 221. VAILLANT.

[5] —— *as the ſlaught'rer doth,*
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.] The ſame thought occurs in *Hamlet:*
"Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
"Gives me ſuperfluous death." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *and fair* be all *thy hopes!*] Mortimer knew Plantagenet's hopes were fair, but that the eſtabliſhment of the Lancaſtrian line diſappointed them: ſure, he would wiſh, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair iſſue. I am perſuaded the poet wrote:
"*and fair* befal *thy hopes!* THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not ſee how the readings differ in ſenſe. *Fair* is *lucky*, or *proſperous*. So we ſay, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune. JOHNSON.

Theobald's amendment is unneceſſary, and proceeded from his confounding Plantagenet's hopes with his pretenſions. His *pretenſions* were well founded, but his *hopes* were not. M. MASON.

Will ſee his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.
Here dies the duſky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition[7] of the meaner ſort:—
And for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which Somerſet hath offer'd to my houſe,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redreſs:
And therefore haſte I to the parliament:
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my ill[8] the advantage of my good.
[*Exit.*

[7] *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner ſort:*] So, in the preceding ſcene:

"Go forward, and be *chok'd with* thy *ambition.*"

STEEVENS.

We are to underſtand the ſpeaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in aſſerting his claim to the crown, in ſupport of his own princely ambition.

WARBURTON.

[8] *Or make my* ill—] In former editions:

Or make my will th'advantage of my good.

So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read:

Or make my ill th' *advantage of my good.*

Thus we recover the *antitheſis* of the expreſſion. THEOBALD.

My *ill*, is my ill uſage. MALONE.

This ſentiment reſembles another of Falſtaff, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV:* "I will turn diſeaſes to commodity."

STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. The Parliament-Houſe,[9]

Flouriſh. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and Others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;*[2] Wincheſter *ſnatches it, and tears it.*

WIN. Com'ſt thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly deviſ'd,
Humphrey of Gloſter? if thou canſt accuſe,
Or aught intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.

GLO. Preſumptuous prieſt! this place commands my patience,
Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

[9] *The Parliament-Houſe.*] This parliament was held in 1426 at Leiceſter, though the author of this play has repreſented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the firſt parliament which was held at London ſhortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young King from Windſor to the metropolis, and ſat on the throne of the parliament-houſe with the infant in her lap. MALONE.

[2] —— put up *a bill;*] i. e. articles of accuſation, for in this ſenſe the word *bill* was ſometimes uſed. So, in Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "That's the cauſe we have ſo manie bad workmen now adaies, *put up a bill* againſt them next parliament." MALONE.

Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen:
No prelate; ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The king, thy ſovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.

WIN. Gloſter, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverſe,[3]
As he will have me, How am I ſo poor?
Or how haps it, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe myſelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diſſention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good—

GLO. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather![4]—

[3] If I were *covetous, ambitious, or perverſe,*] I ſuppoſe this redundant line originally ſtood—

Were I *covetous, ambitious,* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou baſtard of my grandfather!*] The Biſhop of Wincheſter

WIN. Ay, lordly ſir! For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

GLO. Am I not the protector,[5] ſaucy prieſt?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church?

GLO. Yes, as an outlaw in a caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unreverent Gloſter!

GLO. Thou art reverent
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. This Rome ſhall remedy.[6]

WAR. Roam thither then.[7]

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.[8]

WAR. Ay, ſee the biſhop be not overborne.

was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married. MALONE.

[5] —— the *protector*;] I have added the article—*the*, for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[6] *This Rome ſhall remedy.*] The old copy, unmetrically —
Rome ſhall remedy this.
The tranſpoſition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

[7] Roam *thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is ſuppoſed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—— three hundred thouſand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] Som. *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.* &c.] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemiſtich ſpoken by Warwick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerſet for whom it ſeems to have been deſigned.

Ay, ſee the biſhop be not overborne,

was as erroneouſly given in the next ſpeech to Somerſet, inſtead of Warwick, to whom it has been ſince reſtored. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

SOM. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious,
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
WAR. Methinks his lordſhip ſhould be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
SOM Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
WAR. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
PLAN. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;
Leſt it be ſaid, *Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;*
Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elſe would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aſide.*
K. HEN. Uncles of Gloſter, and of Winchester,
The ſpecial watchmen of our Engliſh weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a ſcandal is it to our crown,
That two ſuch noble peers as ye, ſhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noiſe within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?
WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the biſhop's men.
[*A noiſe again;* Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

MAY. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The biſhop and the duke of Gloſter's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-ſtones;
And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,

Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every ſtreet,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter, ſkirmiſhing, the retainers of GLOSTER *and* Wincheſter, *with bloody pates.*

K. HEN. We charge you, on allegiance to ourſelf,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloſter, mitigate this ſtrife.
1. SERV. Nay, if we be
Forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2. SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*
GLO. You of my houſehold, leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight[2] aſide.
3. SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but his majeſty:[3]
And, ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a prince.
So kind a father of the commonweal,

[2] —— unaccuſtom'd *fight* ——] *Unaccuſtom'd* is *unſeemly, indecent.* JOHNSON.

The ſame epithet occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it ſeems to mean—*ſuch as is uncommon, not in familiar uſe:*
" Shall give him ſuch an *unaccuſtom'd* dram." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *but his majeſty:*] Old copy, redundantly—
—— *but his majeſty.*
Perhaps, the line originally ran thus:
" To none inferior, but his majeſty." STEEVENS.

To be diſgraced by an inkhorn mate,[4]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1. SERV. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmiſh again.*

GLO. Stay, ſtay, I ſay![5]
And, if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.

K. HEN. O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!—
Can you, my lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to preſer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. My lord protector, yield;[6]—yield Wincheſter;—
Except you mean, with obſtinate repulſe,
To ſlay your ſovereign, and deſtroy the realm.
You ſee what miſchief, and what murder too,

[4] —— *an inkhorn mate.*] A *bookman.* JOHNSON.

It was a term of reproach at the time towards men of learning or men affecting to be learned. George Pettie in his Introduction to *Guazzo's Civil Converſation*, 1586, ſpeaking of thoſe he calls *nice travellers*, ſays, "if one chaoce to derive anie word from the Latine, which is inſolent to their ears, (as perchance they will take that phraſe to be) they forthwith make a jeſt at it, and tearme it an *Inkhorne tearme.*" REED.

[5] *Stay, ſtay,* I ſay!] Perhaps the words—*I ſay*, ſhould be omitted, as they only ſerve to diſorder the metre, and create a diſagreeable repetition of the word—*ſay*, in the next line.
STEEVENS.

[6] *My lord protector, yield;*] Old copy—*Yield, my lord protector.* This judicious tranſpoſition was made by Sir T. Hanmer.
STEEVENS.

Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.

WIN. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.

GLO. Compaſſion on the king commands me ſtoop;
Or, I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.

WAR. Behold, my lord of Wincheſter, the duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and tragical?

GLO. Here, Wincheſter, I offer thee my hand.

K. HEN. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?

WAR. Sweet king!—the biſhop hath a kindly gird.[7]—
For ſhame, my lord of Wincheſter! relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?

WIN. Well, duke of Gloſter, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

GLO. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—

[7] —— *hath a kindly* gird.] i. e. feels an emotion of kind remorſe. JOHNSON.

A *kindly gird* is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof*. Falſtaff obſerves, that "men of all ſorts take a pride to *gird* at him:" and, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Baptiſta ſays: "Tranio *hits* you now:" to which Lucentio anſwers:

"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

The word *gird* does not here ſignify *reproof*, as Steevens ſuppoſes, but a *twitch*, a *pang*, a *yearning of kindneſs*. M. MASON.

I wiſh Mr. M. Maſon had produced any example of *gird* uſed in the ſenſe for which he contends. I cannot ſupply one for him, or I moſt readily would. STEEVENS.

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourſelves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!

WIN. So help me God, as I intend it not!
[*Aſide.*

K. HEN. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloſter,[8]
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my maſters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your lords have done.

1. SERV. Content; I'll to the ſurgeon's.

2. SERV. And ſo will I.

3. SERV. And I will ſee what phyſick the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, *&c.*

WAR. Accept this ſcroll, moſt gracious ſovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majeſty.

GLO. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, ſweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do Richard right:
Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At Eltham-place I told your majeſty.

K. HEN. And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleaſure is,
That Richard be reſtored to his blood.

WAR. Let Richard be reſtored to his blood;
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

WIN. As will the reſt, ſo willeth Winchester.

[8] —— *kind duke of Gloſter,*] For the ſake of metre, I could wiſh to read—
—— moſt *kind duke* &c. STEEVENS.

K. HEN. If Richard will be true, not that alone,[8]
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of York,
From whence you ſpring by lineal deſcent.

PLAN. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,
And humble ſervice, till the point of death.

K. HEN. Stoop then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot;
And, in reguerdon[9] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant ſword of York:
Riſe, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And riſe created princely duke of York.

PLAN. And ſo thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings ſo periſh they
That grudge one thought againſt your majeſty!

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

SOM. Periſh, baſe prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aſide.*

GLO. Now will it beſt avail your majeſty,
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in France:
The preſence of a king engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects, and his loyal friends;
As it diſanimates his enemies.

K. HEN. When Gloſter ſays the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.

GLO. Your ſhips already are in readineſs.

[*Exeunt all but* EXETER.

[8] —— *that alone,*] By a miſtake probably of the tranſcriber, the old copy reads—*that* all *alone*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] —— *reguerdon* —] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

It is perhaps a corruption of—*regardum*, middle Latin. See Vol. VII. p. 236, n. 8. STEEVENS.

EXE. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention, grown, betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love,[2]
And will at laſt break out into a flame:
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away,
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.[3]
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, ſhould win all;
And Henry, born at Windſor, ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that Exeter doth wiſh
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Roüen.

Enter LA PUCELLE *diſguis'd and* Soldiers *dreſſed like countrymen, with ſacks upon their backs.*

PUC. Theſe are the city gates, the gates of Roüen,[5]
Through which our policy muſt make a breach:

[2] *Burns unter feigned aſhes of forg'd love,*]
"Ignes ſuppoſitos cineri doloſo." *Hor.* MALONE.

[3] *So will this baſe and envious diſcord* breed.] That is, ſo will the malignity of this diſcord *propagate itſelf*, and advance. JOHNSON.

[4] *His days may finiſh* &c.] The duke of Exeter died ſhortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the king in his room. MALONE.

[5] —— *the gates of* Roüeo,] Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy, we have, *Roan*, which was the old ſpelling of *Rouen*.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we ſhall,)
And that we find the ſlothful watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1. SOL. Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city.[6]

And we be lords and rulers over Roüen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

GUARD. [Within.] *Qui eſt là?*[7]

PUC. *Paiſans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.

GUARD. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the gates.*

PUC. Now, Roüen, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[PUCELLE, *&c. enter the city.*

The word, conſequently, is uſed as a monoſyllable. See Vol. XIII. p. 372, n. 7. MALONE.

I do not perceive the neceſſity of conſidering *Roüen* here as a monoſyllable. Would not the verſe have been ſufficiently regular, had the ſcene been in England, and authorized Shakſpeare to write (with a diſſyllabical termination, familiar to the drama) —

Theſe are the city gates, the gates of London? STEEVENS.

[6] *Our* ſacks *ſhall be a mean to* ſack *the city,*] Falſtaff has the ſame quibble, ſhowing his bottle of *ſack:* "Here's that will *ſack* a city." STEEVENS.

[7] *Qui eſt là?*] Old copy — *Che la.* For the emendation I am anſwerable. MALONE.

Late editions—*Qui va la?* STEEVENS.

Enter CHARLES, Baſtard *of* Orleans, ALENÇON, *and Forces.*

CHAR. Saint Dennis bleſs this happy ſtratagem!
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in Roüen.
BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practiſants:[5]
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is[6] the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?
ALEN. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that,[7] for weakneſs, which ſhe enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a battlement; holding out a torch burning.*

PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roüen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
BAST. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.

[5] *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her* practiſants:] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the ſofter ſenſe *ſtratagem*. *Practiſants* are therefore *confederates in ſtratagems*. JOHNSON.

So, in the Induction to *The Taming of a Shrew*:
"Sirs, I will *practice* on this drunken man." STEEVENS.

[6] Where *is* —] Old copy—*Here* is. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *No way* to *that*,] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way ſo fit as that. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"There is no woe *to* his correction." STEEVENS.

CHAR. Now ſhine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
ALEN. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—preſently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and certain* Engliſh.

TAL. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,[8]
If Talbot but ſurvive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France.[9]
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in ſick, in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* Engliſh *forces. Then, enter on the walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON,[2] *and Others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

[8] *France, thou ſhalt rue this* &c.] So, in *King John:*
"Fraoce, thou ſhalt rue this hour" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *That hardly we eſcap'd the* pride *of France.*] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power.* The ſame ſpeaker ſays afterwards, Act IV. ſc. vi:
"Aod from the *pride* of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee."
Ooe would thiok this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critick obſcure! Mr. Theohald ſays—Pride of France *is an abſurd and unmeaning expreſſion*, and therefore alters it to *prize of France*; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor. WARBURTON.

[2] —— Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, inſtead of Reignier, becauſe Alençon, not Reigoier, appears in the enſuing ſcene. JOHNSON.

I think, the duke of Burgundy will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate:
'Twas full of darnel;[9] Do you like the taſte?

BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs courtezan!
I truſt, ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.

CHAR. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.

BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!

PUC. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all deſpite,
Encompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let Talbot periſh with this ſhame.

PUC. Are you ſo hot, ſir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the reſt, conſult together.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?

[9] —— *darnel;*] So, in *King Lear:*

"*Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow
"In our ſuſtainiog *corn*."

"Darnel (ſays Gerard) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happeo either in *corne for breade*, or drioke." Hence the old proverb—*Lolio victitare*, applied to ſuch as were *dim-ſighted*. Thus alſo, *Ovid*, Faſt. I. 691:

"Et careant *lolus oculos vitiantibus* agri."

Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn ſhe carried with her, had produced the ſame effect on the guards of Roüen; otherwiſe they would have ſeen through her diſguiſe, and defeated her ſtratagem. STEEVENS.

TAL. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

PUC. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

TAL. I ſpeak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the reſt;
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?

ALEN. Signior, no.

TAL. Signior, hang!—baſe muleteers of France!
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

PUC. Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodneſs, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, ſir, but to tell you [7]
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c. from the walls.*

TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be Talbot's greateſt fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy houſe,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, ſuſtain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as ſure as Engliſh Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.

BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,

[7] —— *we came, ſir, but to tell you*—] The word—*ſir*, which is wanting in the firſt folio, was judiciouſly ſupplied by the ſecond. STEEVENS.

We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.

BED. Lord Talbot, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit before the walls of Roüen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now perſuade you.

BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That ſtout Pendragon, in his litter,* ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes:
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.

TAL. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo:—Heavens keep old Bedford ſafe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces; leaving* BEDFORD, *and Others.*

* ——— *once I read,*
That ſtout Pendragon, *in his litter*, &c.] This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur.

Shakſpeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, ſays Holinſhed, "even ſicke of a flixe as he was, cauſed himſelfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whoſe preſence his people were ſo incouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle* (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon.

"For which the king ordain'd a horſe-litter
"To bear him ſo then unto Verolame,
"Where Occa lay, and Oyſa alſo in fear,
"That ſaint Albones now hight of noble fame,
"Bet down the walles; but to him forth they came,
"Where in battayle Occa and Oyſa were ſlayn.
"The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne."

STEEVENS.

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

CAP. Whither away, ſir John Faſtolfe, in ſuch haſte?

FAST. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight;[3] We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

FAST. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to ſave my life. [*Exit.*

CAP. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excurſions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c. and Exeunt, flying.*

BED. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heaven pleaſe; For I have ſeen[4] our enemies' overthrow. What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?

[3] —— *ſave myſelf by flight;*] I have no doubt that it was the *exaggerated* repreſentation of Sir John Faſtolfe's *cowardice* which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakſpeare to give the name of Falſtaff to his knight. Sir John Faſtolfe did indeed fly at the battle of *Patay* in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot in a ſubſequent ſcene, for his conduct on that occaſion, but no hiſtorian has ſaid that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play this flying general is erroneouſly called *Falſtaffe*. MALONE.

[4] *Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heaven pleaſe;*
For I have ſeen —] So, in *St. Luke*, ii. 29: "Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation." STEEVENS.

They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies*,[5] *and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum : Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others.*

TAL. Loſt, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is aſleep:
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort?[6] Roüen hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take ſóme order[7] in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.
BUR. What wills lord Talbot, pleaſeth Burgundy.
TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

[5] *Dies*, &c.] The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

[6] *What*, all a-mort?] i. e. quite diſpirited; a frequent Gallicism. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*
"What, ſweeting! *all a-mort!*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——take *ſome* order—] i. e. make ſome neceſſary diſpoſitions. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*
"Whilſt to *take order* for the wrong I went."
See alſo *Othello*, fc. ult. STEEVENS.

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in Roüen;
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,[*]
A gentler heart did never ſway in court:
But kings, and mightieſt potentates, muſt die;
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Baſtard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

PUC. Diſmay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roüen is ſo recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock ſweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the reſt, will be but rul'd.

CHAR. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.

BAST. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies.
And we will make thee famous through the world.

[*] *A braver ſoldier never couched lance,*] So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, p. 105:

"A ſtouter champion never handled ſword."

The ſame praiſe is expreſſed with more animation in the Third Part of this play:

"—— braver men
"Ne'er ſpur'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound."

STEEVENS.

ALEN. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed ſaint;
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.
PUC. Then thus it muſt be; this doth Joan deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions, mix'd with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
CHAR. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor ſhould that nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.[7]
ALEN. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from France,[8]
And not have title of an earldom here.
PUC. Your honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the ſound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An Engliſh *March. Enter and paſs over, at a diſtance,* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours ſpread;
And all the troops of Engliſh after him.

[7] *But be* extirped *from our provinces.*] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:
"The world ſhall gather to *extirp* our name."
STEEVENS.

[8] —— expuls'd *from France,*] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus:*
"The *expulſed* Apicata finds them there."
Again, in Drayton's *Muſes Elizium:*
"And if you *expulſe* them there,
"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.

A French *March.* *Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parly ſounded.*

CHAR. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BUR. What ſay'ſt thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid ſpeak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France.
And ſee the cities and the towns defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,[9]
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes,
See, ſee, the pining malady of France;

[9] *As looks the mother on her* lowly *babe,*] It is plain Shakſpeare wrote—*lovely babe*, it anſwering to *fertile France* above, which this domeſtic image is brought to illuſtrate. WARBURTON.

The alteration is eaſy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* means the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* anſwers as well to *towns defaced* and *waſting ruin*, as *lovely* to *fertile*. JOHNSON.

Behold the wounds, the moſt unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt given her woful breaſt!
O, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bo-
ſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of foreign
gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots!

BUR. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her
words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

PUC. Beſides, all French and France exclaims on
thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not truſt thee, but for profit's ſake?
When Talbot hath ſet footing once in France,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill,
Who then, but Engliſh Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thruſt out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England priſoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free,[a] without his ranſom paid,
In ſpite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
And join'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughtermen.

[a] *They ſet him free*, &c.] A miſtake: The duke was not liberated till *after* Burgundy's decline to the French intereſt; which did not happen, by the way, till ſome years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford. RITSON.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the reſt, will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquiſhed; theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,[3]
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer truſt thee.

PUC. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again![4]

[3] —— *theſe* haughty *words of hers*
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,] How theſe lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the ſpeech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all ſoft entreaty and mild expoſtulation. JOHNSON.

Haughty does not mean *violent* in this place, but *elevated, high-ſpirited*. It is uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe, in two other paſſages in this very play. In a preceding ſcene Mortimer ſays:

"But mark; as in this *haughty*, great attempt,
"They laboured to plant the rightful heir——."

And again, in the next ſcene, Talbot ſays:

"Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
"Valiant, and virtuous; full of *haughty* courage."

At the firſt interview with Joan, the Dauphin ſays:

"Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy *high terms;*"

meaning, by her *high terms*, what Burgundy here calls her *haughty words*. M. MASON.

[4] *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] The inconſtancy of the French was always the ſubject of ſatire. I have read a diſſertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our ſteeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

So afterwards:

"In France, amongſt a *fickle wavering* nation—."

MALONE.

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

ALEN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords*, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and ſome of his Officers.*

TAL. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my ſovereign:
In ſign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſeven walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem,—
Lets fall his ſword before your highneſs' feet;

In *Othello* we have the ſame phra[illegible]
"Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
"*And turn again.*" STEEVENS.

And, with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart,
Aſcribes the glory of his conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. HEN. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloſter,[3]
That hath ſo long been reſident in France?

GLO. Yes, if it pleaſe your majeſty, my liege.

K. HEN. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father ſaid,[4]
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,[5]
Your faithful ſervice, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd[6] with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore, ſtand up; and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you earl of Shrewſbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and Nobles.*

[3] *Is this the lord Talbot uncle Gloſter,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading—

Is this the fam'd *lord Talbot*, &c.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"My well *fam'd lord* of Troy——." STEEVENS.

[4] *I do remember how my father ſaid,*] The author of this play was not a very correct hiſtorian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never ſaw him. MALONE.

[5] —— reſolved *of your truth,*] i. e. confirmed in opinion of it. So, in the Third Part of this play:

"—— I am *reſolv'd*
"That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Or been* reguerdon'd—] i. e. rewarded. The word was obſolete even in the time of Shakſpeare. Chaucer uſes it in the *Boke of Boethius.* STEEVENS.

VER. Now, ſir, to you, that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear[7]
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

BAS. Yes, ſir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my lord, the duke of Somerſet.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

BAS. Villain, thou know'ſt, the law of arms is ſuch,
That, who ſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death;[8]

[7] —— *theſe* colours *that I wear*—] This was the badge of a *roſe*, and not an officer's ſcarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. Act III. ſcene the laſt:

"And wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop."

TOLLET.

[8] *That*, who ſo *draws a ſword*, *'tis preſent death;*] Shakſpeare wrote:

——*draws a* ſword i'th' preſence 't's *death*;

i. e. in the court, or in the preſence chamber.

WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, becauſe, as Mr. Edwards obſerved, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it ſhows the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line ſhould be written as it is in the folio:

That, who ſo *draws a ſword*,——

i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) with a menace in the court, or in the preſence chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnſon, in his collection of *Eccleſiaſtical Laws*, has preſerved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the Weſt Saxons, 693: "If any one fight in the king's houſe, let him forfeit all his eſtate, and let the king deem whether he ſhall live or not." I am told that there are many other ancient canons to the ſame purpoſe. *Grey*. STEEVENS.

Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

VER. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

Sir William Blackſtone obſerves that, "by the ancient law before the Conqueſt, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, was *puniſhed with death*. So too, in the old Gothic conſtitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia & ſecuritas debetur, ut templa & judicia, quæ ſancta habebantur*,——arces & aula regis,—*denique locus quilibet preſente aut adventante rege*. And at preſent with us, by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 12. malicious ſtriking in the king's palace, whereio his royal perſon reſides, whereby blood is drawn, is puniſhable by perpetual impriſonment and fine, at the king's pleaſure; and alſo with loſs of the offender's right hand, the ſolemn execution of which ſentence is preſcribed in the ſtatute at length." *Commentaries*, Vol. IV. p. 124. "By the ancient common law, alſo before the Conqueſt, ſtriking in the king's court of juſtice, or drawing a ſword thereio, was a capital felony." *ibid.* p. 125. REED.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the* Governour *of* Paris, *and Others.*

GLO. Lord biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
WIN. God ſave king Henry, of that name the ſixth!
GLO. Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,—
[Governour *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him:
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend[9]
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate:
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Gov. *and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

FAST. My gracious ſovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haſte unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
TAL. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!

[9] ——*ſuch as ſhall* pretend— To *pretend* is to *deſign*, to *intend*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth*:
" What good could they *pretend*?" STEEVENS.

I vow'd baſe knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,[2]
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of Patay,—[3]
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty ſquire, did run away;
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;
Myſelf, and divers gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs:
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

GLO. To ſay the truth this fact was infamous,

[2] *To tear the garter from thy* craven's *leg,*] Thus the old copy. STEEVENS.

The laſt line ſhould run thus:

—— *from thy* craven *leg,*

i. e. thy mean, daſtardly leg. WHALLEY.

[3] —— *at the battle of* Patay,] The old copy has — *Poictiers.* MALONE.

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31ſt of King Edward III. and the ſcene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be juſtly imputed to the players or tranſcribers; nor can we very well juſtify ourſelves for permitting it to continue ſo long, as it was too glaring to have eſcaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakſpeare is now ſpeaking, happened (according to Hollinſhed) "neere unto a village in Beauſſe called *Pataie*," which we ſhould read, inſtead of *Poictiers*. "From this battell departed without anie ſtroke ſtriken, *Sir John Faſtolfe*, the ſame yeere by his valiantneſſe elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of miſdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holinſhed, Vol. II. p. 601. Monſtrelet, the French hiſtorian, alſo bears witneſs to this degradation of Sir John Faſtolfe. STEEVENS.

And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

TAL. When firſt this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,[3]
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.[4]
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of knight,
Profaning this moſt honourable order;
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be judge.)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

K. HEN. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

GLO. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile? [*Viewing the ſuperſcription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly.—*To the king?*
Hath he forgot, he is his ſovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?[5]

[3] —— haughty *courage,*] *Haughty* is here in its original ſenſe for *high.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*in* moſt *extremes.*] i. e. in *greateſt* extremities. So, Spenſer:
"—— they all repair'd, both *moſt* and leaſt."
See Vol. XI. p. 246, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[5] Pretend *ſome alteration in good will?*] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* ſeems to be here uſed in its Latin ſenſe, i. e. to *hold out*, to *ſtretch forward.* It may mean, however, as in other places, to *deſign.* Modern editors read—*portend.* STEEVENS.

What's here;—*I have, upon especial cause,*—[Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you?[6] are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,[7]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

[6] *My lord, how say you?* Old copy—
How say you, my lord?
The transposition is Sir T. Hanmer's. Steevens.

[7] —— *I am* prevented,] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism. Malone.

So, in our Liturgy: "*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings."
Prior is, perhaps, the last English poet who used this verb in its obsolete sense:

"Else had I come, *preventing* Sheba's queen,
"To see the comeliest of the sons of men."
Salomon, Book II. Steevens.

TAL. I go, my lord; in heart deſiring ſtill,
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious ſovereign!
BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
YORK. This is my ſervant; Hear him, noble prince!
SOM. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. HEN. Be patient, lords and give them leave to ſpeak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
VER. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
BAS. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. HEN. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.
BAS. Croſſing the ſea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying—the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks,
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth,[7]
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:

[7] —— *did* repugn *the truth,*] To *repugn* is to reſiſt. The word is uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.
It is found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor.* 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he ſeem, with forged quaint conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing — that the paleneſs of this flower
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerſet, be left?

SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

K. HEN. Good Lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men;
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe! —
Good couſins both, of York and Somerſet,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your highneſs ſhall command a peace.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourſelves let us decide it then.

YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerſet.

VER. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

BAS. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable lord.

GLO. Confirm it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife!
And periſh ye, with your audacious prate!
Preſumptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd,
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, — methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverſe objections;

Much leſs, to take occaſion from their mouths
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt yourſelves;
Let me perſuade you take a better courſe.

EXE. It grieves his highneſs; — Good my lords, be friends.

K. HEN. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cauſe. —
And you, my lords, — remember where we are;
In France, amongſt a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful diſobedience, and rebel?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When foreign princes ſhall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of France?
O, think upon the conqueſt of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful ſtrife.
I ſee no reaſon, if I wear this roſe,
[*Putting on a red roſe.*
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more incline to Somerſet, than York:
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both;
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither come in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love. —

Couſin of York, we inſtitute your grace
To be our regent in theſe parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerſet, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourſelf, my lord protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO. SOM. WIN. SUF. *and* BASSET.

WAR. My lord of York, I promiſe you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerſet.

WAR. Tuſh! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK. And, if I wiſt, he did,[8]— But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

[8] *And, if I wiſt, he did,*] In former editions:
And, if I wiſh, he did ———.
By the pointing reform'd, and a ſingle letter expung'd, I have reſtored the text to its purity:
And, if I wis, he did ——.
Warwick had ſaid, the king meant no harm in wearing Somerſet's roſe: York teſtily replies, "Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm." THEOBALD.

This is followed by the ſucceeding editors, and is indeed plauſible enough; but perhaps this ſpeech may become ſufficiently intelligible without any change, only ſuppoſing it broken:
And if —— I wiſh —— he did ——.
or, perhaps:
And if he did —— I wiſh ——. JOHNSON.

EXE. Well didſt thou, Richard, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For, had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill event.[9]
'Tis much,[8] when ſceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion;[7]
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

I read — I *wiſt*, the pret. of the old obſolete verb I *wis*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" There be fools alive, I *wis*,
" Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this." STEEVENS.

York ſays, he is not pleaſed that the king ſhould prefer the red roſe, the badge of Somerſet, his enemy; Warwick deſires him not to be offended at it, as he dares ſay the king *meant no harm.* To which York, yet unſatisfied, haſtily adds, in a menacing tone, — *If I thought he did;* — but he ſuddenly checks his threat with, *let it reſt.* It is an example of a rhetorical figure, which our author has elſewhere uſed. Thus, in *Coriolanus:*

" An 'twere to give again — But 'tis no matter."

Mr. Steevens is too familiar with Virgil, not to recollect his

Quos ego — ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.

The author of the *Reviſal* underſtood this paſſage in the ſame manner. RITSON.

[9] — *it doth preſage ſome ill event.*] That is, it doth preſage *to him* that ſees this diſcord, &c. that ſome ill event will happen. MALONE.

[8] *'Tis* much,] In our author's time, this phraſe meant — 'Tis ſtrange, or wonderful. See, *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 3. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *ſtrange* is perhaps underſtood in the next line: "But more ſtrange," &c. The conſtruction however may be, But 'tis *much more*, when, &c. MALONE.

'Tis much, is a colloquial phraſe, and the meaning of it, in many inſtances, can be gathered only from the tenor of the ſpeech in which it occurs. On the preſent occaſion, I believe, it ſignifies — *'Tis an alarming circumſtance, a thing of great conſequence, or of much weight.* STEEVENS.

[7] —— *when* envy *breeds* unkind *diviſion;*] *Envy* in old Engliſh

SCENE II.

France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General, *of the* French *Forces, and Others.*

Engliſh John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would, — Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my ſovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace.
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;[5]
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving towers,

writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. VIIf. p. 238, n. 3. MALONE.

[5] *Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;*] The author of this play followed Hall's Chronicle: "The Goddeſſe of warre, called Bellona — hath theſe three *hand-maides* ever of neceſſitie attendyng on her; *Bloud, Fyre, and Famine;* whiche thre damoſels be of that force and ſtrength that every one of them alone is able and ſufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puiſſance to deſtroy the moſt populous countrey and moſt richeſt region of the world." MALONE.

It may as probably be aſſerted that our author followed *Holinſhed*, from whom I have already quoted a part of this paſſage in a note on the firſt Chorus to *King Henry V.* See Holinſhed, p. 567. STEEVENS.

If you forſake the offer of their love.[6]

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are ſquadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand French have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery[7]

[6] —— *the offer of* their *love.*] Thus the old editions. Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our.* JOHNSON.

"*Their* love" may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their forbearing to injure you. But the expreſſion is harſh. MALONE.

There is much ſuch another line in *King Henry VIII:*

"If you omit the offer of the time."

I believe, the reading of Sir T. Hanmer ſhould be adopted. STEEVENS.

[7] *To* rive *their dangerous artillery*—] I do not underſtand the phraſe — to *rive* artillery; perhaps it might be to *drive;* we ſay *to drive a blow,* and to *drive at a man,* when we mean to expreſs furious aſſault. JOHNSON.

To *rive* ſeems to be uſed, with ſome deviation from its common meaning, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act IV. ſc. ii:

"The ſoul and body *rive* not more parting."

STEEVENS.

Rive their artillery ſeems to mean charge their artillery ſo much as to endanger their burſting. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida,* Ajax bids the trumpeter blow ſo loud, as to crack his lungs and *ſplit* his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

To *rive* their artillery means only to *fire* their artillery. — To *rive* is to *burſt;* and a cannon, when fired, has ſo much the appearance

Upon no chriſtian ſoul but Engliſh Talbot.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal; [8]
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy timorous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c. from the walls.*

TAL. He fables not, [9] I hear the enemy; —

of burſting, that, in the language of poetry, it may be well ſaid to burſt. We ſay, a flood burſts, when it thunders.
M. MASON.

[8] —— due *thee withal;*] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.
JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſays in his Dictionary, that to *due* is to *pay as due*: and quotes this paſſage as an example. Poſſibly that may be the true meaning of it. M. MASON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy *due*, thy merited elogium. *Due* was ſubſtituted for *dew*, the reading of the old copy, by Mr. Theobald. *Dew* was ſometimes the old ſpelling of *due*, as *Hew* was of *Hugh*. MALONE.

The old copy reads — *dew* thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praiſe* is an expreſſion I have met with in other poets.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame verb in *Macbeth*:

" To *dew* the ſov'reign flow'r, and drown the weeds."

Again, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI*:

" ——— give me thy hand,
" That I may *dew* it with my mourtful tears."
STEEVENS.

[9] *He* fables *not*,] This expreſſion Milton has borrowed in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

" She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear ——."

It occurs again in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" —— good father, *fable* not with him." STEEVENS.

Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.—
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be Engliſh deer, be then in blood:[2]
Not raſcal-like,[3] to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and deſperate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,[4]
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of us,[5] my friends.—
God, and ſaint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *be then in* blood:] Be in high ſpirits, be of true mettle. JOHNSON.

This was a phraſe of the foreſt. *See Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 259, n. 8.

"The deer was, as you know, *in ſanguis, blood.*"

Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: "Tenderlings. The ſoft tops of a deere's horns, when they are *in blood.*" MALONE.

[3] *Not* raſcal-*like*,] A *raſcal* deer is the term of chaſe for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIII. p. 78, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *with heads of ſteel*,] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns. STEEVENS.

[5] —— dear deer *of* us,] The ſame quibble occurs in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a *deer* to-day,
"Though many *dearer*," &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Plains in Gaſcony.

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him a* Meſſenger.

YORK. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
MESS. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your eſpials were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerſet;
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted [6] by a traitor villain,

[6] *And I am* lowted —] To *lowt* may ſignify to *depreſs*, to *lower* to *diſhonour*: But I do not remember it ſo uſed. We may read — And I am *flouted*. — I am mocked, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, ſignifies to *ſubmit*. To *ſubmit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:

"Sometimes the hill *ſubmits* itſelf a while
"In ſmall deſcents," &c.

To *lout* and *underlout*, in Gawin Douglas's verſion of the *Æneid*, ſignifies to be *ſubdued*, *vanquiſhed*. STEEVENS.

A *lowt* is a country fellow, a clown. He means that Somerſet treats him like a hind. RITSON.

I believe the meaning is; I am treated with contempt, like a *lowt*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.[6]

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waiſt of iron,[7]
And hemm'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Elſe, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK. O God! that Somerſet — who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

LUCY. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord!

YORK. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerſet.

[6] *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only — *Enter a Meſſenger.* But it appears from the ſubſequent ſcene that the meſſenger was Sir William Lucy. MALONE.

[7] —— girdled *with a* waiſt *of iron,*] So, in *King John:*

"thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
"That as a *waiſt* do *girdle* you about ——."

STEEVENS.

LUCY. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's ſoul!
And on his ſon young John; whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This ſeven years did not Talbot ſee his ſon;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.[8]

YORK. Alas! what joy ſhall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. [*Exit.*

LUCY. Thus while the vulture[9] of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſt of our ſcarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth: — Whiles they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs.
[*Exit.*

[8] —— *are* done.] i. e. expended, conſumed. The word is yet uſed in this ſenſe in the Weſtern counties. MALONE.

[9] —— *the* vulture —] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gaſcony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Forces; an* Officer *of* TALBOT's *with him.*

SOM. It is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too raſhly plotted; all our general force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour,[9]
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

OFF. Here is ſir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

SOM. Now now, ſir William? whither were you ſent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and ſold lord Talbot;[a]
Who, ring'd about[3] with bold adverſity,

[9] —— *all his gloſs of former honour,*] Our author very frequently employs this phraſe. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* " —— the new *gloſs* of your marriage." It occurs alſo in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and in *Macbeth*, &c. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *from bought and ſold lord Talbot;*] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
" For Dickon thy maſter is *bought and ſold.*"

The expreſſion appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. XI. p. 457, n. 4. MALONE.

[3] —— *ring'd about* —] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.
So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*
" *Enrings* the barky fingers of the elm." STEEVENS.

Cries out for noble York and Somerſet,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions.[4]
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring,[5] looks for reſcue,
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.[6]
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields[7] up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Baſtard, Charles, and Burgundy,[8]
Alençon, Reignier, compaſs him about,
And Talbot periſheth by your default.

SOM. York ſet him on, York ſhould have ſent him aid.

LUCY. And York as faſt upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

[4] —— *his weak* legions.] Old copy — *regions*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[5] —— *in* advantage *ling'ring*,] Protracting his reſiſtance by the advantage of a ſtrong poſt. JOHNSON.

Or, perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himſelf, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

[6] —— *worthleſs* emulation.] In this line *emulation* ſignifies merely *rivalry*, not ſtruggle for ſuperior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulyſſes, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, ſays that the Grecian chiefs were —

" —— grown to an envious fever
" Of pale and bloodleſs *emulation*." M. MASON.

[7] *Yields* —] Thus the ſecond folio: the firſt — *yield*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— and *Burgundy*,] *And*, which is neceſſary to the metre, is wanting in the firſt folio, but is ſupplied by the ſecond. STEEVENS.

SOM. York lies; he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love;
And take foul ſcorn, to fawn on him by ſending.
LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.
SOM. Come, go; I will deſpatch the horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.
LUCY. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Engliſh *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* John *his ſon.*

TAL. O young John Talbot! I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, — O malignant and ill-boding ſtars! —

Now thou art come unto a feaſt of death,[9]
A terrible and unavoided[2] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me:
The world will ſay — He is not Talbot's blood,
That baſely fled, when noble Talbot ſtood.[3]
TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.
JOHN. He, that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
TAL. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
JOHN. Then let me ſtay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard[4] ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.

[9] —— *a* feaſt *of* death,] To a field where *death* will be *feaſted* with ſlaughter. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II:*

"This *feaſt of battle*, with mine adverſary." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *unavoided* —] for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II:*

"And *unavoided* is the danger now." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *noble Talbot ſtood.*] For what reaſon this ſcene is written in rhyme, I cannot gueſs. If Shakſpeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verſes in the ſame manner, I ſhould have ſuſpected that this dialogue had been a part of ſome other poem which was never finiſhed, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inſerted it here. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *your regard* — Your care of your own ſafety. JOHNSON.

Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will ſwear;
But, if I bow, they'll ſay — it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If, the firſt hour, I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.

TAL. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuſe it?

TAL. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.

JOHN. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.

JOHN. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe[4] thy life this afternoon.
Come, ſide by ſide together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbot's *ſon is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

TAL. Saint George and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his ſword.
Where is John Talbot?—pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.
JOHN. O twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:[5]
The life, thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done;[6]

[4] ——— *fair* ſon,
Born to eclipſe *&c.*] An apparent quibble between *ſon*, and ſun. So, in *King Richard III:*
" And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas, alas!—
" Witneſs my *ſon*, *now in the ſhade of death.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] *O twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:*] A French epigram, on a child, who being ſhipwrecked with his father ſaved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the ſame thought. After deſcribing the wreck, it concludes thus:
" ——aprez mille efforts,
" J'apperçus prez de moi flotter des membres morts;
" Helas! c'etoit mon pere.
" Je le connus, je l'embraſſai,
" Et ſur lui juſqu'au port heureuſement pouſſé,

Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpite of fate,
To my determin'd time[7] thou gav'ſt new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight—I ſoon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and, in diſgrace,
Beſpoke him thus: *Contaminated, baſe,*
And miſbegotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.

" Des ondes & vents j'evitai la furie.
" *Que ce pere doit m'être cher,*
" *Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,*
" *Une fois ſur la terre, & l'autre ſur la mer!*"

MALONE.

[6] —— *and* done;] See p. 123, n. 8. MALONE.

[7] *To my* determin'd *time*—] i. e. *ended*. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

" Till his friend ſickneſs hath *determin'd* me."

STEEVENS.

The word is ſtill uſed in that ſenſe by legal conveyancers.

MALONE.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhort'ning of my life one day:[8]
In thee thy mother dies, our houſehold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The ſword of Orleans hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw live-blood from my heart:[9]
On that advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
(To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame,)[a]

[8] *'Tis but the ſhort'ning of my life one day:*] The ſtructure of this line very much reſembles that of another, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

" ——— to ſay,
" Heaven ſhorten Harry's happy life one day."

STEEVENS.

[9] *The ſword of Orleans hath not made me ſmart,*
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:]

" Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and *ſwords?*
" That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's *words?*" PRIOR.

MALONE.

So, in this play, Part III:

" Ah, kill me with thy *weapon*, not with *words.*"

STEEVENS.

[a] On that *advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,*
(To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame,)] This paſſage ſeems to lie obſcure and disjointed. Neither the grammar is to be juſtified; nor is the ſentiment better. I have ventur'd at a ſlight alteratioo, which departs ſo little from the reading which has obtain'd, but ſo much raiſes the ſenſe, as well as takes away the

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of France;[3]
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not Talbot's ſon:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

obſcurity, that I am willing to think it reſtores the author's meaning:

Out on *that vantage*,——. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

O what *advantage*, ——

which I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but the old reading is right, and the amendment unneceſſary; the paſſage being better as it ſtood originally, if printed thus:

On that advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
(To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!

The dividing the ſentence into two diſtinct parts, occaſioned the obſcurity of it, which this method of printing removes.

M. MASON.

The ſenſe is—Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to ſave his life while he deſtroys his character,) *on*, or for the ſake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preſerving our houſehold's name, &c. may my coward horſe drop down dead!

MALONE.

[3] *And* like *me to the peaſant boys of France;*] *To* like *one to the peaſants* is, to *compare*, to *level by compariſon*; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itſelf, but in this ſenſe it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads,—And *leave* me, which makes a clear ſenſe and juſt conſequence. But as change is not to be allowed without neceſſity, I have ſuffered *like* to ſtand, becauſe I ſuppoſe the author meant the ſame as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: "—— when the prince broke thy head for *liking* his father to a ſinging man" &c. STEEVENS.

TAL. Then follow thou thy deſperate ſire of Crete,
Thou Icarus;[4] thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the ſame.

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, ſupported by a* Servant.

TAL. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, ſmear'd with captivity![5]
Young Talbot's valour makes me ſmile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me,

[4] —— *thy deſperate ſire of Crete,*
Thou Icarus;] So, in the third part of this play:
" What a peeviſh fool was that of Crete?"
Again:
" I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus—." STEEVENS.

[5] *Triumphant death, ſmear'd with captivity!*] That is, death ſtained and diſhonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death ſtained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author when he firſt addreſſes death, and uſes the epithet *triumphant*, conſiders him as a perſon who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breaſt. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnſon has rightly explained it, death muſt have its ordinary ſignification. " I think light of my death, though rendered diſgraceful by captivity," &c. Perhaps however the conſtruction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes *me*, ſmeared with captivity, ſmile, &c. If ſo, there ſhould be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience;
But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin,[4] and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſt'ring battle of the French:
And in that ſea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my bloſſom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.[5]

SERV. O my dear lord! lo, where your ſon is borne!

TAL. Thou antick death,[6] which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,

[4] Tend'ring *my ruin*,] Watching me with tenderneſs in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read—
Tending *my ruin*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius ſays to Ophelia:
" —— *Tender* yourſelf more dearly." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:
" I *tender* ſo the ſafety of my liege." MALONE.

[5] —— *the body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldeſt ſon of the firſt Earl by his ſecond wife, and was Viſcount Liſle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viſcount Liſle in 1451. John, the earl's eldeſt ſon by his firſt wife, was ſlain at the battle of Northampton in 1460. MALONE.

[6] *Thou antick death,*] The *fool*, or *antick* of the play, made ſport by mocking the graver perſonages. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard II.* we have the ſame image:
" —— within the hollow crown
" That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither ſky,[7]
In thy deſpite, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.—
O thou whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks; as who ſhould ſay—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.

" Keeps *death* his court: and there the *antick* ſits
" Scoffing his ſtate, and griooing at his pomp."
STEEVENS.

It is not improbable that Shakſpeare borrowed this idea from one of the cuts to that moſt exquiſite work called *Imagines Mortis*, commonly aſcribed to the pencil of Holbein, but without any authority. See the 7th print. DOUCE.

[7] —— *winged through the* lither *ſky*,] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the ſame ſenſe Milton ſays:

" —— He with broad ſails
" Winnow'd the *buxom* air."

That is, the obſequious air. JOHNSON.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective *lith*.
So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

" —— to breed numbneſs or *lithernes*."

Lithernes is *limberneſs*, or *yielding weakneſs*.
Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

" I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame."

Milton might have borrowed the expreſſion from Spenſer, or Gower, who uſes it in the Prologue to his *Confeſſio Amantis*:

" That unto him whilhe the head is,
" The membres *buxom* ſhall bowe."

In the old ſervice of matrimony, the wife was enjoined to be *buxom* both at bed and board. *Buxom* therefore anciently ſignified obedience or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe: " —— are ſo *buxome* to their ſhameleſs deſires," &c. STEEVENS.

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Baſtard, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

CHAR. Had York and Somerſet brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.
BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,[8]
Did fleſh his puny ſword in Frenchmen's blood![9]
PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn,—
He anſwer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:[2]
So, ruſhing in the bowels of the French,[3]

[8] —— *raging*-wood,] That is, raging *mad*. So, in Heywood's *Dialogues, containing a Number of effectual Proverbs*, 1562:
"She was, as they ſay, horn-*wood*."
Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more fool thou art*, 1570:
"He will fight as he were *wood*." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, ſtrengthens the ſuſpicion that theſe verſes were originally part of ſome other work, and were copied here only to ſave the trouble of compoſing new. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *of a* giglot *wench:*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *ſtrumpet*. JOHNSON.

The word is uſed by Gaſcoigne and other authors, though now quite obſolete.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:
"Whoſe choice is like that Greekiſh *giglot's* love,
"That left her lord, prince Menelaus."
See Vol. VI. p. 201, n. 4. STEEVENS.

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.

BAST. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHAR. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French *Herald preceding.*

LUCY. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd[4] the glory of the day.

CHAR. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?

LUCY. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We Engliſh warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.

[3] —— *in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] *Herald,*
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd —] Lucy's meſſage implied that he knew who had obtained the victory: therefore ſir T. Hanmer reads:
Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent. JOHNSON.

CHAR. For priſoners aſk'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt.

LUC. Where is the great Alcides[5] of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewſbury?
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great earl of Waſhford,[6] Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of ſaint George,
Worthy ſaint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareſhal to Henry the ſixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

PUC. Here is a ſilly ſtately ſtile, indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,[7]

[5] *Where is the great Alcides*—] Old copy—*But* where's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compoſitor probably caught the word *But* from the preceding line. MALONE.

[6] *Great earl of* Waſhford,] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinſhed's Chronicle of Ireland, that Wexford was anciently called *Weyſford*. In Crompton's *Manſion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Waſhford*. This long liſt of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Roüen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to aſcertain, for it is not in the common hiſtorians. The oldeſt book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, poſterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this liſt is, the epitaph has one more, which, I ſuppoſe, was only rejected becauſe it would not eaſily fall into the verſe, "Lord Lovetoft of Worſop." It concludes as here,—"Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marſhall to King Henry VI. of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453."
MALONE.

[7] *The Turk*, &c.] Alluding probably to the oſtentatious letter

Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.—
Him, that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
LUCY. Is Talbot ſlain; the Frenchmen's only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemeſis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might ſhoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call theſe dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze[8] the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.
PUC. I think, this upſtart is old Talbot's ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit.
For God's ſake, let him have 'em,[9] to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrefy the air.
CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.
LUCY. I'll bear them hence:
But from their aſhes ſhall be rear'd
A phœnix[1] that ſhall make all France afeard.

of *Sultan Solyman the Magnificent*, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

[8] —— *amaze* —] i. e. (as in other inſtances) confound, throw into conſternation. So, in *Cymbeline*:
"I am *amaz'd* with matter ——" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *let him have* 'em;] Old copy—have *him*. So, a little lower,—do with *him*. The firſt emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *But from their aſhes ſhall be rear'd*
A phœnix &c.] The defect in the metre ſhews that ſome word of two ſyllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *aſhes*. MALONE.

CHAR. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.[9]
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's ſlain.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.[a]

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. HEN. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
GLO. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly ſue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

So, in the third part of this play:
" My aſhes, as the phœnix, ſhall bring forth
" A bird that will revenge upon you all."
Sir Thomas Hanmer, with great probability, reads:
But from their aſhes, Dauphin, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[9] *So we be rid of them, do* with 'em *what thou will.*] I ſuppoſe, for the ſake of metre, the uſeleſs words—*with 'em* ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

[a] In the original copy, the tranſcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by miſtake called this ſcene, Scene II. The editor of the ſecond folio made a very abſurd regulation by making the act begin in the middle of the preceding ſcene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his ſon,) which was inadvertently followed in ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And 'ſtabliſh quietneſs on every ſide.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity[3] and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one faith.

Glo. Beſide, my lord,—the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer bind, his knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac— near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young;[4]
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers every one:
I ſhall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two* Ambaſſadors, *with* Winchester *in a Cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree![5]

[3] —— *immanity* —] i. e. barbarity, ſavageneſs. Steevens.

[4] —— *my years are young;*] His majeſty, however, was twenty-four years old. Malone.

[5] *What! is my lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,*
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!] This (as Mr. Edwards

Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the fifth did ſometime prophecy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. HEN. My lords ambaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on.
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore, are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.

GLO. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter,—
I have inform'd his highneſs ſo at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be England's queen.

K. HEN. In argument and proof of which contráct,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And ſo, my lord protector, ſee them guarded,

has obſerved in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulneſs in the poet. In the firſt act Gloſter ſays:

" I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad *cardinal's* hat:"

and it is ſtrange that the duke of Exeter ſhould not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

It ſhould ſeem from the ſtage-direction prefixed to this ſcene, and from the converſation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be underſtood that the biſhop had obtained his cardinal's hat only juſt before his preſent entry. The inaccuracy therefore was in making Gloſter addreſs him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

And ſafely brought to Dover; where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and* Ambaſſadors.

WIN. Stay, my lord legate; you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money, which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his holineſs
For clothing me in theſe grave ornaments.

LEG. I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.

WIN. Now Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt peer.
Humphrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth,[6] or for authority,
The biſhop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

CHAR. Theſe news, my lords, may cheer our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout Pariſians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

[6] *That neither* in *birth,*] I would read—*for* birth. That is, thou ſhalt not rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority ſupreme. JOHNSON.

ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
PUC. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us;
Elſe, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESS. Succeſs unto our valiant general,
And happineſs to his accomplices!
CHAR. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'y-thee, ſpeak.
MESS. The Engliſh army, that divided was
Into two parts,[6] is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle preſently.
CHAR. Somewhat too ſudden, ſirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.
BUR. I truſt, the ghoſt of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
PUC. Of all baſe paſſions, fear is moſt accurs'd:—
Command the conqueſt, Charles it ſhall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
CHAR. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

[6] —— *parts,*] Old copy—*parties.* STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming ſpells, and periapts;[7]
And ye choice ſpirits that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[8]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

[7] —— *ye charming ſpells, and* periapts;] Charms ſow'd up. *Ezek.* iii. 18: "Woe to them that ſow pillows to all arm-holes, to huot ſouls." POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preſervatives from diſeaſe or danger. Of theſe, the firſt chapter of St John's Goſpel was deemed the moſt efficacious.

Whoever is deſirous to know more about them, may conſult Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. STEEVENS.

The following ſtory, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has aſſerted: "A cardinal ſeeing a prieſt carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuſe was, that he only carried it to defend himſelf againſt the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, ſerves *St. John's Goſpel?* Alas, my lord, ſaid the prieſt, theſe curs underſtood no Latin." MALONE.

[8] —— *monarch of the north,*] The north was always ſuppoſed to be the particular habitation of bad ſpirits. Milton, therefore, aſſembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boaſt of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Iſaiah is ſaid to be, that he *will ſit upon the mount of the congregation, in the ſides of the* north. STEEVENS.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,[9]
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and ſpeak not.*
O, hold me not with ſilence over-long!
Where[a] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earneſt of a further benefit;
So you do condeſcend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs?—My body ſhall
Pay recompenſe, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my ſoul; my body, ſoul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

[9] *Out of the powerful regions under earth,*] I believe Shakſpeare wrote—*legions.* WARBURTON.

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence elſe ſhould the ſorcereſs have ſelected or ſummoned her fiends? STEEVENS.

In a former paſſage *regions* ſeems to have been printed inſtead of *legions*; at leaſt all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there ſubſtituted the latter word inſtead of the former. See p. 125, n. 4. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themſelves, but not to their place of reſidence, ſhow that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— But one *fiend* at a time,
" I'll fight their *legions* o'er." MALONE

[a] *Where*—] i. e. *whereas*. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:
" *Where* now you're both a father and a ſon." STEEVENS.

See! they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That France muſt vail her lofty-plumed creſt,[3]
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* Engliſh, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The* French *fly.*

YORK. Damſel of France, I think, I have you faſt:
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows.
As if, with Circe, ſhe would change my ſhape.[4]
PUC. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
YORK. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
PUC. A plaguing miſchief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds!
YORK. Fell, banning hag![5] enchantreſs, hold thy tongue.

[3] —— vail *her loſty-plumed creſt,*] i. e. lower it. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"*Vailing* her high top lower than her ribs."

See Vol. VII. p. 398, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[4] *As if, with* Circe, &c.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"I think, you all have drank of *Circe*'s cup." STEEVENS.

[5] *Fell, banning hag!*] To *ban* is to curſe. So, in *The Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"I *ban* their ſouls to everlaſting pains." STEEVENS.

PUC. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curſe a while.
YORK. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in lady* MARGARET.

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
I kiſs theſe fingers [*Kiſſing her hand.*] for eternal peace:[3]
Who art thou? ſay, that I may honour thee.

MAR. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whoſoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

[3] *I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy theſe lines are thus arranged and pointed:

"For I will touch thee but with revereot haods,
"I kiſs theſe fiogers for eteroal peace,
"And lay them gently on thy tender ſide."

by which Suffolk is made to kiſs his own fingers, a ſymbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example. The tranſpoſition was made, I think, rightly, by Mr. Capell. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after "haods," which ſeems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain ſomething like ſenſe, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line.

In confirmation of the tranſpoſition here made, let it be remembered that two lines are in like manner miſplaced in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act I. fol. 1623:

"Or like a ſtar diſ-orb'd; nay, if we talk of reaſon,
"And fly like a chidden Mercury from Jove."

Again, in *King Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iv:

"That reigns in galled eyes of weeping ſouls,
"That excellent grand tyrant of the earth." MALONE.

So doth the ſwan her downy cygnets ſave,
Keeping them priſoners underneath her wings.[4]
Yet, if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, ſtay!—I have no power to let her paſs;
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays—no.[5]
As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,[6]
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to my eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! diſable not thyſelf;[7]
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here thy priſoner?[8]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight?

[4] —— her *wings.*] Old copy—*his.* This manifeſt error I only mention, becauſe it ſupports a note in Vol. VIII. p. 335, n. 8. and juſtifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly ſpelt *hir*; hence it was often confounded with *his.* MALONE.

[5] *My hand would free her,* but my heart ſays—no.] Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" —— my *heart* accords thereto,
" And yet a thouſand times *it anſwers—no.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,* &c.] This compariſon, made between things which ſeem ſufficiently unlike, is intended to expreſs the ſoftneſs and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its luſtre. JOHNSON.

Thus, Taſſo:

" Qual raggio in onda, le ſcintilla unriſo
" Negli umidi occhi tremulo ——." HENLEY.

[7] —— *diſable not thyſelf;*] Do not repreſent thyſelf ſo weak. To *diſable* the judgement of another was, in that age, the ſame as to deſtroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it,* Act V: " If again, it was not well cut, he *diſabled my judgement.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here* thy priſoner?] The words—*thy priſoner,* which are wanting in the firſt folio, are found in the ſecond. STEEVENS.

Ay; beauty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.[7]

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be ſo.—
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.

SUF. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aſide.*

MAR. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſom muſt I pay?

SUF. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.[8] [*Aſide.*

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?

SUF. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*

MAR. I were beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.[9]

MAR. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.

SUF. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.

MAR. And yet I would that you would anſwer me.

SUF. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tuſh! that's a wooden thing.[*]

[7] —— *and makes the ſenſes* rough.] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*crouch.* MALONE.

[8] *She is a woman; therefore to be won.*] This ſeems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585: STEEVENS.

[9] —— *a* cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"I'll have a preſent *cooling card* for you." STEEVENS.

[*] —— *a* wooden *thing.*] Is an awkward buſineſs, an undertaking not likely to ſucceed.

MAR. He talks of wood: It is ſome carpenter.

SUF. Yet ſo my fancy[3] may be ſatisfy'd,
And peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*

MAR. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leiſure?

SUF. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.

MAR. What though I be enthrall'd? he ſeems a knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*

SUF. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.

MAR. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cauſe—

MAR. Tuſh! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aſide.*

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?

MAR. I cry you mercy, 'this but *quid* for *quo*.

SUF. Say, gentle princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of theſe woods, for I ſhall have but *wooden* luck.

Again, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

"My maſter takes but *wooden* pains."

Again, in *The Knave of Spades*, &c. no date:

"To make an end of that ſame *wooden* phraſe."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*my* fancy—] i. e. my love. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."

See Vol. VII. p. 132, n. 6. STEEVENS.

MAR. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For princes ſhould be free.

SUF. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden ſcepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my—?*

MAR. What?

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, madam; are you ſo content?

MAR. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's caſtle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A parley ſounded. *Enter* REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

SUF. See, Reignier, ſee, thy daughter priſoner.

REIG. To whom?

* *If thou wilt condeſcend to* be my—] I have little doubt that the words—*be my*, are an interpolation, and that the paſſage originally ſtood thus:

If thou wilt condeſcend to—
What?
His love.

Both ſenſe and meaſure are then complete. STEEVENS.

SUF. To me.
REIG. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Conſent, (and, for thy honour, give conſent,)
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
SUF. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.[3]
REIG. Upon thy princely warrant, I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
[*Exit, from the walls.*
SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleaſes.
SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy for ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What anſwer makes your grace unto my ſuit?
REIG. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,[4]

[3] —— face, *or feign,*] "To *face* (ſays Dr. Johnſon) is to carry a falſe appearance; to play the hypocrite." Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*. MALONE.
So, in *The Taming of a Shrew:*
"Yet I have *fac'd* it with a card of ten." STEEVENS.
[4] *Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,* &c.] *To woo her*

To be the princely bride of ſuch a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine,[5] and Anjou,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be Henry's, if he pleaſe.

SUF. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.

REIG. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for ſign of plighted faith.

SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond ſafe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian prince, king Henry, were he here.

MAR. Farewell, my lord! Good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

SUF. Farewell, ſweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

little worth— may mean— *to court her ſmall ſhare of merit.* But perhaps the paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

Since thou doſt deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of ſuch a lord;

i. e. little deſerving to be the wife of ſuch a prince. MALONE.

[5] —— *the* county *Maine,*] Maine is called a *county* both by Hall and Holinſhed. The old copy erroneouſly reads—*country.* MALONE.

MAR. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his ſervant, ſay to him.
SUF. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly[6] directed.
But, madam, I muſt trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majeſty?
MAR. Yes, my good lord; a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the king.
SUF. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
MAR. That for thyſelf;—I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens[7] to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.
SUF. O, wert thou for myſelf!—But, Suffolk, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her woud'rous praiſe:
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount;
Mad, natural graces[8] that extinguiſh art;

[6] ——*modeſtly*—] Old copy—*modeſty*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *To ſend ſuch* peeviſh *tokens*—] *Peeviſh*, for childiſh. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. vii: "He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*."

[8] Mad, *natural graces*—] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read *her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of theſe ſignifications he appears to have uſed it in *Othello*:

"——— he ſhe lov'd prov'd *mad*."

which Dr. Johnſon has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap*.

Mad, in ſome of the ancient books of gardening, is uſed as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—

"And catch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and Others.*

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart[g] outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?"

Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "—— with manie more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before."

MALONE.

It is possible that Steevens may be right in asserting that the word *mad*, may have been used to express *wild*; but I believe it was never used as descriptive of excellence, or as applicable to grace. The passage is in truth erroneous, as is also the amendment of former editors. That which I should propose is, to read *and*, instead of *mad*, words that might easily have been mistaken for each other;

Bethink thee of her virtues that surmount,
And *natural graces, that extinguish art.*

That is, think of her virtues that surmount art, and of her natural graces that extinguish it. M. MASON.

[g] —— kills *thy father's* heart —] This phrase occurs likewise in *King Henry V.* and the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

Muſt I behold thy timeleſs[9] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, ſweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

PUC. Decrepit miſer![a] baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

SHEP. Out, out!—My lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can teſtify
She was the firſt-fruit of my bachelorſhip.

WAR. Graceleſs! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.[3]

[9] —— *timeleſs* —] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

"Thy ſtrength was buried in his *timeleſs* death."

STEEVENS.

[a] *Decrepit* miſer!] *Miſer* has no relation to avarice in this paſſage, but ſimply means a miſerable creature. So, in the *Interlude of Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

"But as for theſe *miſers* within my father's tent—."

Again, in Lord Sterline's tragedy of *Craſus*, 1604:

"Or think'ſt thou me of judgement too remiſs,
"A *miſer* that in miſerie remains,
"The baſtard child of fortune, barr'd from bliſs,
"Whom heaven doth hate, and all the world diſdains?"

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 760, where he is ſpeaking of the death of Richard III: "And ſo this *miſer*, at the ſame verie point, had like chance and fortune," &c. Again, p. 951, among the laſt words of Lord Cromwell: "—— for if I ſhould ſo doo, I were a very wretch and a *miſer*." Again, *ibid*: "—— and ſo patiently ſuffered the ſtroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcherlie *miſer*, which ill-favouredlie performed the office." STEEVENS.

[3] *This argues what her kind of life hath been;*
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.] So, in this play, Part II. p. 290:

"So bad a death argues a monſtrous life." STEEVENS.

SHEP. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle![3]
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh;[4]
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
PUC. Peaſant, avaunt!—You have ſuborn'd this man,
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble birth.
SHEP. 'Tis true, I gave a noble[5] to the prieſt.
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratſbane for thy ſake!
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,
I wiſh ſome ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Doſt thou deny thy father, curſed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
YORK. Take her away; for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

[3] —— *that thou wilt be ſo* obſtacle!] A vulgar corruption of *obſtinate*, which I think has oddly laſted ſince our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The ſame corruption may be met with in Gower, and other writers. Thus in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611;

" An *obſtacle* young thing it is."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

" Be not *obſtacle*, old duke." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*a collop of my fleſh;*] So, in *The Hiſtory of Morindos and Miracola:* 1609, quarto, bl. l.: " ——yet being his ſecond ſelfe, *a collop of his owne fleſh*" &c. RITSON.

[5] —— *my noble birth.*—

Shep. *'Tis true, I gave a* noble —] This paſſage ſeems to corroborate an explanation, ſomewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *King Henry IV.* of the *nobleman* and *royal man*. JOHNSON.

PUC. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me[6] begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
But iſſu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; choſen from above,
By inſpiration of celeſtial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked ſpirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand vices,—
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,
You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
No, miſconceived![7] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood, thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

WAR. And hark ye, ſirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.[8]—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:

[6] *Not* me—] I believe the author wrote—Not *one*. MALONE.

[7] *No, miſconceived!*] i. e. No, ye miſconceivers, ye who miſtake me and my qualities." STEEVENS.

[8] *That warranteth by law* to be *thy privilege.*] The uſeleſs words—*to be*, which ſpoil the meaſure, are an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

WAR. The greateſt miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?

YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince Charles muſt father it.

PUC. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel![8]
It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.

PUC. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A marry'd man! that's moſt intolerable.

YORK. Why, here's a girl! I think, ſhe knows not well,
There were ſo many, whom ſhe may accuſe.

[8] *Alençon! that notorious* Machiavel!] *Machiavel* being mentioned ſomewhat before his time, this line is by ſome of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel ſeems to have made ſo very deep an impreſſion on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely ſpoken of. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

" —— read *Machiavel*:
" Princes that would aſpire, muſt mock at hell."

Agaio:

" —— my brain
" Italianates my barren faculties
" To *Machiavelian* blackneſs." STEEVENS.

WAR. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.
YORK. And, yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Uſe no entreaty, for it is in vain.
PUC. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curſe,
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death[1]
Environ you; till miſchief, and deſpair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves![2]
[*Exit, guarded.*
YORK. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commiſſion from the king.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe[3] of theſe outrageous broils,

[1] ——— *darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death*—] The expreſſion is ſcriptural: "Whereby the day-ſpring from on high hath viſited us, to give light to them that ſit *in darkneſs and the ſhadow of death*." MALONE.

[2] —— *till miſchief, and deſpair,*
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves!] Perhaps Shakſpeare intended to remark, in this execration, the frequency of ſuicide among the Engliſh, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominеſs of their air. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *remorſe*—] i. e. compaſſion, pity. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"If ſo your heart were touch'd with that *remorſe*
"As mine is to him." STEEVENS.

Have earneſtly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aſpiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered? —
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, Baſtard, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed.
That peaceful truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourſelves
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poiſon'd voice,[4]

[4] —— *poiſon'd voice,*] *Poiſon'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies,* or with *baleful,* if it can be uſed in the ſame ſenſe. The modern editors read — *priſon'd voice.* JOHNSON.
Priſon'd was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

By ſight of theſe our baleful enemies. [5]

WIN. Charles, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That — in regard king Henry gives conſent,
Of mere compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your country of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, —
You ſhall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALEN: Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a coronet; [6]
And yet, in ſubſtance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

CHAR. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſs'd
With more than half the Gallian territories.
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt unvanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

[5] —— baleful *enemies.*] *Baleful* is *ſorrowful;* I therefore rather imagine that we ſhould read — *baneful*, hurtful, or miſchievous. JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the ſame meaning as *baneful.* It is an epithet very frequently beſtowed on poiſonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers. "

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *with a* coronet;] *Coronet* is here uſed for a *crown.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear:*

" —— which to confirm,
" This *coronet* part between you."

Theſe are the words of Lear, when he gives up his *crown* to Cornwall and Albany. STEEVENS.

No, lord ambaſſador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

YORK. Inſulting Charles! haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon?[7]
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit[8] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

ALEN. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide, to* Charles.

WAR. How ſay'ſt thou, Charles? ſhall our condition ſtand?

CHAR. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.

[7] —— *upon compariſon?* Do you ſtand to compare your preſent ſtate, a ſtate which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

[8] —— *accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,*
Of benefit—] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON.

YORK. Then ſwear allegiance to his majeſty;
As thou art knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[Charles, *and the reſt, give tokens of fealty.*
So, now diſmiſs your army when ye pleaſe;
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. HEN. Your wond'rous rare deſcription, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide;
So am I driven,[9] by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tuſh, my good lord! this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praiſe:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I ſufficient ſkill to utter them,)

[9] *So am I driven,*] This ſimile is ſomewhat obſcure; he ſeems to mean, that as a ſhip is driven againſt the tide by the wind, ſo he is driven by love againſt the current of his intereſt. JOHNSON.

Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowlineſs of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwiſe will Henry ne'er preſume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give conſent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my lord, your highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another lady of eſteem;
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph* having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

* —— *at a triumph* —] That is, at the ſports by which a triumph is celebrated. Johnson.

A *triumph*, in the age of Shakſpeare, ſignified a public exhibition, ſuch as a *maſk*, a *revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

"What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and *triumphs*?"

Steevens.

See *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Vol. VII. p. 6, n. 5.

Malone.

SUF. Yes, my good lord,[3] her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jeruſalem;
And of ſuch great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLO. And ſo the earl of Armagnac may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto Charles.

EXE. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier ſooner will receive, than give.

SUF. A dower, my lords! diſgrace not ſo your king,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to ſeek a queen to make him rich:
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip;[4]
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt[5] of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?

[3] —— *my good lord,*] *Good*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the ſake of the metre, in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —— *by attorneyſhip;*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the diſcretional agency of another. JOHNSON.

This is a phraſe of which Shakſpeare is peculiarly fond. It occurs twice in *King Richard III:*

"Be the *attorney* of my love to her."

Again:

"I, by *attorney*, bleſs thee from thy mother." STEEVENS.

[5] It *moſt* —] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,[5]
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in women commonly is ſeen,)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a king;[6]
For Henry, ſon unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret ſhall be queen, and none but ſhe.

K. HEN. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,

[5] *Whereas the contrary bringeth* forth *bliſs,*] The word — *forth*, which is not in the firſt folio, was ſupplied, I think, unneceſſarily, by the ſecond. *Contrary*, was, I believe, uſed by the author as a quadriſyllable, as if it were written *conterary*; according to which pronunciation the metre is not defective:

Whereas the conterary *bringeth bliſs.*

In the ſame manner Shakſpeare frequently uſes *Henry* as a triſyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as diſſyllables. See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 7. MALONE.

I have little confidence in this remark. Such a pronunciation of the word *contrary* is, perhaps, without example. *Hour* and *fire* were anciently *written* as diſſyllables, viz. *hower* — *fier*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Will anſwer* our *hope in iſſue of a king;*] The uſeleſs word — *our*, which deſtroys the harmony of this line, I ſuppoſe ought to be omitted. STEEVENS.

As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.[7]
Take, therefore ſhipping; poſt, my lord to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for, till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand cares. —
And you, good uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me by what you were,[8]
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.[9] [*Exit.*

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret ſhall now be queen, and rule the king?
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. *
[*Exit.*

[7] *As I am ſick with* working of my thoughts.] So, in Shakſpeare's *King Henry V:*

"*Work, work your thoughts*, and therein ſee a ſiege."

MALONE.

[8] *If you do* cenſure *me* &c.] To *cenſure* is here ſimply to *judge*. *If in judging me you conſider the paſt frailties of your own youth.*

JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 179, n. 5. MALONE.

[9] —— *ruminate my* grief.] *Grief* in the firſt line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneaſineſs*; in the ſecond ſpecially for *ſorrow*.

JOHNSON.

* Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in

1623, though the two ſucceeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the ſecond and third parts were publiſhed without the firſt, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were ſurreptitiouſly obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick thoſe plays, not ſuch as the author deſigned, but ſuch as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the ſcenes of events; that it was written and played before *Henry the Fifth* is apparent, becauſe in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

" Henry the ſixth in ſwaddling bands crown'd king,
" Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
" That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
" Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown."

France is loſt in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houſes of York and Lancaſter.

The ſecond and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written, we know not, but it was printed likewiſe in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the firſt and ſecond parts. The firſt part of *Henry VI.* had been often *ſhown on the ſtage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publiſher. JOHNSON.

That the ſecond and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the firſt, is a proof, in my apprehenſion, that they were not written by the author of the firſt: and the title of *The Contention of the houſes of York and Lancaſter*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto in 1600, is a proof that they were a diſtinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the ſame time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to diſtinguiſh it from the two ſubſequent plays; which being *altered* by Shakſpeare, aſſumed the new titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This firſt part was, I conceive, originally called *The hiſtorical play of King Henry VI.* See the Eſſay at the end of theſe contended pieces. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI,*

PART II.

* SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.] This and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troubleſome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houſes of York and Lancaſter: and under that title were theſe two plays firſt acted and publiſhed. The preſent ſcene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]: and cloſes with the firſt battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D 1455]: ſo that it comprizes the hiſtory and tranſactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by *Crowne*, and acted in the year 1681. STEEVENS.

In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly ſtated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakſpeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the two famous houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter in two parts, was publiſhed in quarto, in 1600; and the firſt part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) March 12, 1593-4. On theſe two plays, which I believe to have been written by ſome preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakſpeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reaſons on which this hypotheſis is founded, I ſhall ſubjoin at large at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* At preſent it is only neceſſary to apprize the reader of the method obſerved in the printing of theſe plays. All the lines printed in the uſual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at leaſt with ſuch minute variations as are not worth noticing); and thoſe, I conceive, Shakſpeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypotheſis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and thoſe with aſteriſks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarſe ſtuff that had been awkwardly made up for the ſtage by ſome of his contemporaries. The ſpeeches which he new-modelled, he improved, ſometimes by amplification, and ſometimes by retrenchment.

Theſe two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their preſent form in 1591. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. II. and the Diſſertation at the end of *The third part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnſon obſerves very juſtly, that theſe two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the firſt. Undoubt-

edly not; the old play of *K. Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The firſt part,*) certainly had been exhibited before theſe were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this conceſſion, either that *The Contention of the two houſes, &c.* in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakſpeare was the author of theſe two pieces as they *originally appeared*.

MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Humphrey, *Duke of* Gloſter, *his uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *great uncle to the king.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York:
Edward *and* Richard, *his ſons.*
Duke of Somerſet,
Duke of Suffolk,
Duke of Buckingham,
Lord Clifford,
Young Clifford, *his ſon.*
} *of the king's party.*
Earl of Saliſbury,
Earl of Warwick.
} *of the* York *faction.*
Lord Scales, *Governour of the Tower.* *Lord* Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his brother.* *Sir* John Stanley.
A Sea-captain, Maſter, and Maſter's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, priſoners with Suffolk.
A Herald. Vaux.
Hume *and* Southwell, *two prieſts.*
Bolingbroke, *a Conjurer.* *A ſpirit raiſed by him.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. *Mayor of* Saint Alban's.
Simpcox, *an Impoſtor.* *Two Murderers.*
Jack Cade, *a Rebel:*
George, John, Dick, Smith *the Weaver,* Michael, *&c. his followers.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*
Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry.
Eleanor, *Ducheſs of* Gloſter.
Margery Jourdain, *a Witch.* *Wife to* Simpcox.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Meſſengers, &c.
SCENE, diſperſedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of ſtate in the Palace.*

Flouriſh of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one ſide, *King* HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *on the other,* *Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others, following.*

SUF. As by your high[2] imperial majeſty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,[3]

[2] *As by your high* &c.] Vide *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 66, year 23. ioit. POPE.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the ſeries of tranſactions of which it preſuppoſes the firſt part already known. This is a ſufficient proof that the ſecond and third parts were not written without dependance on the firſt, though they were printed as containing a complete period of hiſtory. JOHNSON.

[3] *As procurator to your excellence*, &c.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 625: "The marqueſſe of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henrie, eſpouſed the ſaid ladie in the church of Saint Martins. At the which marriage were preſent the father and mother of the bride; the French king himſelf that was uncle to the huſband, and the French queen alſo that was aunt to the wife. There were alſo the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanſon, and of Britaine, ſeaven earles, twelve barons, twenty biſhops," &c. STEEVENS.

This paſſage Holinſhed tranſcribed *verbatim* from Hall. MALONE.

' Makes me the bolder to ſalute my king
' With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
' And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.
' K. HEN. Her ſight did raviſh: but her grace in ſpeech,
' Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty,
' Makes me from wondering, fall to weeping joys;'.

word given to him to whom the ſpeaker is ſupremely attached: *lieveſt* being the ſuperlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*. So, Hall in his *Chronicle*, *Henry VI.* folio 12. "Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after ooe, *leveſt* lord." WARBURTON.

Alder-lieſeſt is a corruption of the German word *aller-liebſt*, beloved above all things, deareſt of all.

The word is uſed by Chaucer; and is put by Marſton into the mouth of his Dutch courteſan:

"O mine *alder-lieſeſt* love."

Again:

"—— pretty ſweetheart of mine *alder-lieſeſt* affection."

Again, in Gaſcoigne:

"—— and to mine *alder-lieveſt* lord I muſt indite."

See Tyrwhitt's Gloſſary to Chaucer. *Leve* or *leſe*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ea. pl. *of all*. STEEVENS.

? *Makes me, from wondering, fall to* weeping joys;] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakſpeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much ado about nothing*, *K. Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the precediog ſpeech ſtand thus in the original play in quarto: I tranſcribe them that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypotheſis; and ſhall quote a few other paſſages for the ſame purpoſe. To exhibit all the ſpeeches that Shakſpeare has altered, would be almoſt to print the two plays twice:

Queen. The exceſſive love I bear unto your grace,
Forbids me to be laviſh of my tongue,
Leſt I ſhould ſpeake more than beſeems a woman.
Let this ſuffice; my bliſs is in your liking;
And nothing can make poor Margaret miſerable
Unleſs the frowne of mightie England's king.
Fr. King. Her lookes did wound, but now her ſpeech doth pierce.
Lovely queen Margaret, ſit downe by my ſide;
And uncle Gloſter, and you lordly peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloved Queene. MALONE.

' Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content.—
' Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL. Long live queen Margaret, England's happineſs!

Q. MAR. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

SUF. My lord protector, ſo it pleaſe your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our ſovereign and the French king Charles,
' For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

GLO. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marqueſs of Suffolk, ambaſſador for Henry king of England,—that the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeruſalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*—Item,—*That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine,*[8] *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her father*—

K. HEN. Uncle, how now?

GLO. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. HEN. Uncle of Wincheſter, I pray, read on.

WIN. Item,—*It is further agreed between them.—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered over to the king her father; and ſhe ſent*

[8] —— *and the* county *of Maine,*] So the chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he ſays,—"It is further agreed—that the *duchies* of Anjoy and *Maine* ſhall be releaſed and delivered *over*," &c. But the words in the inſtrument could not thus vary, whilſt it was paſſing from the hands of the duke to thoſe of the Cardinal. For the inaccuracy Shakſpeare muſt anſwer, the author of the original play not having been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, peculiar to our poet; for I have never met with any thing ſimilar in any other writer. He has again fallen into the ſame impropriety in *All's Well that Ends Well.*

MALONE.

over of the king of England's own proper coſt and charges, without having dowry.

K. HEN. They pleaſe us well.—Lord marqueſs, kneel down;
We here create thee the firſt duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the ſword.—
Couſin of York, we here diſcharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Wincheſter, Gloſter, York, and Buckingham,
Somerſet, Saliſbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

GLO. Brave peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
' To you duke Humphrey muſt unload his grief,
' Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
' What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
' His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
' Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
' In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
' To conquer France, his true inheritance?
' And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
' To keep by policy what Henry got?
' Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
' Brave York, Saliſbury, and victorious Warwick,
' Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
' Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
' With all the learned council of the realm,
' Study'd ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
' Early and late, debating to and fro

' How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
' And hath his highneſs in his infancy
' Been crown'd[9] in Paris, in deſpite of foes;
' And ſhall theſe labours, and theſe honours, die?
' Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
' Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
' O peers of England, ſhameful is this league!
' Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
' Blotting your names from books of memory;
' Razing the characters of your renown;
' Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
' Undoing all, as all had never been!
' CAR. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
' This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?[8]
' For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.
* GLO. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
* But now it is impoſſible we ſhould:
Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roaſt,
' Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
* Unto the poor king Reignier, whoſe large ſtyle
* Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.[3]
* SAL. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
* Theſe counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant ſon?
' WAR. For grief that they are paſt recovery:
' For, were there hope to conquer them again,

[9] Been *crown'd*—] The word *Been* was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[8] *This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?*] This ſpeech crowded with ſo many inſtances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *whoſe large ſtyle*
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.] So Holinſhed "King Reigner hir father, for all his *long ſtile*, had too ſhort a *purſe* to ſend his daughter honourably to the king hir ſpowſe." MALONE.

' My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no
tears.
' Anjou and Maine! myſelf did win them both;
' Thoſe provinces theſe arms of mine did conquer:
' And are the cities,[4] that I got with wounds,
' Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
' Mort Dieu!
* YORK. For Suffolk's duke—may he be ſuffocate,
* That dims the honour of this warlike iſle!
* France ſhould have torn and rent my very heart,
* Before I would have yielded to this league,
' I never read but England's kings have had
' Large ſums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
' And our king Henry gives away his own,
' To match with her that brings no vantages.
* GLO. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
* That Suffolk ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
* For coſts and charges in tranſporting her!
* She ſhould have ſtaid in France, and ſtarv'd in
France,
* Before—
* CAR. My lord of Gloſter, now you grow too hot;
* It was the pleaſure of my lord the king.
* GLO. My lord of Wincheſter, I know your mind;
' 'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
' But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble you.
' Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
' I ſee thy fury: if I longer ſtay,

[4] *And are the cities*, &c.] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wiſh it had been better expreſſed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more ſtriking. "And muſt that then which we won with our *ſwords*, be given away with *words*?" MALONE.

' We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings.[5]—
Lordings, farewell; and ſay, when I am gone,
I propheſy'd—France will be loſt ere long. [*Exit.*

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king,
* Conſider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
* And heir apparent to the Engliſh crown;
* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the weſt.[6]
* There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it.
* Look to it, lords; let not his ſmoothing words
* Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe, and circumſpect.
' What though the common people favour him,
' Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloſter;*
' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

[5] —— *bickerings.*] To *bicker* is to *ſkirmiſh.* In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy E. of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes conſult whether they ſhould *bicker* on the walls, or deſcend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chace:*

" Bomen *bickarte* upon the beot
" With their browd aras cleare."

Again, in Draytoo's *Polyolbion*, Song IX:

" From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains back."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Maſquerado*, by Greene, 1589:

" —— fundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave them the foyle." Again, in Holinſhed, p. 537: " At another *bickering* alſo it chanced that the Engliſhmen had the upper hand." Again, p. 572: " At firſt there was a ſharp *bickering* betwixt them, but in the end victorie remained with the Engliſhmen." *Levi pugna congredior* is the expreſſion by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict.* 1580. explains the verb to *bicker.* STEEVENS.

[6] *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the weſt,*] Certainly Shakſpeare wrote—*eaſt.* WARBURTON.

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *weſt* as well as in the *eaſt*, and the weſtern kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

' *Jeſu maintain your royal excellence!*
' With—*God preſerve the good duke Humphrey!*
' I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
' He will be found a dangerous protector.
* BUCK. Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
* He being of age to govern of himſelf?—
' Couſin of Somerſet, join you with me,
' And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
' We'll quickly hoiſe duke Humphrey from his ſeat.
* CAR. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
* I'll to the duke of Suffolk preſently. [*Exit.*
' SOM. Couſin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
' And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
' Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
' His inſolence is more intolerable
' Than all the princes in the land beſide;
' If Gloſter be diſplac'd, he'll be protector.
BUCK. Or thou, or I, Somerſet, will be protector,
* Deſpight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.
SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
' While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
' Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
' I never ſaw but Humphrey duke of Gloſter
' Did bear him like a noble gentleman
' Oft have I ſeen the haughty cardinal—
' More like a ſoldier, than a man o'the church,
' As ſtout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
' Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
' Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
' Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
' Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,

' Hath won the greateſt favour of the commons;
' Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
' And, brother York,[7] thy acts in Ireland,
' In bringing them to civil diſcipline?[8]
' Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
' When thou wert regent for our ſovereign,
' Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
' Join we together, for the publick good;
' In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
' The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
' With Somerſet's and Buckingham's ambition;
' And, as we may, cheriſh duke Humphrey's deeds,
' While they do tend the profit of the land,[9]
* WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
* And common profit of his country!

[7] *And, brother York,*] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Weſtmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Saliſbury, was ſon to the Earl of Weſtmoreland by a ſecond wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury, who was killed at the ſiege of Orleans [See this play, Part I. Act I. ſc. iii.]; and in conſequence of that alliance obtained the title of Saliſbury in 1428. His eldeſt ſon Richard, having married the ſiſter and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick, in 1449. MALONE.

[8] —— *to civil diſcipline;*] This is an anachroniſm. The preſent ſcene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449. MALONE.

[9] ——— *the profit of the land.*] I think we might read, more clearly—*to* profit of the land—i. e. to profit themſelves by it; unleſs *tend* be written for *attend*, as in *King Richard II:*

" They *tend* the crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *tend* has here the ſame meaning as *tender* in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" I *tender* in the ſafety of my liege."

Or it may have been put for *intend*; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their *object*. MALONE.

* YORK. And ſo ſays York, for he hath greateſt cauſe.

SAL. Then let's make haſte away, and look unto the main.[a]

WAR. Unto the main! O father, Maine is loſt;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
* And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
* Paris is loſt; the ſtate of Normandy
* Stands on a tickle point,[3] now they are gone:
* Suffolk concluded on the articles;
* The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
* And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
* While as the ſilly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
* And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,

[a] *Then let's* &c.] The quarto—without ſuch redundancy—
Come, ſonnes, away, and looke unto the maine. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *on a* tickle *point*,] *Tickle* is very frequently uſed for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakſpeare. So, Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

"Time is *tickell*, we may matche time in this,
"For be even as *tickell* as time is."

Again, in *Jeronymo*, 1605:

"Now ſtands our fortune on a *tickle* point."

Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"The reſt by turning of my *tickle* wheel." STEEVENS.

* While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to ſtarve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. [3]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's ſoil.
A day will come, when York ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a ſhow of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I ſpy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate;
Till Henry, ſurfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raiſe aloft the milk-white roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my ſtandard bear the arms of York,

[3] —— *the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager. STEEVENS.
According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only ſo long as a certain firebrand ſhould laſt. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torments. MALONE.

To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the duke of Gloſter's *houſe.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* Ducheſs.

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the ſullen earth,
* Gazing on that which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
' What ſee'ſt thou there? king Henry's diadem,
* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the ſame.
' Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
' What, is't too ſhort? I'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
* As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.
' GLO. O Nell, ſweet Nell, if thou doſt love thy lord,
' Baniſh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
' And may that thought, when I imagine ill
' Againſt my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
' Be my laſt breathing in this mortal world!
' My troublous dream this night doth make me ſad.

' DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll requite it
' With ſweet rehearſal of my morning's dream.
' GLO. Methought, this ſtaff, mine office-badge
in court,
' Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
' But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
' And on the pieces of the broken wand
' Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somer-
ſet,
' And William de la Poole firſt duke of Suffolk.
' This was my dream; what it doth bode, God
knows.
' DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a ſtick of Gloſter's grove,
' Shall loſe his head for his preſumption.
' But liſt to me, my Humphrey, my ſweet duke:
Methought, I ſat in ſeat of majeſty,
In the cathedral church of Weſtminſter,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
' And on my head did ſet the diadem.
' GLO. Nay, Eleanor, then muſt I chide outright;
* Preſumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor![4]
Art thou nót ſecond woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
* Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
* Above the reach or compaſs of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treachery,

[4] —— ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor!*] *Ill-nurtur'd*, is *ill-educated*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
" *Ill-nurtur'd*, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice."

MALONE.

* To tumble down thy huſband, and thyſelf,
* From top of honour to diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
' DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you ſo cholerick
' With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
' Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myſelf,
' And not be check'd.
' GLO. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.[5]

Enter a Meſſenger.

' MESS. My lord protector, 'tis his highneſs' pleaſure,
' You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
' Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.[6]
GLO. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
' DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow preſently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Meſſenger.

[5] *Nay, be not angry*, &c.] Inſtead of this line, we have theſe two in the old play:

" Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream;
" But I would have thee to think on no ſuch thiogs."

MALONE.

[6] Whereas *the king and queen do mean to hawk*] *Whereas* is the ſame as *where*; and ſeems to be brought into uſe only on account of its being a diſyllable. So, in *The Tryal of Treaſure*, 1567:

" *Whereas* ſhe is reſideot, I muſt needes be."

Again, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

" That I ſhould paſs *whereas* Octavia ſtands
" To view my miſery," &c.

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" But ſee *whereas* Lurretius is return'd.
" Welcome, brave Roman!"

The word is ſeveral times uſed in this piece, as well as in ſome others; and always with the ſame ſenſe.

Again, in the 51ſt ſonnet of Lord *Sterline*, 1604:

" I dream'd the nymph, that o'er my fancy reigns,
" Came to a part *whereas* I paus'd alone!" STEEVENS.

' Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
* While Gloſter bears this baſe and humble mind.
* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
* I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks,
* And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks:
* And, being a woman, I will not be ſlack
* To play my part in fortune's pageant.
' Were are you there? Sir John![7] nay, fear not, man,
' We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

HUME. Jeſu preſerve your royal majeſty!
' DUCH. What ſay'ſt thou, majeſty! I am but grace.
HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
' Your grace's title ſhall be multiply'd.
DUCH. What ſay'ſt thou, man? haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
' HUME. This they have promiſed,—to ſhow your highneſs
A ſpirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
'That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch queſtions,
' As by your grace ſhall be propounded him.
' DUCH. It is enough;[8] I'll think upon the queſtions:

[7] ——— *Sir John!*] A title frequently beſtowed on the clergy. See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Vol. V. p. 7, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[8] Duch. *It is enough*; &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in the old quarto:

' When from ſaint Albans we do make return,
' We'll ſee theſe things effected to the full.
' Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
' With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.
[*Exit* Ducheſs.

* HUME. Hume muſt make merry with the ducheſs' gold;
' Marry, and ſhall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
' Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum?
' The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.
* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
* Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
' Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
' I dare not ſay, from the rich cardinal,
' And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
' Yet I do find it ſo: for, to be plain,
' They, knowing dame Eleanor's aſpiring humour,
' Have hired me to undermine the ducheſs,
' And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.
* They ſay, A crafty knave does need no broker;[9]
* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

" *Elean.* Thanks, good ſir John,
" Some two days hence, I gueſs, will fit our time;
" Then ſee that they be here.
" For now the king is riding to St. Albans,
" And all the dukes and earls along with him.
" When they be gone, then ſafely may they come,
" And on the backſide of mine orchard here
" There caſt their ſpells in ſilence of the night,
" And ſo reſolve us of the thing we wiſh:——
" Till when, drink that for my ſake, and ſo farewell."
STEEVENS.

Here we have a ſpeech of *ten* lines, with different verſification, and different circumſtances, from thoſe of the *five* which are found in the folio. What imperfect tranſcript (for ſuch the quarto has been called) ever produced ſuch a variation? MALONE.

[9] —— *A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial ſentence. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

* Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
* Well, ſo it ſtands: And thus, I fear, at laſt,
* Hume's knavery will be the ducheſs' wreck;
* And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
* Sort how it will, [a] I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

' 1. PET. My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord
' protector will come this way by and by, and then
' we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.[3]

[a] *Sort how it will,*] Let the iſſue be what it will. JOHNSON. See Vol. IX. p. 334, n. 6.

This whole ſpeech is very different in the original play. Inſtead of the laſt couplet we find theſe lines:

"But whiſt, Sir John; no more of that I trow,
"For fear you loſe your head, before you go."

MALONE.

[3] —— *in the quill.*] *In quill* is Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the reſt have—*in the quill.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps our ſupplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* ſupplications. We ſtill ſay, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the uſe of chalk. STEEVENS.

In the quill may mean, with great exactneſs and obſervance of form, or with the utmoſt punctilio of ceremony. The phraſe ſeems to be taken from part of the dreſs of our anceſtors, whoſe ruffs were *quilled*. While theſe were worn, it might be the vogue to ſay, ſuch a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taſte. TOLLET.

To this obſervation I may add, that after printing began, the ſimilar phraſe of a thing being *in print* was uſed to expreſs the ſame circumſtance of exactneſs. "All this," (declares one of the quibbling ſervants in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I ſay *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

' 2. PET. Marry, the lord protect him, for he's a ' good man! Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

* 1. PET. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the * queen with him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

' 2. PET. Come back, fool; this is the duke of ' Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

' SUF. How now, fellow? would'ſt any thing with me?

' 1. PET. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye ' for my lord protector.

' Q. MAR. [reading the ſuperſcription.] *To my ' lord protector!* are your ſupplications to his lord- ' ſhip? Let me ſee them: What is thine?

' 1. PET. Mine is, an't pleaſe your grace, againſt ' John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man for keep- ' ing my houſe, and lands, and wife and all, from ' me.

SUF. Thy wife too? that is ſome wrong, indeed.— What's your's?—What's here! [*reads.*] *Againſt the duke of Suffolk, for enclofing the commons of Melford.*— How now, ſir knave?

2. PET. Alas, ſir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

In quill may be ſuppoſed to have been a phraſe formerly in uſe, and the ſame with the French *en quille*, which is ſaid of a man, when he ſtands upright upon his feet without ſtirring from the place. The proper ſenſe of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and, in ſome parts of England, nine-pins are ſtill called *cuills*, which word is uſed in the ſtatute 33 *Henry VIII.* c. 9. *Quelle* in the old Britiſh language alſo ſignifies any piece of wood ſet upright. HAWKINS.

PETER. [*preſenting his petition.*] Againſt my maſter, Thomas Horner, for ſaying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

' Q. MAR. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the duke of
' York ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

' PETER. That my maſter was![5] No, forſooth:
' my maſter ſaid, That he was; and that the king
' was an uſurper.

SUF. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants,]—Take this fellow in, and ſent for his maſter with a purſuivant preſently:—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with* PETER.

' Q. MAR. And as for you, that love to be protected
' Under the wings of our protector's grace,
' Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.
[*Tears the petitions.*
' Away, baſe cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

* ALL. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

* Q. MAR. My lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe,
* Is this the faſhion in the court of England?
* Is this the government of Britain's iſle,

[5] *That my* maſter *was?*] The old copy— that my *miſtreſs* was? The preſent emendation was ſupplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and has the concurrence of Mr. M. Maſon. STEEVENS.

The folio reads—That my *miſtreſs* was; which has been followed in all ſubſequent editions. But the context ſhows clearly that it was a miſprint for *maſter*. Peter ſuppoſes that the queen had aſked, whether the duke of York had ſaid that his *maſter* (for ſo he underſtands the pronoun *he* in her ſpeech) was rightful heir to the crown. "That my *maſter* was heir to the crown! (he replies.) No, the reverſe is the caſe. My maſter ſaid, that the duke of York was heir to the crown." In *The Taming of the Shrew*, *miſtreſs* and *maſter* are frequently confounded. The miſtake aroſe from theſe words being formerly abbreviated in MSS; and an M. ſtood for either one or the other. See Vol. IX. p. 245, n. 9. MALONE.

* And this the royalty of Albion's king?
* What, ſhall king Henry be a pupil ſtill,
* Under the ſurly Gloſter's governance?
* Am I a queen in title and in ſtyle,
* And muſt be made a ſubject to a duke?
' I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
' Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
' And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France;
' I thought, king Henry had reſembled thee,
' In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
' But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
* His champions are—the prophets, and apoſtles:
* His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
* His ſtudy is his tilt-yard, and his loves
* Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
* I would, the college of the cardinals
* Would choſe him pope, and carry him to Rome,
* And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
* That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs.
' SUF. Madam, be patient: as I was cauſe
' Your highneſs came to England, ſo will I
' In England work your grace's full content.
* Q. MAR. Beſide the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
* The imperious churchman; Somerſet, Buckingham,
* And grumbling York: and not the leaſt of theſe,
* But can do more in England than the king.
* SUF. And he of theſe, that can do moſt of all,
* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
* Saliſbury, and Warwick, are no ſimple peers.
' Q. MAR. Not all theſe lords do vex me half ſo much,

' As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
' She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
' More like an empreſs, than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
* She bears a duke's revenues on her back,[4]
* And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty:
* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
* Contemptuous baſe-born callat as ſhe is,
' She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms[5] for his daughter.
' SUF. Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her;[6]
* And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
* That ſhe will light to liſten to the lays,
* And never mount to trouble you again.
* So, let her reſt: And, madam, liſt to me;
* For I am bold to counſel you in this.
* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
* Yet muſt we join with him, and with the lords,
* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in diſgrace.
* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[7]
* Will make but little for his benefit:

[4] *She bears a duke's revenues* &c.] See *King Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. i. Vol. XVI. MALONE.

[5] —— *two dukedoms* ——] The duchies of Anjou and Maine, which Henry ſurrendered to Regnier, on his marriage with Margaret. See ſc. i. MALONE.

[6] —— lim'd *a buſh for her;*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" *Lime* your twigs to catch this weary bird."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1612:

" A crimſon *buſh* that ever *limes* the ſoul." STEEVENS.

In the original play in quarto:

" I have ſet lime-twigs that will entangle them." MALONE.

[7] —— *this late complaint* —] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man againſt his maſter, for ſaying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt,
* And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET, *converſing with him; Duke and Ducheſs of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. HEN. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerſet, or York, all's one to me.
YORK. If York have ill demean'd himſelf in France,
Then let him be denay'd [8] the regentſhip.
SOM. If Somerſet be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.
WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Diſpute not that; York is the worthier.
CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters ſpeak.
WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
BUCK. All in this preſence are thy betters, Warwick.
WAR. Warwick may live to be the beſt of all.
* SAL. Peace, ſon;——and ſhow ſome reaſon, Buckingham,
* Why Somerſet ſhould be preferr'd in this.
* Q. MAR. Becauſe the king, forſooth, will have it ſo.
' GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himſelf
' To give his cenſure: [9] theſe are no women's matters.

[8] —— *be denay'd* ——] Thus the old copy. I have noted the word only to obſerve, that *denay* is frequently uſed inſtead of deoy, among the old writers. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *his cenſure:*] Through all theſe plays *cenſure* is uſed in an indifferent ſenſe, ſimply for judgement or opinion. JOHNSON.

Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
' To be protector of his excellence?
' GLO. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
' And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
' SUF. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
' Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
' The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
* And all the peers and nobles of the realm
* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
* CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
* SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.
* BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution,
* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
* And left thee to the mercy of the law.
* Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—
* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head,
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her fan.*
' Give me my fan: [a] What, minion! can you not?
[*gives the* Duchess *a box on the ear.*

So, in *King Richard III*:
" To give your *censures* in this weighty business."
In other plays I have adduced repeated instances to show the word was thus used by all contemporary writers. STEEVENS.

[a] *Give me my* fan:] In the original play the queen drops not a *fan*, but a *glove*:
" Give me my glove; why minion, can you not see?"
MALONE.

' I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
' Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman:
' Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd ſet my ten commandments in your face.[3]
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas againſt her
will.
' Duch. Againſt her will! Good king, look
to't in time;
' She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
* Though in this place moſt maſter wear no breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Ducheſs.[4]
* Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
* And liſten after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
* She's tickled now;[5] her fume can need no ſpurs,

[3] *I'll ſet my* ten commandments *in your face.*] So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:
" Now teo times I beſeech him that hie ſits,
" Thy wife's x *com.* may ſerche thy five wits."
Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:
" I would ſet a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments.*"
Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607:
" — your harpy has *ſet his ten commandments* on my back."
Steevens.

[4] *Exit Ducheſs.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:
" *King.* Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.
" I would not for a thouſand pounds of gold,
" My noble uncle had been here in place.——
" But ſee, where he comes! I am glad he met her not."
Steevens.

[5] *She's* tickled *now;*] *Tickled* is here uſed as a triſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, not perceiving this, reads—" her fume *can need* no ſpurs;" in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

Were Mr. Malone's ſuppoſition adopted, the verſe would ſtill halt moſt lamentably. I am therefore content with the emendation of

* She'll gallop faſt enough[6] to her deſtruction.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
* With walking once about the quadrangle,
* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
* As for your ſpiteful falſe objections,
* Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
* But God in mercy ſo deal with my ſoul,
* As I in duty love my king and country!
* But, to the matter that we have in hand: —
* I ſay, my ſovereign, York is meeteſt man
* To be your regent in the realm of France.
* SUF. Before we make election, give me leave
' To ſhow ſome reaſon, of no little force,
' That York is moſt unmeet of any man.
' YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
' Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
* Next, if I be appointed for the place,
* My lord of Somerſet will keep me here,
* Without diſcharge, money, or furniture,
* Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
* Laſt time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
* Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.
* WAR. That I can witneſs; and a fouler fact
* Did never traitor in the land commit.
SUF. Peace, head-ſtrong Warwick!
WAR. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

the ſecond folio, a book to which we are all indebted for reſtorations of our author's metre. I am unwilling to publiſh what no ear, accuſtomed to harmony, can endure. STEEVENS.

[6] —— faſt *enough* ——] The folio reads —*farre* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

SUF. Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon: Pray God, the duke of York excuſe himſelf!

* YORK. Doth any one accuſe York for a traitor?

* K. HEN. What mean'ſt thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are theſe?

• SUF. Pleaſe it your majeſty, this is the man
• That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
• His words were theſe;—that Richard, duke of York,
• Was rightful heir unto the Engliſh crown;
• And that your majeſty was an uſurper.

• K. HEN. Say, man, were theſe thy words?

HOR. An't ſhall pleaſe your majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſely accus'd by the villain.

• PET. By theſe ten bones,[7] my lords, [*holding* • *up his hands.*] he did ſpeak them to me in the • garret one night, as we were ſcouring my lord of • York's armour.

* YORK. Baſe dunghill villain, and mechanical,
* I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech:—
• I do beſeech your royal majeſty,

[7] *By theſe ten bones*, &c.] We have juſt heard a duchefs threaten *to ſet her ten commandments* in the face of a queen. The jeſts in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers.

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"By theſe *tenne bones* I will, I have ſworne."

It occurs likewiſe more than once in the morality of *Hycke Scorner*. Again, in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1637:

"By theſe *ten bones*, ſir, by theſe eyes and tears."

STEEVENS.

' Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witneſs of this; therefore, I beſeech your majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. HEN. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

' GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge,
' Let Somerſet be regent o'er the French,
' Becauſe in York this breeds ſuſpicion:
' And let theſe have a day appointed them[8]
' For ſingle combat, in convenient place;
' For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice:
' This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. HEN. Then be it ſo.[9] My lord of Somerſet,

[8] *And let theſe have a day appointed them*, &c.] In the original play, quarto 1600, the correſponding lines ſtand thus:

The law, my lord, is this. By caſe it reſts ſuſpicious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And theſe to try each other's right or wrong,
Which ſhall be on the thirtieth of this month,
With ebon ſtaves and ſandbags combating,
In Smithfield, before your royal majeſty.

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect ſurreptitious copy of Shakſpeare's play as exhibited in the folio; but what ſpurious copy, or imperfect tranſcript taken in ſhort-hand, ever produced ſuch variations as theſe? MALONE.

Such varieties, during ſeveral years, were to be found in every MS. copy of Mr. Sheridan's then unprinted *Duenna*, as uſed in country theatres. The dialogue of it was obtained piece-meal, and connected by frequent interpolations. STEEVENS.

[9] K. Hen. *Then be it ſo.* &c.] Theſe two lines I have inſerted from the old quarto; and, as I think, very neceſſarily. For, without them, the king has not declared his aſſent to Gloſter's opinion: and the duke of Somerſet is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it. THEOBALD.

We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majeſty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly.

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; * for God's * ſake, pity my caſe! the ſpite of man prevaileth * againſt me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I * ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my * heart!

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction is, that otherwiſe Somerſet thanks the king before he had declared his appointment; but Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, thought Henry's aſſent might be expreſſed by a nod. Somerſet knew that Humphrey's *doom* was final; as likewiſe did the Armourer, for he, like Somerſet, accepts the combat, without waiting for the king's confirmation of what Gloſter had ſaid. Shakſpeare therefore not having introduced the following ſpeech, which is found in the firſt copy, we have no right to inſert it. That it was not intended to be preſerved, appears from the concluding line of the preſent ſcene, in which Henry addreſſes Somerſet; whereas in the quarto, Somerſet *goes out*, on his appointment. This is one of thoſe minute circumſtances which may be urged to ſhow that theſe plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakſpeare, were *originally* the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the *copy* originally written by that author, whoever he was.

MALONE.

After the lines inſerted by Theobald, the king continues his ſpeech thus:

—— over the French;
And to defend our rights 'gainſt foreign foes,
And ſo do good unto the realm of France.
Make haſte, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:
The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majeſty,
And take my leave, to poſt with ſpeed to France.
[*Exit Somerſet.*

King. Come, uncle Gloſter; now let's have our horſe,
For we will to St. Albans preſently.
Madam, your hawk, they ſay, is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will fly to-day. [*Exeunt omnes.*

STEEVENS.

GLO. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.
* K. HEN. Away with them to priſon: and the day
* Of combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month.—
* Come, Somerſet, we'll ſee thee ſent away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. The Duke of Gloſter's *Garden.*

Enter[3] MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

* HUME. Come, my maſters; the ducheſs, I tell
* you, expects performance of your promiſes.
* BOLING. Maſter Hume, we are therefore provided:
* Will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms?[4]
* HUME. Ay; What elſe; fear you not her courage.

[3] *Enter* &c.] The quarto reads:

Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjurer, and Margery Jourdaine a witch.

Eleanor. Here, ſir John, take this ſcroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aſk:
And I will ſtand upon this tower here,
And hear the ſpirit what it ſays to you;
And to my queſtions write the anſwers down.

She goes up to the tower.

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *our* exorciſms?] The word *exorciſe*, and its derivatives, are uſed by Shakſpeare in an uncommon ſenſe. In all other writers it means to lay ſpirits, but in theſe plays it invariably means to raiſe them. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, Ligarius ſays,

"Thou, like an *exorciſt*, haſt conjur'd up
"My mortified ſpirit." M. MASON.

See Vol. IX. p. 193, n. 3. MALONE.

* BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a wo-
* man of an invincible ſpirit: But it ſhall be con-
* venient, maſter Hume, that you be by her aloft,
* while we be buſy below; and ſo, I pray you, go
* in God's name, and leave us, [*Exit* Hume.] Mo-
' ther Jourdain, be you proſtrate, and grovel on the
' earth:—* John Southwell, read you; and let us
* to our work.

Enter Ducheſs, *above.*

* DUCH. Well ſaid, my maſters; and welcome
* all. To this geer; the ſooner the better.
* BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know
their times:
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,[5]

[5] *Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,*] *The ſilent of the night* is a claſſical expreſſion, and means an interlunar night.—— *Amica ſilentia lunæ.* So Pliny, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utiliſſimè in coitu ejus ſterni, quem diem alii* interlunii, *alii* ſilentis *lunæ appellant.* lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitatioo of this language, Milton ſays:

" The ſun to me is dark,
" And *ſilent* as the moon,
" When ſhe deſerts the night,
" Hid in her vacant *interlunar* cave." WARBURTON.

I believe this diſplay of learning might have been ſpared. *Silent*, though an adjective, is uſed by Shakſpeare as a ſubſtantive. So, in *The Tempeſt*, the *vaſt* of night is uſed for the greateſt part of it. The old quarto reads, *the ſilence of the night.* The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbroke makes a circle.

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the *ſilence* of the night,
Wherein the furies maſk in helliſh troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Coeytus' lake
The ſpirit Aſcalon to come to me;
To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
Aſcalon, aſcend, aſcend!

' The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire;
' The time when ſcritch-owls cry, and bandogs howl,[6]
' And ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves,
' That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
' Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
' We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, *or* Southwell, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the ſpirit riſeth.*

To a ſpeech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor ſays, they have

——caſt their ſpells to *ſilence of the night.*

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the ſame expreſſion:

" Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde befyly
" Her ſtrange entunes in *ſylence of the night?*"

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Fletcher:

" Through ſtill *ſilence of the night*,
" Guided by the glow-worm's light." STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is evidently right: and Warburton's obſervations on it, though long, learned, and laborious, are nothing to the purpoſe. Bolingbroke does not talk of the ſilence of the *moon*, but of the ſilence of the *night*; nor is he deſcribing the time of the month, but the hour of the night.

M. MASON.

[6] —— bandogs *howl*,] I was unacquainted with the etymology of this word, till it was pointed out to me by an ingenious correſpondent in the Supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, who ſigns himſelf D. T. " Shakſpeare's *ban-dog* (ſays he) is ſimply a *village-dog*, or *maſtiff*, which was formerly called a *band-dog*, per ſyncopen, *badog*." In ſupport of this opinion he quotes *Caius de canibus Britannicis* " Hoc genus canis, etiam catenariam, à catena vel ligamento, qua ad januas interdiu detinetur, ne lædat, & tameo latratu terreat, appellatur.—Ruſticos, *ſhepherds' dogs*, *maſtives*, and *bandogs*, nominavimus. STEEVENS.

Ban-dog is ſurely a corruption of *band-dog*; or rather the firſt *d* is ſuppreſſed here, as in other compound words. Cole in his Dict. 1679, renders *ban-dog*, *canis catenarius*. MALONE.

* SPIR. Adſum.
* M. JOURD. Aſmath,
* By the eternal God, whoſe name and power
* Thou trembleſt at, anſwer that I ſhall aſk;
* For, till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.
* SPIR. Aſk what thou wilt;—That I had ſaid and done![7]
BOLING. *Firſt, of the king. What ſhall of him become?*[8] [*Reading out of a paper.*
SPIR. The duke yet lives, that Henry ſhall depoſe;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *ſpeaks*, Southwell *writes the anſwer.*
BOLING. *What fate awaits the duke of* Suffolk?
SPIR. By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.

[7] —— *That I had ſaid and done!*] It was anciently believed that ſpirits, who were raiſed by incantations, remain'd above ground, and anſwer'd queſtions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

So the Apparition ſays in *Macbeth*,
"Diſmiſs me.—Enough!"
The words "That I had ſaid and done!" are not in the old play. MALONE.

[8] — *What ſhall of him become?*] Here is another proof of what has been already ſuggeſted. In the quarto 1600, it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that *he* ſhould frame a circle, &c. and that ſhe ſhould "fall proſtrate to the ground," to "whiſper with the devils below." (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as ſoon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the queſtions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expreſsly ſaid in the preceding part of this ſcene that Southwell was to read them. Here however he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that conſiſtently with what he had already written, he ſhould have deviated from it. He has fallen into the ſame kind of inconſiſtency in *Romeo and Juliet*, by ſometimes adhering to and ſometimes deſerting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. MALONE.

BOLING. *What ſhall befall the duke of* Somerſet?

SPIR. Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.[9]

' Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

' BOLING. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:

' Falſe fiend, avoid![a]

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *deſcends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *haſtily with their guards, and others.*

' YORK. Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh.

[9] *Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in ſome old chronicle, where, I think, it ran thus:

" Safer ſhall he be on ſand,
" Than where caſtles mounted ſtand:"

at preſent I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

[a] *Falſe fiend, avoid!*] Inſtead of this ſhort ſpeech at the diſmiſſion of the ſpirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

" Then down, I ſay, unto the damned pool
" Where Pluto in his fiery waggon ſits,
" Ridlog amidſt the ſing'd and parched ſmoaks,
" The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx;
" There howle and burn for ever in thoſe flames:
" Riſe, Jordane, riſe, and ſlay thy charming ſpells:—
" 'Zounds! we are betray'd!"

Dytas is written by miſtake for *Ditis*, the genitive caſe of *Dis*, which is uſed inſtead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

So, in Thomas Drant's Tranſlation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

" And by that meanes made manye ſoules lord *Ditis* hall to ſeeke." STEEVENS.

Here again we have ſuch a variation as never could have ariſen from an imperfect tranſcript. MALONE.

' Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
' What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
' Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
' My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
' See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
* DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
* Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.
* BUCK. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*
' Away with them, let them be clapp'd up close,
' And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
' Stafford, take her to thee.—
[*Exit* Duchess *from above.*
' We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
' All.—Away!
[*Exeunt guards, with* SOUTH. BOLING. *&c.*
* YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks,[3] you watch'd her well:
* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
* Why, this is just,
* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

[3] *Lord Buckingham, methinks,* &c.] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

They are not; it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the king. This also is a *variation* that only could proceed from *various* authors. MALONE.

Well, to the reſt:
Tell me,[4] *what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*
By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.—
What ſhall betide the duke of Somerſet?—
Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
* Come, come, my lords;
* Theſe oracles are hardily attain'd,
* And hardly underſtood.[5]
' The king is now in progreſs towards ſaint Albans,
' With him, the huſband of this lovely lady:
' Thither go theſe news, as faſt as horſe can carry them;
' A ſorry breakfaſt for my lord protector.
' BUCK. Your grace ſhall give me leave, my lord of York,
' To be the poſt, in hope of his reward.

[4] *Tell me*, &c.] Yet theſe two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a ſpecies of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakſpeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 178. where Gloſter and Wincheſter read the ſame paper differently. See alſo Vol. V. p. 304, n. 7. MALONE.

[5] *Theſe oracles are* hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly underſtood.] The folio reads—*hardly*. MALONE.

Not only the lameneſs of the verſification, but the imperfection of the ſenſe too, made me ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt. York, ſeizing the parties and their papers, ſays, he'll ſee the devil's writ; and finding the wizard's anſwers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon ſuch ſort of intelligence, as I have reſtored the text:

Theſe oracles are hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly underſtood.

i. e. A great riſque and hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after theſe *hardy* ſteps taken, the informations are ſo perplexed that they are *hardly* to be underſtood. THEOBALD.

The correction made by Mr. Theobald has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

' YORK. At your pleaſure, my good lord.—Who's
' within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

' Invite my lords of Saliſbury, and Warwick,
' To ſup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hollaing.*

' Q. MAR. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[6]
' I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeven years' day:
' Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.[7]

[6] —— *for flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *the wind was very high;*
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myſelf, that the meaning, however expreſſed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their maſters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

—— *old Joan had not gone out.*] i. e. the wind was ſo high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of ſuch diſcordant explanations. It may yet be re-

' K. HEN. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
' And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt! [8]—
' To ſee how God in all his creatures works!
* Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.[9]
SUF. No marvel, an it like your majeſty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower ſo well;
They know, their maſter loves to be aloft,[1]
* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
' GLO. My lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble mind
' That mounts no higher than a bird can ſoar.
' CAR. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

marked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amuſement were in general ſettled with the utmoſt preciſion; and I may at leaſt venture to declare, that a miſtreſs might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of theſe birds of worms, it was neceſſary to deſtroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck* and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Boke of Haukinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work was written by dame Julyana Bernes, prioreſs of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakſpeare has fixed the preſent ſcene), and was firſt *printed at Weſtmeſtre by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1496. STEEVENS.

[8] *But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,*
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt!] The variation between theſe lines and thoſe in the original play on which this is founded, is worth notice:

" Uncle Gloſter, how high your hawk did ſoar,
" *And on a ſudden ſouc'd the partridge down.*" MALONE.

[9] —— *are* fain *of climbing high.*] *Faia*, in this place, ſignifies *fond*. So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

" Fayre words make fooles *faine*."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Her brother's life will make her glad and *fain*."

The word (as I am informed) is ſtill uſed in Scotland. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *to be aloft,*] Perhaps alluding to the adage:

" High-flying hawks are fit for princes."

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

' GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by
that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
* K. HEN. The treaſury of everlaſting joy!
' CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts
' Beat on a crown,[3] the treaſure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with king and commonweal!
' GLO, What, cardinal, is your prieſthood grown
peremptory?
* *Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*
' Churchmen ſo hot? good uncle, hide ſuch ma-
lice;

[3] —— *thine eyes and thoughts*
Beat on *a crown,*] To *bait* or *beat*, (*bathe*) is a term in falconry. JOHNSON.

To *bathe*, and to *beat*, or *bate*, are diſtinct terms in this diverſion. To *bathe* a hawk was to waſh his plumage. To *beat*, or *bate*, was to flutter with his wings. To *beat on a crown*, however, is equivalent to an expreſſion which is ſtill uſed—*to hammer*, i. e. to work in the mind. Shakſpeare has employed a term ſomewhat ſimilar in a preceding ſcene of the play before us:

" Wilt thou ſtill be *hammering* treachery?"

But the very ſame phraſe occurs in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

" With him whoſe reſtleſs thoughts do *beat* on thee."

Again, in Doctor *Dodypoll*, 1600:

" Since my mind *beats on it* mightily."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

" I feel within my cogitations *beating*"

Later editors concur in reading, *Bent on a crown*. I follow the old copy. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" Do not inſeſt your mind with *beating on*
" The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" This her mind *beats on*."

I have given theſe inſtances of this phraſe, becauſe Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of it is certainly incorrect. MALONE.

' With ſuch holineſs can you do it ? '

' SUF. No malice, ſir ; no more than well becomes

' So good a quarrel, and ſo bad a peer.

GLO. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorſhip.

GLO. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine inſolence.

Q. MAR. And thy ambition, Gloſter.

K. HEN. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on theſe furious peers,
For bleſſed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud protector, with my ſword!

GLO. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that! [*Aſide to the* Cardinal.

' CAR. Marry, when thou dar'ſt. (*Aſide.*

' GLO. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

' *With ſuch holineſs can you do it ?*] Do what? The verſe wants a foot; we ſhould read:

With ſuch holineſs can you not *do it?*

Spoken ironically. By holineſs he means hypocriſy: and ſays, have you not hypocriſy enough to hide your malice?

WARBURTON.

The verſe is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the negative particle improve the ſenſe. When words are omitted it is not often eaſy to ſay what they were if there is a perfect ſenſe without them. I read, but ſomewhat at random:

A churchman, with ſuch holineſs can you do it?

The tranſcriber ſaw *churchman* juſt above, and therefore omitted it in the ſecond line. JOHNSON.

—— *can you* do it?] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more intelligibly, — " Good uncle, can you *dote?*" MALONE.

' In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe. [*Aſide.*

' CAR. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: an if thou dar'ſt,

' This evening, on the eaſt ſide of the grove. [*Aſide.*

' K. HEN. How now, my lords?

' CAR. Believe me, couſin Gloſter,

' Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly,

' We had had more ſport.—Come with thy two-hand ſword. [*Aſide to* GLO.

GLO. True, uncle.

CAR. Are you advis'd?—the eaſt ſide of the grove?

GLO. Cardinal, I am with you.[5] [*Aſide.*

K. HEN. Why, how now, uncle Gloſter?

' GLO. Talking of hawking; nothing elſe, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, prieſt, I'll ſhave your crown for this,

[5] —— *Come with thy two-hand ſword.*

Glo *True, uncle, are ye advis'd?— the eaſt ſide of the grove?*

Cardinal, I am with you.] Thus is the whole ſpeech placed to Gloſter, in all the editions: but, ſurely, with great inadvertence. It is the cardinal who firſt appoints the eaſt ſide of the grove for the place of *duel*: and how finely does it expreſs his rancour and impetuoſity, for fear Gloſter ſhould miſtake, to repeat the appointment, and aſk his antagoniſt if he takes him right! THEOBALD.

The *two-hand ſword* is mentioned by Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 833: "— And he that touched the tawnie ſhield, ſhould caſt a ſpear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand ſword*." STEEVENS.

In the original play the Cardinal deſires Gloſter to bring "his ſword and buckler." The *two-hand ſword* was ſometimes called the *long ſword*, and in common uſe before the introduction of the rapier. Juſtice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* boaſts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this inſtrument.—See Vol. V. p. 72, n. 9. MALONE.

* Or all my fence ſhall fail.[6] [*Aſide.*

* CAR. *Medice teipſum;*

* Protector, ſee to't well, protect yourſelf. } *Aſide.*

K. HEN. The winds grow high; ſo do your ſtomachs, lords.[7]

* How irkſome is this muſick to my heart!

* When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hope of harmony?

* I pray, my lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter an Inhabitant *of Saint* Albans, *crying* A Miracle![8]

GLO. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what miracle doſt thou proclaim?

INHAB. A miracle! a miracle!

SUF. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

INHAB. Forſooth, a blind man at ſaint Alban's ſhrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his ſight;

* —— *my* fence *ſhall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"Deſpight his nice *fence*, and his active practice."

STEEVENS.

[7] *The winds grow high; ſo do your ſtomachs, lords.*] This line Shakſpeare hath iojudicioufly adopted from the old play, chaoging only the word *color* [choler] to *ſtomachs*. In the old play the altereatioo appears not to be coocealed from Heory. Here Shakſpeare certainly intended that it ſhould paſs between the Cardioal and Gloſter *aſide;* and yet he has inadverteotly adopted a line, aod added others, that imply that Heory has heard the appointment they have made. MALONE.

[8] —— *crying, A* Miracle!] This ſcene is founded oo a ſtory which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he ſays was communicated to him by his father. The impoſtor's name is not meotioned, but he was detected by Humphiey duke of Gloſter, and in the maoner here repreſented. See his Works, p. 134, edit. 1557. MALONE.

A man, that ne'er ſaw in his life before.
' K. HEN. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing
' ſouls
' Gives ſight in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, *and his brethren; and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two perſons in a chair; his wife and a great multitude following.*

* CAR. Here come the townſmen on proceſſion,
* To preſent your highneſs with the man.
* K. HEN. Great is his comfort in this earthly
vale,
* Although by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.
* GLO. Stand by, my maſters, bring him near
the king,
* His highneſs' pleaſure is to talk with him.
* K. HEN. Good fellow, tell us here the circum-
ſtance,
* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
SIMP. Born blind, an't pleaſe your grace.
WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.
SUF. What woman is this?
WIFE. His wife, an't like your worſhip.
GLO. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou could'ſt
have better told.
K. HEN. Where wert thou born?
SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an't like your
grace.
' K. HEN. Poor ſoul! God's goodneſs hath been
great to thee:
' Let never day nor night unhallow'd paſs,
' But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

* Q. MAR. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?

' SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

' A hundred times, and oftner, in my ſleep

' By good ſaint Alban; who ſaid,—*Simpcox,*[9] *come;*

' *Come, offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.*

* WIFE. Moſt true, forſooth; and many time and oft

* Myſelf have heard a voice to call him ſo.

CAR. What, art thou lame?

SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

SIMP. A fall off of a tree.

WIFE. A plum-tree, maſter.

GLO. How long haſt thou been blind?

SIMP. O, born ſo, maſter.

GLO. What, and would'ſt climb a tree?

SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

* WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

* GLO. 'Maſs, thou lov'dſt plums well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

[9] —— *who ſaid,—Simpcox,* &c.] The former copies:

—— *who ſaid,* Simon, *come;*

Come, offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.

Why *Simon?* The chronicles, that take notice of Gloſter's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impoſtor, who aſſerted himſelf to be cured of blindneſs, was called *Saunder Simpcox—Simon* was therefore a corruption. THEOBALD.

It would ſeem better to read *Simpcox;* for which *Sim.* has in all probability been put by contraction in the player's MS. RITSON.

' SIMP. Alas, good maſter, my wife deſir'd ſome damſons,

' And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* GLO. A ſubtle knave! but yet it ſhall not ſerve.—

' Let me ſee thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—

' In my opinion, yet thou ſee'ſt not well.

' SIMP. Yes, maſter, clear as day; I thank God, and ſaint Alban.

GLO. Say'ſt thou me ſo? What colour is this cloak of?

SIMP. Red, maſter; red as blood.

GLO. Why, that's well ſaid: what colour is my gown of?

SIMP. Black, forſooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. HEN. Why then, thou know'ſt what colour jet is of?

SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never ſee.

GLO. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

* WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLO. Tell me, ſirrah, what's my name?

SIMP. Alas, maſter, I know not.

GLO. What's his name?

SIMP. I know not.

GLO. Nor his?

SIMP. No, indeed, maſter.

GLO. What's thine own name?

SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it pleaſe you, maſter.

GLO. Then Saunder, ſit thou there,[7] the lying'ſt knave
In Chriſtendom. If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have known our names,[8] as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh of colours; but ſuddenly
To nominate them all, 's impoſſible.[9]—
My lords, ſaint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning[10] to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs again?

SIMP. O, maſter, that you could!

GLO. My maſters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it pleaſe your grace.

GLO. Then ſend for one preſently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

GLO. Now fetch me a ſtool hither by and by. [*A ſtool brought out.*] Now, ſirrah, if you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

SIMP. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

GLO. Well, ſir, we muſt have you find your legs.

[7] ——*ſit* thou *there*,] I have ſupplied the pronoun—*thou*, for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[8] —— our *names*,] Old copy, redundantly—*all* our names. STEEVENS.

[9] *To nominate them all, 's impoſſible.*—] Old copy——
——— *it is* impoſſible. STEEVENS.

[10] —— that *cunning*—] Folio—*it* cunning. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *That* was probably contracted in the Mſ. yt. MALONE.

Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

BEAD. I will my lord.—Come on, ſirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

SIMP. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* A Miracle!

* K. HEN. O God, ſee'ſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long?

* Q. MAR. It made me laugh, to ſee the villain run.

* GLO. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* WIFE. Alas, ſir, we did it for pure need.

GLO. Let them be whipped through every market town till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

' CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

' SUF. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

' GLO. But you have done more miracles than I;
' You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.[3]

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' K. HEN. What tidings with our couſin Buckingham?

[3] —— *whole towns to fly.*] Here in the old play the king adds: "Have done, I ſay; and let me hear no more of that."

STEEVENS.

' Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.[4]
' A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,[5]—
' Under the countenance and confederacy
' Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
' The ringleader and head of all this rout.—
' Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your ſtate,
' Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
' Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
' Raiſing up wicked ſpirits from under ground,
' Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
' And other of your highneſs' privy council,
' As more at large your grace ſhall underſtand.
' Car. And ſo, my lord protector, by this means
' Your lady is forthcoming[6] yet at London.
' This news I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
' 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aſide to* Gloster.
' Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

[4] *Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.* &c.] In the original play the correſponding ſpeech ſtands thus; and the variation is worth noting:

" Ill news for ſome, my lord, and this it is,
" That proud dame Elinor, our protector's wife,
" Hath plotted treaſons 'gainſt the king and peers,
" By witchcrafts, ſorceries, and conjurings:
" Who by ſuch means did raiſe a ſpirit up,
" To tell her what hap ſhould betide the ſtate;
" But ere they had finiſh'd their deviliſh driſt,
" By York and myſelf they were all ſurpriz'd,
" And here's the anſwer the devil did make to them."

Malone.

[5] *A ſort — lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in ſome others, does not ſignify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. Steevens.

The word is ſo uſed in old acts of parliament. A *ſort* is a *company*. See Vol. VII. p. 90, n. 8. Malone.

[6] *Your lady is forthcoming —*] That is, Your lady is in cuſtody. Johnson.

* Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers:
* And, vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
* Or to the meaneſt groom.

* K. HEN. O god, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones;
* Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby!

* Q. MAR. Gloſter, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt;
* And, look, thyſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.

' GLO. Madam, for myſelf,[7] to heaven I do appeal,
' How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:
' And, for my wife, I know not how it ſtands;
' Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
' Noble ſhe is; but, if ſhe have forgot
' Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with ſuch
' As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
' I baniſh her, my bed, and company;
' And give her, as a prey, to law, and ſhame,
' That hath diſhonour'd Gloſter's honeſt name.

' K. HEN. Well, for this night, we will repoſe us here:
' To-morrow, toward London, back again,
' To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
' And call theſe foul offenders to their anſwers;

[7] *Madam, for myſelf*, &c.] Thus in the original play:
" And pardon me, my gracious ſovereign,
" For here I ſwear unto your majeſty,
" That I am guiltleſs of theſe heinous crimes,
" Which my ambitious wife hath falſely done:
" And for ſhe would betray her ſovereign lord,
" I here renounce her from my bed and board;
" And leave her open for the law to judge,
" Unleſs ſhe clear herſelf of this foul deed." MALONE.

' And poiſe the cauſe in juſtice' equal ſcales,
' Whoſe beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevails.[8] [*Flouriſh.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

' YORK. Now, my good lords of Saliſbury and Warwick,
' Our ſimple ſupper ended, give me leave,
' In this cloſe walk, to ſatisfy myſelf,
' In craving your opinion of my title,
' Which is infallible,[9] to England's crown.
* SAL. My lord, I long to hear it all full.
WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy ſubjects to command.
YORK. Then thus:—
' Edward the Third, my lords, had ſeven ſons:
' The firſt, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
' The ſecond, William of Hatfield; and the third,
' Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaſter:
' The fifth, was Edmond Langley,[a] duke of York;

[8] *And poiſe the cauſe in juſtice' equal ſcales,*
Whoſe beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevails.] The ſenſe will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood:
——*juſtice' equal ſcale,*
Whoſe beam ſtand *ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe* prevail!"
JOHNSON.

[9] *Which is infallible,*] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.
Surely he means his *title.* MALONE.

[a] *The fifth, was Edmond Langley,* &c.] The author of the ori-

‹ The ſixth, was Thomas of Woodſtock, duke of
Gloſter;
‹ William of Windſor was the ſeventh, and laſt.
‹ Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father:
‹ And left behind him Richard, his only ſon,
‹ Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as
king;
‹ Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaſter,
‹ The eldeſt ſon and heir of John of Gaunt,
‹ Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
‹ Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
‹ Sent his poor queen to France, from whence ſhe
came,
‹ And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,[3]
‹ Harmleſs Richard was murder'd traiterouſly.
* WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
* Thus got the houſe of Lancaſter the crown.
* YORK. Which now they hold by force, and
not by right;
* For Richard, the firſt ſon's heir, being dead,
* The iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.
* SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an
heir.
* YORK. The third ſon, duke of Clarence, (from
whoſe line
* I claim the crown,) had iſſue — Philippe, a
daughter,

ginal play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, Edward's fifth ſon; and repreſented the duke of York as Edward's *ſecond* ſon. MALONE.

[3] ——— *as* all *you know*,] In the original play the words are, " — as you *both* know." This mode of phraſeology, when the ſpeaker addreſſes only two perſons, is peculiar to Shakſpeare. In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. i. the king addreſſing Warwick and Surrey, ſays,

" Why then good morrow to you *all*, my lords."

MALONE.

* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
* Edmund had iſſue — Roger, earl of March:
* Roger had iſſue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
' SAL. This Edmund,[4] in the reign of Boling-
broke,
' As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
' And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
' Who kept him in captivity, till he died.[5]
* But, to the reſt.

[4] *This Edmund, &c.*] In Act II. ſc. v. of the laſt play, York, to whom this is ſpoken, is preſent at the death of Edmund Mortimer in priſon; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* RITSON.

[5] *Who kept him in captivity, till he died.*] I have obſerved in a former note, (*Firſt Part*, Act II. ſc. v.) that the hiſtorians as well as the dramatick poets have been ſtrangely miſtaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was ſo far from being "kept in captivity till he died," that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been truſted and employed by him; and there is no proof that he ever was confined, as a *ſtate-priſoner*, by King Henry IV. Being only ſix years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his ſon Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordſhire men againſt Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken priſoner by Owen, and is ſaid by Walſingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewſbury; but I believe the ſtory of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a miſtake, and that the hiſtorian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Gray of Ruthvin, who was likewiſe taken priſoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer Earl of March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewſbury he was probably brought there againſt his will, to grace the cauſe of the rebels. The Percies in the Manifeſto which they publiſhed a little before that battle, ſpeak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the king for political reaſons would not ranſom him,

'YORK. His eldeſt ſiſter, Anne,
'My mother, being heir unto the crown,
'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
ſon

they at their own charges had ranſomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the king, he and his brother in the ſeventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already ſaid reſpecting the truſt repoſed in him during the whole reign of K. Henry V. I may add, that in the ſixth year of that king this Earl of March was with the Earl of Saliſbury at the ſiege of Freſnes; and ſoon afterwards with the king himſelf at the ſiege of Melun. In the ſame year he was conſtituted LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the queen when ſhe returned from France in 1422, with the corpſe of her huſband.

One of the ſources of the miſtakes in our old hiſtories concerning this earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinſmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at laſt was executed in 1424. That perſon however, could not have been his uncle (as has been ſaid in a note on the *Firſt Part*, Act II. ſc. v.) for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps couſin german to the laſt Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate ſon of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have ſaid that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulſter, in 1360. I have ſince learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and conſequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of ſixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himſelf born in 1351. Their ſon Roger was born in 1371, and muſt have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389, for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmond Mortimer, Roger's eldeſt ſon, (the Mortimer of Shakſpeare's *King Henry IV.* and the perſon who has given occaſion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392; and conſequently when he died in his caſtle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5. he was thirty-two years old. MALONE.

‹ To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth
son.
‹ By her I claim the kingdom: ſhe was heir
‹ To Roger, earl of March; who was the ſon
‹ Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
‹ Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
‹ So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
‹ Succeed before the younger, I am king.
‹ WAR. What plain proceedings are more plain
than this?
‹ Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt
‹ The fourth ſon; York claims it from the third.
‹ Till Lionel's iſſue fails, his ſhould not reign:
‹ It fails not yet; but flouriſhes in thee,
‹ And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock. —
‹ Then, father Saliſbury, kneel we both together;
‹ And, in this private plot, [6] be we the firſt,
‹ That ſhall ſalute our rightful ſovereign
‹ With honour of his birthright to the crown.
BOTH. Long live our ſovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!
‹ YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king
‹ Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
‹ With heart-blood of the houſe of Lancaſter:
* And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd;
* But with advice, and ſilent ſecrecy.
* Do you, as I do, in theſe dangerous days,
* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's inſolence,
* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerſet's ambition,
* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
* Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:

[6] —— *private plot,*] Sequeſter'd ſpot of ground. MALONE.

* 'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
* Shall find their deaths, if York can propheſy.
* SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
‹ WAR. My heart aſſures me,[7] that the earl of Warwick
‹ Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
‹ YORK. And, Nevil, this I do aſſure myſelf,—
‹ Richard ſhall live to make the earl of Warwick
‹ The greateſt man in England, but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Hall of juſtice.

Trumpets ſounded. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Ducheſs of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

‹ K. HEN. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloſter's wife:
‹ In ſight of God, and us your guilt is great;
‹ Receive the ſentence of the law, for ſins
‹ Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
* You four, from hence to priſon back again;
[*to* Jourd. *&c.*
* From thence, unto the place of execution:
* The witch in Smithfield ſhall be burn'd to aſhes,

[7] *My heart aſſures me,*] Inſtead of this couplet, we find in the old play no leſs than *ten lines*; ſo that if we ſuppoſe that piece to be an imperfect tranſcript of this, we muſt acknowledge the tranſcriber had a good *ſprag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or ſeen. MALONE.

* And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.—
‹ You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
[*to the* Ducheſs.
‹ Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
‹ Shall, after three days' open penance[7] done,
‹ Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
‹ With ſir John Stanley, in the iſle of Man.
‹ DUCH. Welcome is baniſhment, welcome were my death.
* GLO. Eleanor, the law, thou ſeeſt, hath judged thee;
* I cannot juſtify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* Ducheſs, *and the other Priſoners, guarded.*]
‹ Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
‹ Ah, Humphrey, this diſhonour in thine age
‹ Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground!—
‹ I beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go;
‹ Sorrow would ſolace, and mine age would eaſe.[8]
‹ K. HEN. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloſter: ere thou go,
‹ Give up thy ſtaff; Henry will to himſelf
‹ Protector be: and God ſhall be my hope,
‹ My ſtay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;[9]
‹ And go in peace, Humphrey; no leſs belov'd,
‹ Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

[7] —— *after* three *days' open penance* —] In the original play the king particularly ſpecifies the *mode* of penance. "Thou ſhalt *two* days do penance bareſoot, in the ſtreets, with a white ſheet." &c. MALONE.

[8] *Sorrow would ſolace, and my age would eaſe.*] That is, Sorrow would have, ſorrow requires ſolace, and age requires eaſe. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *lantern to my feet;*] This image, I think, is from our Liturgy: "—— a *lantern to my feet*, and a light to my paths." STEEVENS.

* Q. MAR. I ſee no reaſon, why a king of years
* Should be to be protected like a child. —
‹ God and king Henry govern England's helm: [a]
‹ Give up your ſtaff, ſir, and the king his realm.
‹ GLO. My ſtaff? — here, noble Henry, is my ſtaff:
‹ As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
‹ As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
‹ Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
* Q. MAR. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
* And Humphrey, duke of Gloſter, ſcarce himſelf,
* That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two pulls at once, —
* His lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This ſtaff of honour raught: [3] — ‹ There let it ſtand,
‹ Where it beſt fits to be, in Henry's hand.

[a] *God and king Henry govern England's* helm:] Old copy — *realm.* STEEVENS.

The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is diſpleaſing; and when it is conſidered that much of this ſcene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding ſcene of this play:

And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy *helm.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's emendation undoubtedly ſhould be received into the text. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— and you ſlander
" The *helms* of the *ſtate.*" MALONE.

[3] *Tis ſtaff of honour* raught:] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently uſed by Spenſer; as in the following inſtance:

" He trained was till riper years he *raught.*"

See Vol. VII. p. 262, n. 8. STEEVENS.

* SUF. Thus droops this loſty pine, and hangs
his ſprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngeſt days.[4]
' YORK. Lords, let him go.[5] — Pleaſe it your
majeſty,
' This is the day appointed for the combat;
' And ready are the appellant and defendant,
' The armourer and his man, to enter the liſts,
' So pleaſe your highneſs to behold the fight.
* Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord; for purpoſely
therefore
* Leſt I the court, to ſee this quarrel tried.
' K. HEN. O' God's name, ſee the liſts and all
things fit;
' Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
* YORK. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſted,[6]
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The ſervant of this armourer, my lords.

Rather *raft*, or *reft*, the preterite of *reave*; unleſs *reached* were ever uſed with the ſenſe of *arracher*, Fr. that is, to ſnatch, take or pull violently away. So, in Peele's *Arraygnement of Paris*, 1584:

"How Pluto *raught* queene Ceres daughter thence."

RITSON.

[4] *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in* her *youngeſt days.*] This expreſſion has no meaning, if we ſuppoſe that the word *her* refers to Eleanor, who certainly was not a young woman. We muſt therefore ſuppoſe that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and ſtands for *it's*; — a licence frequently practiſed by Shakſpeare. M. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor's, youngeſt days *of power*. But the aſſertion, which ever way underſtood, is untrue. MALONE.

Suffolk's meaning may be: — *The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity.* It is by no means unnatural to ſuppoſe, that had the deſigns of a proud woman on a crown ſucceeded, ſhe might have been prouder than ſhe was before. STEEVENS.

[5] *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him paſs out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *worſe beſted,*] In a worſe plight. JOHNSON.

Enter, on one ſide, HORNER, *and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his ſtaff with a ſand-bag faſtened to it;*[7] *a drum before him; at the other ſide,* PETER, *with a drum and a ſimilar ſtaff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.*

1. NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of ſack; And fear not, neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2. NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[8]

[7] —— *with a ſand-bag faſtened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and ſword; ſo thoſe of inferior rank fought with an ebon ſtaff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with ſand. To this cuſtom Hudibras has alluded in theſe humnurous lines:

" Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
" As men with *ſand-bags* did of old." WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympſon, in his notes on Ben Jonſon, obſerves, that a paſſage in St. Chryſoſtom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

[8] — *a cup of charneco.*] A common name for a ſort of ſweet wine, as appears from a paſſage in a pamphlet intitled, *The Diſcovery of a London Monſter, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, printed 1612: "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, ſome the Gaſcony, ſome the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither ſherry, ſack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour'd Candy, nor liquoriſh ipocras, brown beloved baſtard, fat Aligant, or any quick-ſpirited liquor." And as *charneco* is, in Spaniſh, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in ſome diſtrict abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour reſembling it. WARBURTON.

In a pamphlet entitled, *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſs*, printed in 1596, it is ſaid, that "the only medecine for the flegm, is three cups of *charneco*, faſting."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

" Where no old *charneco* is, nor no anchovies."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630, P. II:

" Imprimis, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-ſameene, a pottle of *charneco*, and a pottle of Ziattica."

3. NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HOR. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy maſter: fight for credit of the prentices.

PET. I thank you all: * drink, and pray for me, * I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my laſt * draught in this world.[8] * —Here, Robin, and if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou ſhalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom take all the money that I have. —O Lord, bleſs me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learnt ſo much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

PET. Peter, forſooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PET. Thump.

SAL. Thump! then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

HOR. Maſters, I am come hither, as it were,

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"Aragooſa, or Peter-ſee-me, canary, or *charneco*."

But none of theſe paſſages (as Mr. Malone obſerves) "aſcertain either its quality, or the country where it is produced."

STEEVENS.

[8] *I have taken my laſt draught in this world*] Gay has borrowed this idea in his *What d'ye call it*, where *Peaſcod* ſays:

"Stay let me pledge — *'tis my laſt earthly liquor.*"

Peaſcod's ſubſequent bequeſt is likewiſe copied from Peter's diviſion of his moveables. STEEVENS.

upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave, and myſelf an honeſt man: * and touching the duke * of York, — will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; * And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Aſcapart. [9]

* YORK. Deſpatch: — this knave's tongue begins to double. [a]

[9] —— *as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Aſcapart.*] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

Aſcapart — the giant of the ſtory — a name familiar to our anceſtors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

" Thoſe *Aſcaparts*, men big enough to throw
" Charing-croſs for a bar, " &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of theſe combatants are ſtill preſerved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare not having adopted theſe words, according to the hypotheſis already ſtated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not ſo wedded to my own opinion, as to oppoſe it to ſo many preceding editors, in a matter of ſo little importance. MALONE.

[a] —— *this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinſhed, whoſe narrative Shakſpeare has deſerted, by making the armourer confeſs treaſon.

" In the ſame yeare alſo, a certeine armourer was appeached of treaſon by a ſeruant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was giuen them to fight in Smithfield, inſomuch that in conflict the ſaid armourer was ouercome and ſlaine; but yet by miſgouerning of himſelfe. For on the morrow, when he ſhould haue come to the field freſh and faſting, his neighbours came to him, and gaue him wine and ſtrong drink in ſuch exceſſiue ſort, that he was therewith diſtempered, and reeled as he went; and ſo was ſlain without guilt: as for the falſe ſeruant, he liued not long," &c.

By favour of Craven Ord, Eſq. I have now before me the original Exchequer record of expences attending this memorable combat. From hence it appears that William Catour, the Armourer, was not killed by his opponent John Davy, but worſted, and immediately afterwards hanged. The following is the laſt article in the account; and was ſtruck off by the Barons of Exchequer, becauſe it contained charges unauthorized by the ſheriffs.

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. —
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

* GLO. Thus, ſometimes, hath the brighteſt day a cloud;
* And, after ſummer, evermore ſucceeds
* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:[4]
* So cares and joys abound, as ſeaſons fleet.[5] —
Sirs, what's o'clock?
SERV. Ten, my lord.[6]
' GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
' To watch the coming of my puniſh'd ducheſs:
' Uneath [7] may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets,

[4] *Barren* winter, *with his* wrathful *nipping cold:*] So, in Sackville's Induction:
" The *wrathful winter* 'proaching on apace." REED.
I would read — *Bare* winter — for the ſake of the metre, which is uncommonly harſh, if the word *barren* be retained. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *as ſeaſons* fleet.] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— now the *fleeting* moon
" No planet is of mine." STEEVENS.
Dr. Johnſon in his Dictionary ſuppoſes to *fleet* (as here uſed) to be the ſame as to *flit;* that is, to be in a flux or tranſient ſtate; to paſs away. MALONE.

[6] *Ten, my lord.*] For the ſake of metre, I am willing to ſuppoſe this hemiſtich, as originally written, ſtood —
'*Tis* ten *o'clock*, my lord. STEEVENS.

[7] *Uneath* —] i. e. Scarcely. POPE.
So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
' Ah, Gloſter, hide thee from their hateful looks;
' And, in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
GLO. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
DUCH. Ah, Gloſter, teach me to forget myſelf:
For, whilſt I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
' Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame,[9] with papers on my back;
* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
* To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fet[a] groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ſtart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this ſhameful yoke?
* Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world?
* Or count them happy, that enjoy the ſun?
* No; dark ſhall be my light, and night my day;
* To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn ducheſs,
' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-ſtock,
To every idle raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame;
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will.
For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all
' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

[9] *Mail'd up in ſhame,*] Wrapped up; bundled up in diſgrace; alluding to the ſheet of penance. JOHNSON.

[a] —— *deep-fet* —] i. e. deep-*fetched*. So, in *King Henry V.*
" Whoſe blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof. "
STEEVENS.

And York, and impious Beaufort, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
* But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,
* Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.
* GLO. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry;
* I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
* And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
* And each of them had twenty times their power,
* All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,[2]
* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
' Would'ſt have me refcue thee from this reproach?
' Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away,
' But I in danger for the breach of law.
' Thy greateſt help is quiet,[3] gentle Nell:
' I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
' Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

HER. I ſummon your grace to his majeſty's parliament, holden at Bury the firſt of this next month.

GLO. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before! This is cloſe dealing. — Well, I will be there.

[*Exit* Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave: — and, maſter ſheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commiſſion.

' SHER. An't pleaſe your grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
' And ſir John Stanley is appointed now

[2] ——— *any* ſcathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or miſchief. Chaucer, Spenſer, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their uſe of this word. STEEVENS.

[3] *Thy greateſt help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raiſe much compaſſion for the ducheſs, who indeed ſuffers but what ſhe had deſerved JOHNSON.

' To take her with him to the iſle of Man.
' GLO. Muſt you, ſir John, protect my lady here?
' STAN. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your grace.
GLO. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the world may laugh[4] again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if
You do it her. And ſo, ſir John, farewell.
DUCH. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?
' GLO. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.
' DUCH. Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!
* For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
* Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afear'd,
* Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.—
' Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
' I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
' Only convey me where thou art commanded.
* STAN. Why, madam, that is to the iſle of Man;
* There to be us'd according to your ſtate.
* DUCH. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
* And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
* STAN. Like to a ducheſs, and duke Humphrey's lady,
* According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.
' DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
' Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame![5]

[4] —— *the world may laugh again:*] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

[5] —— conduct *of my ſhame!*] i. e. conductor. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unſavoury guide."

' SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
' DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is diſcharg'd —
' Come, Stanley, ſhall we go?
' STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
' And go we to attire you for our journey.
' DUCH. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
* No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
* And ſhow itſelf, attire me how I can.
* Go, lead the way; I long to ſee my priſon.[6]

Exeunt.

Again:

" And fire-ey'd fury be *my conduct* now." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *I long to ſee my priſon.*] This impatience of a high ſpirit is very natural. It is not ſo dreadful to be impriſoned, as it is deſirable in a ſtate of diſgrace to be ſheltered from the ſcorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

This is one of thoſe touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakſpeare; for theſe words are not in the old play. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

' K. HEN. I muſe,[7] my lord of Gloſter is not come:
' 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
' Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.
' Q. MAR. Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
' The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd countenance?
' With what a majeſty he bears himſelf;
' How inſolent of late he is become,
' How proud, peremptory,[8] and unlike himſelf?
' We know the time, ſince he was mild and affable;
' And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
' Immediately he was upon his knee,
' That all the court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion:
' But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
' When every one will give the time of day,
' He knits his brow, and ſhows an angry eye,
' And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
' Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
' Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
' But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
' And Humphrey is no little man in England.

[7] *I muſe,*] i. e. I wonder. So, in *Macbeth*:
" Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt worthy friends." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *peremptory,*] Old copy, redundantly—
—— *how* peremptory—. STEEVENS.

' Firſt, note, that he is near you in deſcent;
' And, ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
' Me ſeemeth[6] then, it is no policy,—
' Reſpecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
' And his advantage following your deceaſe,—
' That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
' Or be admitted to your highneſs' council.
' By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
' And, when he pleaſe to make commotion,
' 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
' Now 'tis the ſpring, and weeds are ſhallow-rooted;
' Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
' And choke the herbs for want of huſbandry.
' The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
' Made me collect[7] theſe dangers in the duke.
' If it be fond,[8] call it a woman's fear;
' Which fear if better reaſons can ſupplant,
' I will ſubſcribe, and ſay—I wrong'd the duke.
' My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
' Reprove my allegation, if you can;
' Or elſe conclude my words effectual.
' SUF. Well hath your highneſs ſeen into this duke;
' And, had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think, I ſhould have told your grace's tale.[9]
* The duchefs, by his ſubornation,

[6] *Me ſeemeth*——] That is, it ſeemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *collect*——] i. e. aſſemble by obſervation. STEEVENS.

[8] *If it be* fond,] i. e. weak, fooliſh. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" 'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable ſtrokes."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" Why do *fond* men expoſe themſelves to battle?" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *your grace's tale.*] Suffolk uſes *highneſs* and *grace* promiſcuouſly to the queen. *Majeſty* was not the ſettled title till the time of king James the Firſt. JOHNSON.

* Upon my life, began her deviliſh practices:
* Or if he were not privy to thoſe faults,
* Yet, by reputing of his high deſcent,*
* (As next the king, he was ſucceſſive heir,)
* And ſuch high vaunts of his nobility,
* Did inſtigate the bedlam brainſick ducheſs,
* By wicked means to frame our ſovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
* And in his ſimple ſhow he harbours treaſon.
The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb.
No, no, my ſovereign; Gloſter is a man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
* CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?
YORK. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
* Levy great ſums of money through the realm,
* For ſoldiers' pay in France, and never ſent it?
* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
* BUCK. Tut! theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke Humphrey.
* K. HEN. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
* Is worthy praiſe: But ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
* Our kinſman Gloſter is as innocent
* From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
* As is the ſucking lamb, or harmleſs dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,

* *Yet, by* reputing *of his high deſcent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read — *repeating. Reputing of his high deſcent,* is *vaiuing himſelf upon it.* The ſame word occurs in the 5th act:
"And in my conſcience do *repute* his grace," &c. STEEVENS.

* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
* Q. MAR. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
* For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven.
* Is he a lamb? his ſkin is ſurely lent him,
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves.
* Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
* Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
* Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

* SOM. All health unto my gracious ſovereign!
K. HEN. Welcome, lord Somerſet. What news from France?
* SOM. That all your intereſt in thoſe territories
* Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.
K. HEN. Cold news, lord Somerſet: But God's will be done!
YORK. Cold news for me;[3] for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
* Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
* And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
* But I will remedy this gear[4] ere long,
* Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

[3] *Cold news for me;* &c.] Theſe two lines York had ſpoken before in the firſt act of this play. He is now meditating on his diſappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his preſent loſs. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *this* gear—] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the ſtory of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

"Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,
"Nor your ſinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

Enter GLOSTER.

* GLO. All happineſs unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.
SUF. Nay, Gloſter, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
' Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.
GLO. Well, Suffolk, yet[5] thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt;
* A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
* The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
* As I am clear from treaſon to my ſovereign:
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?
YORK. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, ſtay'd the ſoldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highneſs hath loſt France.
GLO. Is it but thought ſo? What are they, that think it?
' I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
' Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
' Ay, night by night,—in ſtudying good for England!
' That doit that e'er I wreſted from the king,
' Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,

[5] *Well, Suffolk, yet——*] *Yet* was added in the ſecond folio. The firſt folio has—Well, Suffolk, thou,—. The defect of the metre ſhows that the word was omitted, which I have ſupplied from the old play. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—

"Well, Suffolk's *duke*," &c.

But this is, perhaps, too reſpectful an addreſs from an adverſary. The reading of the ſecond folio is, in my opinion, preferable, though the authority on which it is founded cannot be aſcertained. STEEVENS.

' Be brought againſt me at my trial day!
' No! many a pound of mine own proper ſtore,
' Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
' Have I diſpurſed to the garriſons,
' And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

* CAR. It ſerves you well, my lord, to ſay ſo much.

* GLO. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!

YORK. In your protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLO. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
* For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
* And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
' Unleſs it were a bloody murderer,
' Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
' I never gave them condign puniſhment:
' Murder, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
' Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.

' SUF. My lord, theſe faults are eaſy,[6] quickly anſwer'd:
' But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
' Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
' I do arreſt you in his highneſs' name;
' And here commit you to my lord cardinal
' To keep, until your further time of trial.

[6] —— *theſe faults are* eaſy,] *Eaſy* is ſlight, inconſiderable, as in other paſſages of this author. JOHNSON.

The word no doubt, means—*eaſily*. RITSON.

This explanation is, I believe, the true one. *Eaſy* is an adjective uſed adverbially. STEEVENS.

' K. Hen. My lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
' That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpects;[7]
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, theſe days are dangerous!
* Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
* And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
* Foul ſubornation is predominant,
* And equity exil'd your highneſs' land.
* I know, their complot is to have my life;
' And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
' And prove the period of their tyranny,
' I would expend it with all willingneſs:
' But mine is made the prologue to their play;
' For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
' Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
' Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
' And Suffolk's cloudy brow his ſtormy hate;
' Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
' The envious load that lies upon his heart;
' And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
' Whoſe overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
' By falſe accuſe[8] doth level at my life:—
' And you, my ſovereign lady, with the reſt,
' Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head;
* And, with your beſt endeavour, have ſtirr'd up

[7] —— *from all* ſuſpects;] The folio reads—*ſuſpence*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The correſpooding line in the original play ſtands thus:

"Good uncle, obey to this arreſt;
"I have no doubt but thou ſhalt clear thyſelf."

Malone.

So, in a following ſcene:

"If my *ſuſpect* be falſe, forgive me, God!" Steevens.

[8] —— *accuſe* ——] i. e. accuſation. Steevens.

* My liefeſt[a] liege to be mine enemy:—
* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
* Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,
* And all to make away my guiltleſs life:
' I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
' Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt;
' The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
* If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
* From treaſon's ſecret knife, and traitors' rage,
* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
* And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUF. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady, here,
' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
' As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
' Falſe allegations to o'erthrow his ſtate?

' Q. MAR. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

GLO. Far truer ſpoke, than meant: I loſe, indeed;—
' Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe!—
* And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

BUCK. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day:—
' Lord cardinal, he is your priſoner.

' CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him ſure.

[a] —— *lieſeſt* ——] Is *deareſt*. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:
" —— Madam, my *lief*,
" For God's dear love," &c.
Again, c. ii:
" —— Fly, oh my *lieſeſt* lord." STEEVENS.
See p. 176, n. 6. MALONE.

GLO. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
'Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
'And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
'Ah, that my fear were falſe! [9] ah, that it were!
'For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLOSTER.

K. HEN. My lords, what to your wiſdoms ſeemeth beſt,
Do, or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

Q. MAR. What, will your highneſs leave the parliament?

K. HEN. Ay, Margaret; [a] my heart is drown'd with grief,
* Whoſe flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
* My body round engirt with miſery;
* For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?—

[9] *Ah, that my fear were falſe!* &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have the following:

"Farewell my ſovereign; long may'ſt thou enjoy
"Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!" MALONE.

[a] *Ay Margaret;* &c.] Of this ſpeech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. To the king's ſpeech a line ſeems to be loſt:

Queen. What, will your highneſs leave the parliament?
King. Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;
* * * * * *
Where I may ſit, and ſigh in endleſs moan,
For who's a traitor, Gloſter he is none.

If therefore, according to the conjecture already ſuggeſted, theſe plays were originally the compoſition of another author, the ſpeech before us belongs to Shakſpeare. It is obſervable that one of the expreſſions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in *The Rape of Lucrece;* and in peruſing the ſubſequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by ſome been ſuppoſed to have followed. MALONE.

* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I ſee
* The map of honour,[3] truth, and loyalty;
* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
* That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
* What low'ring ſtar now envies thy eſtate,
* That theſe great lords, and Margaret our queen,
* Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life?
* Thou never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong;
* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,[4]
* Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe;
* Even ſo, remorſeleſs, have they borne him hence.
* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
* Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
* And can do nought but wail her darling's loſs:
* Even ſo myſelf bewails good Gloſter's caſe,

[3] *The* map *of honour,*] In *K. Richard II.* if I remember right, we have the ſame words. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Showing life's triumph in the *map* of death."

MALONE.

[4] *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,] But how can it *ſtray* when it is *bound*? The poet certainly intended when it *ſtrives*; i. e. when it ſtruggles to get looſe. And ſo he elſewhere employs this word. THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted by the ſucceeding editors, and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this paſſage, as in many, there is a confuſion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the ſlaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was ſuggeſted by one image, and part by another, ſo that *ſtrive* is the beſt word, but *ſtray* is the right. JOHNSON.

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to ſtray from the direct road. The duke of Gloſter is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horſeback, or upon men's ſhoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

* With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
* Look after him, and cannot do him good;
* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
' His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
' Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloſter he is none.* [*Exit.*

* Q. MAR. Free lords,[5] cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
* Too full of fooliſh pity: and Gloſter's ſhow
* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
* With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
* Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flowering bank,[6]
* With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child,
* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
* Believe me, lords, were none more wiſe than I,
* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
' This Gloſter ſhould be quickly rid the world,
' To rid us from the fear we have of him.

* CAR. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
* But yet we want a colour for his death:
* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by courſe of law.

* SUF. But in my mind, that were no policy:
* The king will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
* The commons haply riſe to ſave his life;
* And we yet have but trivial argument,

[5] Free *lords*, &c.] By this ſhe means (as may be ſeen by the ſequel) you, who are not bound up to ſuch preciſe regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" And the *free* maids that weave" &c.

Again, in Milton:

" —— thou goddeſs fair and *free*,
" In heaven yclep'd Euphroſyne." STEEVENS.

[6] —— in *a flowering bank*,] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unneceſſarily — *on* a flowering bank. MALONE.

* More than miſtruſt, that ſhows him worthy death.
* YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
* SUF. Ah, York, no man alive ſo fain as I.
* YORK. 'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.[7]—
* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
* Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls,—
* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. MAR. So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

' SUF. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madneſs then,
' To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
' Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
' His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
' Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
' No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
' By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
' Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood;

[7] *'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.*] Why York had more reaſon than the reſt for deſiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Someſet. JOHNSON.

York had more reaſon, becauſe duke Humphrey ſtood between him and the crown, which he had propoſed to himſelf as the termination of his ambitious views. So, Act III. ſc. v:

For Humphrey being dead, as he ſhall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. STEEVENS.

See Sir John Fenn's Obſervations on the duke of Suffolk's death, in the collection of *The Paſton Letters*, Vol. I. p. 48. HENLEY.

'As Humphrey, prov'd, by reaſons, to my liege.[8]
'And do not ſtand on quillets, how to ſlay him:

[8] *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,*
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood;
As Humphrey, prov'd by reaſons, to my liege.] The meaning of the ſpeaker is not hard to be diſcovered, but his expreſſion is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to ſheep, even before he has actually killed them; ſo Humphrey may be properly deſtroyed, as being proved by argumeots to be the king's eoemy, before he has eommitted any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treaſons* for *reaſons*, but the drift of the argument is to ſhow that there may be *reaſon* to kill him before aoy *treaſon* has broken out. JOHNSON.

This paſſage, as Johnſon juſtly obſerves, is perplexed. but the perplexity ariſes from an error that ought to be corrected, which it may be by the change of a ſingle letter. What is it that Humphrey proved by reaſons to the king? — This lioe, as it ſtands, is abſolutely nouſenſe:—But if we read Humphrey's inſtead of Humphrey, and reaſon inſtead of reaſoos, the letter *s* having been transferred through inadverteoey from one word to the other, the meaning of Suffolk will be clearly expreſſed; and if we eneloſe alſo the third lioe in a parentheſis, the paſſage will ſcareely require either explanation or eommeot:

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
(Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood)
As Homphrey's prov'd by reaſon to my liege.

Suffolk's argument is this: — As Humphrey is the next heir to the crown, it is as imprudent to make him protector to the king, as it would be to make the fox ſurveyor of the fold; and as we kill a fox before he has actually worried any of the ſheep, becauſe we know that by nature he is an enemy to the flock, ſo we ſhould get rid of Humphrey, becauſe we know that he muſt be by *reaſon* an eoemy to the kiog. M. MASON.

As ſeems to be here uſed for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, with ſome probability, As Humphrey's prov'd, &c. In the original play, inſtead of theſe lines, we have the following ſpeech:

Suf. And ſo think I, madam; for as you kuow,
If our king Henry had ſhook hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.
And it may be, by policy he works,
To bring to paſs the thing which now we doubt.
The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb;

' Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
' Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
' So he be dead; for that is good deceit
' Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.[9]

* Q. MAR. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

* SUF. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
* For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant:
* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
* Seeing the deed is meritorious,
* And to preſerve my ſovereign from his foe,—
* Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.[2]

* CAR. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
* Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt:
* Say, you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,[3]
* And I'll provide his executioner,
* I tender ſo the ſafety of my liege.

* SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

* Q. MAR. And ſo ſay I.

But if we take him ere he doth the deed,
We ſhould not queſtion if that he ſhould live.
No, let him die, in that he is a fox,
Leſt that in living he offend us more. MALONE.

[9] —— *for that is good deceit*
Which mates *him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.*] *Mates* him means—that firſt puts an end to his moving To *mate* is a term in chefs, uſed when the king is ſtopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

Mates him, means *confounds* him; from *amatir* or *mater*, French. To *mate* is no term in chefs. *Check mate*, the term alluded to, is a corruption of the Perſian *ſchah mat*; the king is killed. RITSON.

To mate, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or deſtroy; from *matar*, Span. to kill. See Vol. XI. p. 231, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] —— *I will be his prieſt*,] I will be the attendant on his laſt ſcene, I will be the laſt man whom he will ſee. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *and cenſure well the deed*,] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

* YORK. And I: and now we three[4] have ſpoke it,
* It ſkills not[5] greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Meſſenger.

' MES. Great lords,[6] from Ireland am I come amain,
' To ſignify—that rebels there are up,
' And put the Engliſhmen unto the ſword:
* Send ſuccours, lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
* Before the wound do grow uncurable;
* For, being green, there is great hope of help.
* CAR. A breach, that craves a quick expedient ſtop![7]

[4] —— *we* three ——] Surely, the word *three* ſhould be omitted. The verſe is complete without it:

And ſo ſay I.
And I: and now we have ſpoke it,—.

But the metre of theſe plays ſcarce deſerves the reformatioo which it too frequently requires. STEEVENS.

[5] *It ſkills not*——] It is of no importaoce. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, tranſlated by R. Rohioſon, 1624: "I will deſcribe to you one or other of them, for *it ſkilleth* oot greatly which." MALONE.

[6] *Great lords*, &c.] I ſhall ſubjoio this ſpeech as it ſtands in tha quarto:

Madam, I bring you aews from Ireland;
The wild Oaele, my lord, is up in arms,
With troops of Iriſh kernes, that uncontroll'd
Doth plant themſelves withia the Engliſh pale,
And burn and ſpoil the country, as they go.

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lioes in the folio, haſtily taken dowo io the theatre by the ear or io ſhort-hand, as I ooce concurred with others io thinking to be the caſe. We have here an original and diſtinct draught; ſo that we muſt be obliged to maintain that Shakſpeare wrote *two* plays oo the preſent ſubject, a haſty ſketch, and a more finiſhed performance; or elſe muſt acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us oo a fouodatioo laid by another writer. MALONE.

[7] —— expedient *ſtop!*] i. e. expeditious. So, io *King John*:
" His marches are *expedient* to this town." STEEVENS.

' What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?
' YORK. That Somerſet be ſent as regent thither:
' 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
' Witneſs the fortune he hath had in France.
' SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
' Had been the regent there inſtead of me,
' He never would have ſtaid in France ſo long.
' YORK. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
' I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
* Than bring a burden of diſhonour home,
* By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt,
* Show me one ſcar charácter'd on thy ſkin:
* Men's fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.
* Q. MAR. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
* No more, good York;—ſweet Somerſet, be ſtill;—
* Thy fortune, York, hadſt thou been regent there,
* Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.
YORK. What, worſe than naught? nay, then a ſhame take all!
' SOM. And, in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame!
' CAR. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
' The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
' And temper clay with blood of Engliſhmen:
' To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
' Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
' And try your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?
* YORK. I will, my lord, ſo pleaſe his majeſty.
* SUF. Why, our authority is his conſent;
* And, what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms:
* Then, noble York, take thou this taſk in hand.
' YORK. I am content: Provide me ſoldiers, lords,

' Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
' SUF. A charge, lord York, that I will ſee perform'd.[7]
' But now return we to the falſe duke Humphrey.
' CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
' That, henceforth, he ſhall trouble us no more.
' And ſo break off; the day is almoſt ſpent:
' Lord Suffolk, you and I muſt talk of that event.
' YORK. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
' At Briſtol I expect my ſoldiers;
' For there I'll ſhip them all for Ireland.
' SUF. I'll ſee it truly done, my lord of York.
Exeunt all but YORK.
' YORK. Now, York, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
' And change miſdoubt to reſolution:
* Be that thou hop'ſt to be; or what thou art
* Reſign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
* And find no harbour in a royal heart.
* Faſter than ſpring-time ſhowers, comes thought on thought;
* And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

[7] —— *that I will ſee perform'd.*] In the old play this office is given to Buckingham:

Queen. —— my lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muſter up ſuch ſoldiers,
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needful wars.
Buck. Madam, I will; and levy ſuch a band
As ſoon ſhall overcome thoſe Iriſh rebels:
But York, where ſhall thoſe ſoldiers ſtay for thee?
York. At Briſtol I'll expect them ten days hence.
Buck. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farewell.
[*Exit* Buck.

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. MALONE.

* My brain, more buſy than the labouring ſpider,
* Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
* Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
* To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
* I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved ſnake,
* Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

' I take it kindly; yet, be well aſſur'd
' You put ſharp weapons in a madman's hands.
' Whiles I in Ireland nouriſh a mighty band,
* I will ſtir up in England ſome black ſtorm,
* Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heaven, or hell:
* And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage
* Until the golden circuit on my head,[8]
* Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,
* Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[9]
' And, for a miniſter of my intent,
' I have ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
' John Cade of Aſhford,
' To make commotion, as full well he can,
' Under the title of John Mortimer.
* In Ireland have I ſeen this ſtubborn Cade
* Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of Kernes;[10]

[8] *Until the* golden circuit *on my head,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"All that impedes thee from the *golden round,*
"Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
"To have thee *crown'd* withall."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"——— a ſleep,
"That from this *golden rigol* hath divorc'd
"So many Engliſh kings." MALONE.

[9] ——— *mad-bred* flaw.] *Flaw* is a ſudden violent guſt of wind. JOHNSON.

[10] ——— *a troop of* Kernes;] *Kernes* were light-armed Iriſh foot-ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

* And fought ſo long,[3] till that his thighs with darts
* Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
* And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen him
* Caper upright like a wild Morifco,[4]
* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
* Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty kern,[5]
* Hath he converſed with the enemy;
* And undiſcover'd come to me again,
* And given me notice of their villainies.
* This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

[3] *And* fought *ſo long,*] Read—Aod *fight* ſo long. RITSON.

[4] —— *a wild* Morifco,] A Moor in a military daoce, now called Morris, that is, a Mooriſh dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a maſque, 1631, the ſeveoth entry cooſiſts of *mimicks* or *Morifcos*.

Again, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"Your wit ſkips a *Morifco*."

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius deſcribes it thus: "—— faciem plerumque inficiunt fuligine, & peregrinum veſtium cultum aſſumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri eſſe videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolaſſe, atque ioſolens recreationis genus advexiſſe."

In the churchwardens' accompts of the pariſh of St. Helen's in Abiogtoo, Berkſhire, from the firſt year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—"For two doſſin of *Morres* bells." As theſe appear to have been purchaſed by the community, we may ſuppoſe this diverſion was conſtantly practiſed at their publick feſtivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS.

The editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 255, mentions ſeeing a company of morrice-dancers from Abington, at Richmond in Surrey, ſo late as the ſummer of 1783. They appeared to be making a kind of annual circuit. REED.

[5] ——— *like a* ſhag-hair'd *crafty kern,*] See Vol. XI. p. 14 n. 6; and p. 203, n. 4. MALONE.

* In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth reſemble:
' By this I ſhall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the houſe and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him ſay—I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will.)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
' And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead, as he ſhall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *haſtily.*

* 1. MUR. Run to my lord of Suffolk;* let him know,
* We have deſpatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

[4] *For, Humphrey being dead,* &c.] Inſtead of this couplet we find in the old play theſe lines:

" And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
" None then can ſtop the light to England's crown,
" But York can tame, and headlong pull them down."

MALONE.

[5] *Scene II.*] This ſcene, and the directions concerning it, ſtand thus in the quarto edition;

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is diſcovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breſt, and ſmothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.

Suff. How now, ſirs! what, have you diſpatcht him?
One. I, my lord; hee's dead, I warrant you.
Suff. Then ſee the cloathes, laid ſmoothe about him ſtill,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2. All things is handſome now, my lord.

* 2. MUR. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
* Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

' MUR. Here comes my lord.
' SUF. Now, ſirs, have you
' Deſpatch'd this thing?
' 1. MUR. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
' SUF. Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
' I will reward you for this venturous deed.
' The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
' Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
' According as I gave directions?
' 1. MUR. 'Tis, my good lord.
' SUF. Away be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and Others.*

' K. HEN. Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtraight:
' Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
' If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſh'd.
' SUF. I'll call him preſently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
' K. HEN. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
' Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle Gloſter,
' Than from true evidence, of good eſteem,

Suff. Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gon,
And you ſhall have your firme reward anon.
[*Exit Murtherers.* STEEVENS.

' He be approv'd in practice culpable.
* Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice ſhould prevail,
* That faultleſs may condemn a nobleman!
* Pray God, he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!
* K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; theſe words content me much.[6]—

Re-enter Suffolk.

' How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
' Were ſo our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloſter is dead.

[6] *I thank thee*, Margaret; &c.] In former editions:
I thank thee, Nell, *theſe words content me much.*
This is king Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reaſon why he ſhould forget his own wife's name, and call her Nell inſtead of Margaret. As the change of a ſingle letter ſets all right, I am willing to ſuppoſe it came from his pen thus:
I thank thee. Well, *theſe words content me much.*
Theobald.

It has been obſerved by two or three commentators, that it is no way extraordinary the king ſhould forget his wife's name, as it appears in no leſs than three places that ſhe forgets it herſelf, calling herſelf Eleanor. It has alſo been ſaid, that, if any contraction of the real name is uſed, it ſhould be *Meg*. All this is very true; but as no alteration muſt be made, Theobald's is juſt as good, and as probable, as any other. I have, therefore, retained it, and wiſh it could have been done with propriety without a note. Reed.

Though the king could not well forget his wife's name, either Shakſpeare or the tranſcriber might. That *Nell* is not a miſtake of the preſs for *Will*, is clear from a ſubſequent ſpeech of the queen's in this ſcene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Ducheſs of Gloſter, is again *three times* printed inſtead of *Margaret*. No reaſon can be aſſigned why the proper correction ſhould be made in all thoſe places, and not here. Malone.

I have admitted Mr. Malone's correction; and yet muſt remark, that while it is favourable to ſenſe it is injurious to metre.
Steevens.

* Q. MAR. Marry, God forefend!
* CAR. God's ſecret judgement:—I did dream to-night,
* The duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.
[*The king ſwoons.*
* Q. MAR, How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
* SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the noſe[7]
* Q. MAR. Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
* SUF. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
* K. HEN. O heavenly God!
* Q. MAR. How fares my gracious lord?
SUF. Comfort, my ſovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. HEN. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[8] to ſing a raven's note,
* Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
* By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
* Can chaſe away the firſt-conceived ſound?
* Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words.
* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
* Their touch affrights me, as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!

[7] SOM. *Rear up his body, wring him by the noſe.*] As nothing further is ſpoken either by *Somerſet* or the *Cardinal*, or by any one elſe to ſhow that they continue in the preſence, it is to be preſumed that they take advantage of the confuſion occaſioned by the King's ſwooning, and ſlip out unperceived. The next news we hear of the Cardinal, he is *at the point of death*. RITSON.

[8] —— *right now*—] Juſt now, even now. JOHNSON.

' Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyrannny
' Sits, in grim majeſty, to fright the world.
' Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
' Yet do not go away;—Come, baſiliſk,
' And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:[9]
* For in the ſhade of death I ſhall find joy;
* In life, but double death, now Gloſter's dead.
Q. MAR. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
* Although the duke was enemy to him,
* Yet he, moſt chriſtian-like, laments his death:
* And for myſelf,—foe as he was to me,
* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
* Or blood-conſuming ſighs recall his life,
* I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
* Look pale as primroſe, with blood-drinking ſighs,[a]
* And all to have the noble duke alive.
' What know I how the world may deem of me?
' For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
' It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
* So ſhall my name with ſlander's tongue be wounded,

[9] —— *Come, baſiliſk,*
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:] So, in *Albion's England*, B. I. c. iii:
" —— As Æſculap an herdſman did eſpie,
" That did with eaſy ſight enforce a *baſiliſk* to flye,
" Albeit naturally that beaſt doth murther with the eye."
REED.
So Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time:
" Natus in ardentis Libyæ baſiliſcus arena,
" Vulnerat aſpectu, luminibuſque nocet." MALONE.

[a] —— blood-driuking *ſighs*,] So, in the Third Part of this Play, Act IV. ſc. iv:
" And ſtop the riſing of *blood-ſucking* ſighs." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" — dry ſorrow drinks our blood." MALONE.

* And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
* This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
* To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
' K. HEN. Ah, woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man!
Q. MAR. Be woe for me,[3] more wretched than he is.
What, doſt thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leper, look on me.
* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?[4]
* Be poiſonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
* Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſter's tomb?

[3] *Be woe for me,*] That is, Let no woe be to thee for Gloſter, but for me. JOHNSON.

[4] *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This alluſion, which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Pſalm* lviii. may receive an odd illuſtration from the following paſſage in *Gower de Confeſſione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x:

" A ſerpent, whiche that aſpidis
" Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
" That he the ſtone nobleſt of all
" The whiche that men carbuncle call,
" Bereth in his heed above on bight;
" For whiche whan that a man by ſlight
" (The ſtone to wynne, and him to dante)
" With his careſte him wolde enchante,
" Anone as he perceiveth that,
" *He leyeth downe his one eare all plat*
" *Unto the grounde, and halt it faſte:*
" *And eke that other eare als faſte*
" *He ſtoppeth with his taille ſo fore*
" *That he the wordes, laſſe nor more,*
" *Of his enchantement ne hereth:*
" And in this wiſe him ſelfe he ſkiereth,
" So that he hath the wordes wayved,
" And thus his eare is enought deceived."

Shakſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Have ears more *deaf* than *adders*, to the voice
" Of any true deciſion." STEEVENS.

* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
* Erect his ſtatue then, and worſhip it,
* And make my image but an alehouſe ſign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the ſea;
' And twice by aukward wind[5] from England's bank
' Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did ſeem to ſay,—Seek not a ſcorpion's neſt,
* Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhore?
* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle guſts,[6]
* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
* And bid them blow towards England's bleſſed ſhore,
* Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock?
* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
* But left that hateful office unto thee:
* The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me;
* Knowing, that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhore
* With tears as ſalt as ſea through thy unkindneſs:
* The ſplitting rocks cow'rd in the ſinking ſands,[7]
* And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;

[5] —— *aukward wind* —] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverſe winds.* STEEVENS.

The ſame uncommon epithet is applied to the ſame ſubject by Marlowe in his *K. Edward II:*

" With *aukward* Winds, and with ſore tempeſt driven
" To fall on ſhore—." MALONE.

[6] *What did I then, but curs'd the gentle guſts,*] I believe we ſhould read—but curſe the gentle guſts. M. MASON.

[7] *The ſplitting rocks* &c.] The ſenſe ſeems to be this.—The rocks hid themſelves in the ſands, which ſunk to receive them into their boſom. STEEVENS.

That is, the rocks, whoſe property it is to ſplit, ſhrunk into the ſands, and would not daſh me, &c. M. MASON.

* Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
* Might in thy palace periſh Margaret.[8]
* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
* When from the ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
* I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm:
* And when the duſky ſky began to rob
* My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,
* I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,—
* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
* And threw it towards thy land; the ſea receiv'd it;
* And ſo, I wiſh'd, thy body might my heart:
* And even with this, I loſt fair England's view,
* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
* And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
* For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed coaſt.
* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
* (The agent of thy foul inconſtancy,)
* To ſit and witch me, as Aſcanius did,
* When he to madding Dido, would unfold
* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?[9]

[8] *Might in thy palace* periſh *Margaret.*] The verb *periſh* is here uſed actively. So, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— let not my ſins
"*Periſh* your noble youth." STEEVENS.

[9] *To ſit and* witch *me, as Aſcanius did,*
When he to madding Dido, would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?] Old copy— To ſit and *watch* me, &c. STEEVENS.

The poet here is unqueſtionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid I.*) but he ſtrangely blends fact with fiction. In the firſt place, it was Cupid in the ſemblance of Aſcanius, who ſat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the proceſs of Troy's deſtruction; but it was Æneas himſelf who related this hiſtory. Again, how did the ſuppoſed Aſcanius ſit and *watch* her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido miſtakenly careſſed him, to bewitch and inflame her with love. To this circum-

* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?[a]
* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
* For Henry weeps, that thou doſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons preſs to the door.*

' WAR. It is reported, mighty ſovereign,
' That good duke Humphrey traitorouſly is murder'd
' By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
' The commons, like an angry hive of bees.
' That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
' And care not who they ſting in his revenge.
' Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
' Until they hear the order of his death.
K. HEN. That he is dead, good Warwick. 'tis too true;

ſtance the poet certainly alludes; and, unleſs he had wrote, as I have reſtored to the text,

To fit and witch *me*,——

why ſhould the queen immediately draw this inference,

Am I not witch'd *like her?* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is ſupported by a line in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. where the ſame verb is uſed—

"To *witch* the world with noble horſemanſhip."

It may be remarked, that this miſtake was certainly the miſtake of Shakſpeare, whoever may have been the original author of the firſt ſketch of this play; For this long ſpeech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, conſiſting only of ſeven lines, in which there is no alluſion to Virgil. MALONE.

[a] *Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?*] This line, as it ſtands, is nonſenſe. We ſhould ſurely read it thus;—

"Am I not witch'd like her? *Art* thou not falſe like him?

M. MASON.

The ſuperfluity of ſyllables in this line induces me to ſuppoſe it ſtood originally thus:

"Am I not witch'd like her? thou falſe like him?

STEEVENS.

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:[3]
' Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corpſe,
' And comment then upon his ſudden death.
WAR. That I ſhall do, my liege:—Stay, Saliſbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.
[Warwick *goes into an inner room, and Saliſbury retires.*
* K. HEN. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
* My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
* If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God;
* For judgement only doth belong to thee!
* Fain would I go to chaſe his paly lips
* With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain[4]
* Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears;
* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
* But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies;
* And, to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
* What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

[3] —— *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uſes Heory as a word of three ſyllables. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *and to drain*
Upon ——] This is one of our poet's harſh expreſſions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water iſſue from it, he licentiouſly uſes the word here in the ſenſe of *dropping*, or *diſtilling*. MALONE.

Surely our author wrote *rain*, not *drain*. The diſcharge of a ſingle letter ſurniſhes what ſeems to me a neceſſary emendation, confirmed by two paſſages, one in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
" To *rain* a ſhower of commanded tears."
And another, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
" To *rain upon* remembrance with mine eyes." STEEVENS.

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is diſcovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and Others ſtanding by it.*[4]

* WAR. Come hither, gracious ſovereign, view this body.

* K. HEN. That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:

* For, with his ſoul, fled all my worldly ſolace;

* For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.[5]

[4] This ſtage-direction I have inſerted as beſt ſuited to the exhibition. The ſtage-direction in the quarto is—"Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and ſhows Duke Humphrey in his bed." In the folio: "A bed with Gloſter's body put forth." Theſe are ſome of the many circumſtances which prove, I think, deciſively, that the theatres of our author's time were unfurniſhed with ſcenes. In thoſe days, as I conceive, curtains were occaſionally hung acroſs the middle of the ſtage on a iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a ſecond apartment, when a change of ſcene was required. The direction in the folio, "to put forth a bed," was merely to the property-man to thruſt a bed forwards behind thoſe curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. III. MALONE.

[5] *For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.*] Though, by a violent operation, ſome ſenſe may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:

For ſeeing him, I ſee my death *in life.*

That is, Seeing him I live to ſee my own deſtruction. Thus it will aptly correſpond with the firſt line:

Come hither, gracious ſovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. *That is to ſee how deep my grave is made.*

JOHNSON.

Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now ſtand.—*I ſee my life deſtroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

I think the meaning is, I ſee my life in the arms of death; I ſee my *life expiring*, or rather *expired.* The conceit is much in our author's manner. So in *Macbeth:*

"—— the *death* of each day's *life.*"

Our poet in *K. Richard III.* has a ſimilar play of words, though the ſentiment is reverſed:

"—— even through the hollow eyes of death

"I ſpy life peering." MALONE.

' WAR. As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live
' With that dread King, that took our ſtate upon him
' To free us from his Father's wrathful curſe,
' I do believe that violent hands were laid
' Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
SUF. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue!
' What inſtance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
' WAR. See, how the blood is ſettled in his face!
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt, [6]

[6] *Oft have I ſeen a* timely-*parted* ghoſt, &c.] All that is true of the body of a dead man is here ſaid by Warwick of the ſoul. I would read:

Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted corſe.

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the tranſcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be uſed of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet* there is mention of *peace-parted ſouls*, ſo here *timely-parted* muſt have the ſame ſubſtantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty, and made many real. If the ſoul is parted from the body, the body is likewiſe parted from the ſoul.

I cannot but ſtop a moment to obſerve, that this horrible deſcription is ſcarcely the work of any pen but Shakſpeare's.

JOHNSON.

This is not the firſt time that Shakſpeare has confounded the terms that ſignify *body* and *ſoul*, together. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" —— damned *ſpirits* all
" That in croſs ways and floods have *burial*."

It is ſurely the *body* and not the *ſoul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghoſt*, however, is licentiouſly uſed by our ancient writers. In Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Guyon* is in a ſwoon, and two knights are about to ſtrip him, when the *Palmer* ſays:

" —— no knight ſo rude I weene,
" As to doen outrage to a ſleeping *ghoſt*."

Again, in the ſhort copy of verſes printed at the concluſion of the three firſt books of Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, 1596:

" And groanes of *buried ghoſtes* the heavens did perſe."

' Of aſhy ſemblance,[7] meager, pale, and bloodleſs,
' Being all deſcended to the labouring heart;[8]

Again, in our author's *K. Richard II:*

" The *ghoſts* they have depos'd. "

Again, in Sir A. Gorge's tranſlation of *Lucan*, B. IX:

" —— a peaſant of that coaſt
" Bids him not tread on Hector's *ghoſt*. "

Again, in *Certain Secret Wonders of Nature*, &c. by Edward Fenton, quarto, bl. l. 1569, " — aſtoniſhed at the view of the mortified *ghoſt* of him that lay dead," &c. p. 104. STEEVENS.

A *timely*-parted ghoſt means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common courſe of nature; to which violence has not brought a *timeleſs* end. The oppoſition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words — " As guilty of duke Humphrey's *timeleſs death*."

The correſponding lines appear thus in the quarto; by which, if the notion that has been already ſuggeſted be well founded, the reader may ſee how much of this deſervedly admired ſpeech is original, and how much ſuper-induced:

Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted *ghoſt*,
Of aſhy ſemblance, pale, and bloodleſs:
But, lo! the blood is ſettled in his face,
More better coloured than when he liv'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and ſtern;
His fingers ſpread abroad, as one that graſp'd
For life, yet was by ſtrength ſurpriz'd. The leaſt
Of theſe are probable. It cannot chooſe
But he was murthered.

In a ſubſequent paſſage, alſo in the original play, which Shakſpeare has not transferred into his piece, the word *ghoſt* is again uſed as here. Young Clifford addreſſing himſelf to his father's *dead body*, ſays,

" A diſmal ſight! ſee, where he breathleſs lies,
" All ſmear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
" Sweet father, to thy *murder'd ghoſt* I ſwear," &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impropriety, or confuſion. He has only uſed the phraſeology of his time. MALONE.

[7] *Of* aſhy *ſemblance*,] So Spenſer, *Ruins of Rome*, 4to. 1591:
" Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye *aſhy ghoſts*," —. MALONE.

[8] —— bloodleſs,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart;] That is, the blood being all deſcended, &c; the ſubſtantive being comprised in the adjective *blood*leſs. M. MASON.

' Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
' Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
' Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
' To bluſh and beautify the cheek again.
' But, ſee, his face is black, and full of blood;
' His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd.
' Staring full ghaſtly like a ſtrangled man:
' His hair uprear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling;
' His hands abroad diſplay'd,[9] as one that graſp'd
' And tugg'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
' Look on the ſheets, his hair, you ſee, is ſtriking;
' His well-proportion'd beard[a] made rough and rugged,
' Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd.
' It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
' The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.
' SUF. Why, Warwick, who ſhould do the duke to death?
' Myſelf, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
' And we, I hope, ſir, are no murderers.
' WAR. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;

[9] *His hands* abroad *diſplay'd*,] i. e. the fingers being widely diſtended. So *adown*, for *down*; *aweary*, for *weary*, &c. See Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Herein was the Emperor Domitian ſo cunning, that let a boy at a good diſtance off hold up his hand and ſtretch his fingers *abroad*, he would ſhoot through the ſpaces, without touching the boy's hand or any finger."
MALONE.

[a] *His well-proportion'd beard*——] His beard nicely trim'd and adjuſted. See note on *King Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi. Vol. XIII.
MALONE.

His *well-proportioned beard*, I believed, means no more than his *beard well proportioned by nature*. STEEVENS.

' And you, forſooth, had the good duke to keep:
' 'Tis like, you would not feaſt him like a friend;
' And 'tis well ſeen, he found an enemy.
' Q. MAR. Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe noblemen
' As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeleſs death.
WAR. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloodied beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy.
' Q. MAR. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
SUF. I wear no knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men;
But here's a vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murder's crimſon badge:—
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, SOM. *and Others.*
WAR. What dares not Warwick, if falſe Suffolk dare him?
Q. MAR. He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thouſand times.
WAR. Madam, be ſtill; with reverence may I ſay;
For every word, you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl, and noble ſtock
Was graft with crabtree ſlip; whoſe fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the deathſman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my ſovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay — it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious bloodſucker of ſleeping men!

SUF. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
* And do ſome ſervice to duke Humphrey's ghoſt.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

* K. HEN. What ſtronger breaſtplate than a heart untainted?
* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;[3]
* And he but naked, though lock'd up in ſteel,
* Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

[3] *Thrice is he arm'd*, &c.] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*: "Come, Moor; I'm *arm'd* with more than complete *ſteel*, "The *juſtice* of my *quarrel*." MALONE.

Q. Mar. What noiſe is this?

Re-enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

' K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
' Here in our preſence? dare you be ſo bold? —
' Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty ſovereign.

Noiſe of a crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.

* Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the king ſhall know your mind. — *Speaking to thoſe within.*
Dread lord, the commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs falſe Suffolk ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair England's territories,
' They will by violence tear him from your palace,
* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They ſay, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
' They ſay, in him they fear your highneſs' death;
' And mere inſtinct of love, and loyalty, —
' Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
' As being thought to contradict your liking, —
' Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
* They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,
* That, if your highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
* And charge—that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
* In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
* Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
* Were there a ſerpent ſeen, with forked tongue,
* That ſlily glided towards your majeſty,
* It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;

* Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
* The mortal worm[4] might make the ſleep eternal:
* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
* That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
* From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe Suffolk is;
* With whoſe envenomed and fatal ſting,
* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
* They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, my lord of Saliſbury.

SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their ſovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhow how quaint an orator[5] you are:
But all the honour Saliſbury hath won,
Is — that he was the lord ambaſſador,
Sent from a ſort[6] of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS. [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, or we'll all break in.

' K. HEN. Go, Saliſbury, and tell them all from me,
' I thank them for their tender loving care:

[4] *The* mortal worm ——] i. e. the *fatal*, the *deadly* worm. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" This news is *mortal* to the queen."

Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander ſays, when he takes off the aſpicks from the young princes:

" How now, proud *worms*? how taſtes yon princes' blood?"

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *how* quaint *an orator* —] *Quaint* for *dextrous*, *artificial*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " — a ladder *quaintly* made of cords." MALONE.

[6] —— *a ſort* ——] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— ruſſet-pated choughs, many in *ſort*." STEEVENS.

' And had I not been 'cited ſo by them,
' Yet did I purpoſe as they do entreat;
' For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy
' Miſchance unto my ſtate by Suffolk's means.
' And therefore, — by his majeſty I ſwear,
' Whoſe far unworthy deputy I am, —
' He ſhall not breathe infection in this air [7]
' But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

' Q. MAR. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

' K. HEN. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

' No more, I ſay; if thou doſt plead for him,
' Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.
' Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
' But, when I ſwear, it is irrevocable: —
' If, after three days' ſpace, thou here be'ſt found
' On any ground that I am ruler of,
' The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life. —
' Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
' I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* K. HENRY. WARWICK, *Lords*, &c.

' Q. MAR. Miſchance, and ſorrow, go along with you! [8]
' Heart's diſcontent, and ſour affliction,
' Be playfellows to keep you company!
' There's two of you; the devil make a third!
' And threefold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

[7] *He ſhall not breathe infection in this air* —] That is, he ſhall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. MALONE.

[8] *Miſchance, and ſorrow*, &c.] In the original play the queen is ſtill more violent:

" Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you! "

MALONE.

* SUF. Ceaſe, gentle queen, theſe execrations,
* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
' Q. MAR. Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch!
' Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemies?
SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,[9]
' I would invent as bitter-ſearching terms,
* As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
' With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome cave:
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words;
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one diſtract;
Ay, every joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban:

[9] *Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering ſuch unwelcome violence, the practice of thoſe who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a ſtring to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan diſcharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

The ſame alluſion occurs in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, by Randolph:

" This is the *mandrake's voice* that *undoes me.*" STEEVENS.

Bulleine in his Bulwarke of Defence againſt Sickneſſe, &c. fol. 1579, p. 41, ſpeaking of Mandragora ſays — "They doe affyrme that this herbe eommeth of the ſeede of ſome convicted dead men: and alſo without the death of ſome lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's uſe. Therefore they did tye ſome dogge or other lyving beaſt unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compaſſe rouod about, and in the meane tyme ſtopped their own eares for feare of the terreble ſhriek and cry of this Mandrack. In whych cry it doth not ooly dye itſelfe, but the feare thereof killeth the dogge or beaſt whyeh pulleth it out of the earth. REED.

And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink! *
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt that they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of cypreſs trees! [3]
Their chiefeſt proſpect, murdering baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards' ſtings! [4]
Their muſick, frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs;
And boding ſcritch-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—

Q. MAR. Enough, ſweet Suffolk; thou torment'ſt thyſelf;
* And theſe dread curſes — like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
* Or like an overcharged gun, — recoil,
* And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave! [5]
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

* —— *Poiſon be their drink!*] Moſt of theſe execrations are uſed, in the very words of Shakſpeare, by Lee, in his *Cæſar Borgia*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

[3] — *of* cypreſs *trees!*] *Cypreſs* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *murdering* baſiliſks! —— lizards' *ſtings!*] It has been ſaid of the *baſiliſk* that it has the power of deſtroying by a ſingle glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no ſting, but is quite inoffenſive. STEEVENS.

See p. 266, n. 9. MALONE.

[5] *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?*] This inconſiſtency is very common in real life. Thoſe who are vexed to impatience, are angry to ſee others leſs diſturbed than themſelves, but when others begin to rave, they immediately ſee in them what they could not find in themſelves, the deformity and folly of uſeleſs rage. JOHNSON.

* Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, ceaſe! Give
me thy hand,[6]
* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
* To waſh away my woeful monuments.
' O, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand;
[*kiſſes his hand.*
* That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the ſeal,
' Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for
thee![7]
' So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
' 'Tis but ſurmis'd whilſt thou art ſtanding by,
* As one that ſurfeits thinking on a want.
' I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
' Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf:
* And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
* Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone. —
* O, go not yet! — Even thus two friends con-
demn'd
* Embrace, and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
* Lother a hundred times to part than die.

[6] *O, let me entreat thee*, &c.] Inſtead of the firſt four lines of this ſpeech, we find in the old play theſe, which Shakſpeare has availed himſelf of elſewhere:

"No more, ſweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;
"Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
"I'll have an Irith [Iris] that ſhall find thee out."

MALONE.

[7] *That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the ſeal,*
Through whom a thouſand ſighs &c.] That by the impreſſion of my kiſs for ever remaining on thy hand thou mighteſt think on thoſe lips through which a thouſand ſighs will be breathed for thee.

JOHNSON.

See the ſong introduced in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"But my *kiſſes* bring again,
"*Seals* of love, but ſeal'd in vain."

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in ſeveral places. There is no trace of it in the old play. MALONE.

* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times baniſhed,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
* A wilderneſs is populous enough,
* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
* For where thou art, there is the world itſelf,
* With every ſeveral pleaſure in the world;
* And where thou art not, deſolation.
* I can no more:— Live thou to joy thy life;
* Myſelf no joy in nought, but that thou liv'ſt.

Enter VAUX.

' Q. MAR. Whither goes Vaux ſo faſt? what news, I pr'ythee?
' VAUX. To ſignify unto his majeſty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
' For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
' That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
' Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
' Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghoſt
' Were by his ſide; ſometime, he calls the king,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
* The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul:[8]
' And I am ſent to tell his majeſty,
' That even now he cries aloud for him.

[8] *And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,*
The ſecrets &c.] The firſt of theſe lines is in the old play. The ſecond is unqueſtionably our author's. The thought appears to have ſtruck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth:*
" —— Infected minds
" To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets."
MALONE.

' Q. MAR. Go, tell this heavy meſſage to the king. [*Exit* Vaux.
' Ah me! what is this world? what news are theſe?[9]
' But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs,[8]
' Omitting Suffolk's exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
' Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
' And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears;
' Theirs for the earth's increaſe,[3] mine for my ſorrows?
' Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'ſt is coming;
' If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
' SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
' And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
' As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

[9] *Ah me! what is this world? what news are theſe?*] Inſtead of this line, the quarto reads:

" Oh! what is wordly pomp? all men muſt die,
" And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *at an hour's poor loſs,*] She means, I believe, at a loſs which any hour ſpent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to ſupply. Or perhaps ſhe may call the ſickneſs of the cardinal the loſs of an hour, as it may put ſome ſtop to her ſchemes. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to think that the queen intends to ſay, " Why do I lament a circumſtance, the impreſſion of which will paſs away in the ſhort period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loſs of Suffolk my affection for whom no time will efface?" MALONE.

[3] —— *for the earth's* increaſe,] See Vol. VII. p. 49, n. 6. MALONE.

Where, from thy ſight,[2] I ſhould be raging mad,
' And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes,
' To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth;
' So ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul,[3]
' Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liv'd in ſweet Elyſium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
' Q. MAR. Away! though parting be a fretful
corroſive,[4]
' It is applied to a deathful wound.
' To France, ſweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
' For whereſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[5] that ſhall find thee out.

[2] Where, *from thy ſight,*] In the preambles of almoſt all the ſtatutes made during the firſt twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed inſtead of *whereas*. It is ſo uſed here. MALONE.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age" &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 228, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *turn my flying ſoul,*] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this paſſage in his *Eloiſa to Abelard*, where he makes that votariſt of exquiſite ſenſibility ſay:

" See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
" Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Away! though parting be a fretful* corroſive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I ſuppoſe, pronounced *corſive*; and the metre ſhows that it ought to be ſo printed here. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

' His ſon diſtreſt, a *corſive* to his heart."

Again, in *The Alchymiſt*, by Ben Jonſon, 1610:

" Now do you ſee that ſomething's to be done
" Beſide your beech-coal and your *corſive* waters."

Again, in an *Ode* by the ſame:

" I ſend out balms nor *corſives* to your wound."

MALONE.

[5] *I'll have an Iris* ——] Iris was the meſſenger of Juno. JOHNSON

Wor. See, how the pangs of death do make him grim.
Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
K.Henry. Lives he so long, to die so well? O God!

SHAKSPEARE.
Second Part of
King Henry VI.
ACT III SCENE III

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him.

SUF. I go.
Q. MAR. And take my heart with thee.[5]
SUF. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'ſt caſk
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. MAR. This way for me.
[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal* Beaufort's *Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY,[6] SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and Others. The* Cardinal *in bed; Attendants with him.*

* K. HEN. How fares my lord?[7] ſpeak, Beaufort, to thy ſovereign.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:
" —— this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
" The many-colour'd *Iris* ——" STEEVENS.

[5] *And take my heart with thee.*] I ſuppoſe, to complete the verſe, we ſhould read:
—— *along* with thee.
So, in *Hamlet*:
" And he to England ſhall *along* with thee." STEEVENS.

[6] *Enter King Henry*, &c.] The quarto offers the following ſtage directions. *Enter King and Saliſbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is diſcovered in his bed, raving and ſtaring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

This deſcription did not eſcape our author, for he has availed himſelf of it elſewhere. See the ſpeech of Vaux in p. 284. MALONE.

[7] *How fares my lord?* &c.] This ſcene, and that in which the dead body of the duke of Gloſter is deſcribed, are deſervedly admired. Having already ſubmitted to the reader the lines on which the former ſcene is founded, I ſhall now ſubjoin thoſe which gave riſe to that before us:

' CAR. If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure, [8]

" *Car.* O death, if thoo wilt let me live but one whole year,
" I'll give thee as much gold as will purchaſe ſuch another iſland.
" *King.* O ſee, my lord of Saliſbury, how he is troubled.
" Lord Cardiual, remember, Chriſt muſt have thy ſoul.
" *Car.* Why, dy'd he not in his bed?
" What would you have me to do then?
" Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
" Sirrah, go fetch me the ſtrong poiſon, which
" The 'pothecary ſent me.
" O, ſee where duke Humphrey's ghoſt doth ſtand,
" And ſtares me in the face! Look; look; comb down his hair.
" So oow, he's gone againu. Oh, oh, oh.
" *Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.
" *King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou dieſt aſſured of heavenly bliſs,
" Hold up thy hand, and make ſome ſigu to me.

[*The Cardinal dies.*

" O ſee, he dies, and makes no ſigo at all.
" O God, forgive his ſoul!
" *Sal.* So bad ao end did never oone behold;
" But as his death, ſo was his life in all.
" *King.* Forbear to judge, good Saliſbury, forbear;
" For God will judge us all. Go take him heoce,
" And ſee his funeral be perform'd." [*Exeunt.* MALONE.

[8] *If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure*, &c.] The following paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70, b. ſuggeſted the correſpondiog lines to the author of the old play: "During theſe doynges, Henry Beaofford, biſhop of Wiochefter, aod called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde. — This man was — haut in ſtomach and hygh in couotenaoce, ryche above meaſure of all men, and to fewe liberal; diſdayoful to his kynoe, and dreadful to his lovers. His coveious inſaciable and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, aod hymſelfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctor John Baker, his previe counſailer and his chapellan, wrote, that lying on his death-bed, he ſaid theſe words. 'Why ſhould I dye, having ſo muche riches? If the whole realme would lave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will mooey do nothyoge? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought

' Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
' So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
* K. HEN. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
* When death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
* WAR. Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.
* CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
' Died he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no? [9]—
* O! torture me no more, I will confeſs.—
' Alive again? then ſhow me where he is;
' I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him.—
* He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.[a]—
' Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
' Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul!—
' Give me ſome drink; and bid the apothecary
' Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
* K. HEN. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
* O, beat away the buſy meddling fiend,
* That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
* And from his boſom purge this black deſpair!

my ſelfe halfe up the whele, but when I ſawe myne other nephew of Glouceſter diſceaſed, then I thought my ſelfe able to be equal with kinges, and ſo thought to increaſe my treaſure in hope to have worne a trypple croune. But I ſe nowe the worlde fayleth me, and ſo I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me." MALONE.

[9] *Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?*] So, in *K. John*:
" We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
" Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
" Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
" Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?" MALONE.

[a] *He hath no eyes*, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
" Which thou doſt glare with." MALONE.

' WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin.
* SAL. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
* K. HEN. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good plea-
ſure be!
' Lord cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
' Hold up thy hand,[3] make ſignal of thy hope.—
' He dies, and makes no ſign; O God, forgive
him!
' WAR. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
' K. HEN. Forbear to judge,[4] for we are ſinners
all.—
' Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe;
' And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*[5]

[3] *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the ſpurious play of *King John*, 1591, Pandulph ſees the king dying, and ſays:

" Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
" *Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive."

Again:

" *Lift up thy hand*, that we may witneſs here,
" Thou dieſt the ſervant of our Saviour Chriſt;—
" Now joy betide thy ſoul!" STEEVENS.

When a dying perſon is incapable of ſpeech, it is uſual (in the church of Rome) previous to the adminiſtration of the ſacraments, to obtain ſome *ſign* that he is deſirous of having them adminiſtered. The paſſage may have an alluſion to this practice. C.

[4] *Forbear to judge*, &c.]

" Peccantes culpâte cave, nam labimur omnes,
" Aut ſumus, aut fuimus, vel poſſumus eſſe quod hic eſt."
JOHNSON.

[5] *Exeunt.*] This is one of the ſcenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices ſhall ceaſe, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. Theſe are beauties that riſe out of nature and of truth; the ſuperficial reader cannot miſs them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. *The Sea-ſhore near* Dover.[6]

Firing heard at ſea.[7] *Then enter from a boat, a* Captain, *a* Maſter, *a* Maſter's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and Others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and other Gentlemen priſoners.*

* CAP. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day[8]
* Is crept into the boſom of the ſea;

[6] The circumſtance on which this ſcene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his Chronicle:—"But fortune wold not that this flagitious perſon [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was baniſhed from England for five years] ſhoulde ſo eſcape; for when he ſhipped in Suffolk, entendynge to be tranſported into Fraonce, he was encountered with a ſhippe of warre appertenyng to the Duke of Exceſter, the Conſtable of the Towre of London, called *the Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the ſame bark with ſmall fight entered into the duke's ſhyppe, and perceyving his perſon preſent, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one ſyde of a cocke-bote, cauſed his head to be ſtrykeo of, and left his body with the head upoo the ſandes of Dover; which corſe was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

See the *Paſton Letters*, publiſhed by Sir John Fenn, ſecond edit. Vol. I. p. 38, Letter X, in which this event is more circumſtantially related. STEEVENS.

[7] *Firing heard at ſea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonſon was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morniſe in *The Silent Woman*. "Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fights at ſea*, drum, trumpet, and farger."

STEEVENS.

[8] *The gaudy*, blabbing, *and* remorſeful *day*—] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquiſitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, conſiders darkneſs as a natural ſhelter, and makes night the confidante of thoſe actions which cannot be truſted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

* And now loud-howling wolves arouſe the jades
* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
* Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
* Clip dead men's graves,[a] and from their miſty jaws
* Breathe ſoul contagious darkneſs in the air.
* Therefore, bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize;
* For, whilſt our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
* Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand,
* Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.—
' Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;—

Remorſeful is pitiful. So, in *The Two Gentleman of Verona:*

" —— a gentleman,
" Valiant, wiſe, *remorſeful*, well accompliſh'd."

The ſame idea occurs in *Macbeth:*

" Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

This ſpeech is an amplification of the following one in the firſt part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600:

" Bring forward theſe priſoners that ſcorn'd to yield;
" Unlade their goods with ſpeed, and *ſink their ſhip*.
" Here maſter, this priſoner I give to you,
" This other the maſter's mate ſhall have;
" And Walter Whickmore, thou ſhalt have this man;
" And let them pay their ranſome ere they paſs.
" *Suff.* Walter!" [*he ſtarteth.*

Had Shakſpeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwiſe obtained, his lines might have been mutilated, or imperfectly repreſented; but would a new circumſtance (like that of *ſinking* Suffolk's *ſhip*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyiſt?—On the other hand, if Shakſpeare new modelled the work of another, ſuch a circumſtance might well be *omitted*. MALONE.

[a] —— *the jades*
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves,] The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is ſuppoſed, by Shakſpeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 112, n. 9. MALONE.

See alſo *Cymbeline*, A&II. ſc. ii. Vol. XIX. STEEVENS.

' And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
' The other. [*pointing to* Suffolk,] Walter Whitmore, is thy ſhare.
' 1. GENT. What is my ranſom, maſter? let me know.
' MAST. A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.
' MATE. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
* CAP. What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
* And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
* Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you ſhall;
* The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,
* Cannot be counterpois'd with ſuch a petty ſum.[3]

[3] *The lives of thoſe* &c.] The old copy (from which ſome deviation, for the ſake of obtaining ſenſe, was neceſſary) has—

" The lives *of thoſe* which we have loſt in fight,
" Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a pettie ſum."

Mr. Malone reads—

" The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight!
" *Cannot* he counterpois'd with ſuch a petty ſum."

But every reader will obſerve that the laſt of theſe lines is incumbered by a ſuperfluous foot. I conceive, that the paſſage originally ſtood as follows:

" The lives of thoſe we have loſt in fight, cannot
" Be counterpoiz'd with ſuch a petty ſum." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that a line has been loſt, preceding—" The lives of thoſe," &c. and that this ſpeech belongs to *Whitmore;* for it is inconſiſtent with what the captain ſays afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no aſſiſtance. The word now added is neceſſary to the ſenſe, and is a leſs innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can thoſe lives*, &c.

The emendation made in this paſſage, (which was written by Shakſpeare, there being no trace of it in the old play,) is ſupported by another in *Coriolanus*, in which we have again the ſame expreſſion, and nearly the ſame ſentiments:

" The man I ſpeak of *cannot* in the world
" *Be* ſingly *counterpois'd.*" MALONE.

* 1. GENT. I'll give it, ſir; and therefore ſpare my life.

* 2. GENT. And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.

' WHIT. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
' And therefore, to revenge it, ſhalt thou die;
[*to* Suf.
' And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.

* CAP. Be not ſo raſh; take ranſom, let him live.

' SUF. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;[4]
' Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.

' WHIT. And ſo am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.
' How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?

' SUF. Thy name affrights me,[5] in whoſe ſound is death.
' A cunning man did calculate my birth,

The difference between the Captain's preſent and ſucceeding ſentiments may be thus accounted for. Here, he is only ſtriving to intimidate his priſoners into a ready payment of their ranſom. Afterwards his natural diſpoſition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraidings of Suffolk. STEEVENS.

[4] *Look on my* George,] In the firſt edition it is *my ring*. WARBURTON.

Here we have another proof of what has been already ſo often obſerved. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ranſom of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thouſand crowns. MALONE.

[5] *Thy name affrights me,*] But he had heard his name before, without being ſtartled by it. In the old play, as ſoon as ever the captain has conſigned him to "*Walter Whickmore,*" Suffolk *immediately* exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore aſks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, "It is thy name affrights me."—Our author has here, as in ſome other places, fallen into an impropriety, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. MALONE.

' And told me—that by *Water*[6] I ſhould die:
' Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded
Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.

' WHIT. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
' Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,[7]
' But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot;
' Therefore, when merchantlike I ſell revenge,
' Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
' And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*lays hold on* Suffolk.

' SUF. Stay, Whitmore; for thy priſoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

' WHIT. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

SUF. Ay but theſe rags are no part of the duke;

[6] —— *by* Water—] So, in queen Margaret's letter to this duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton:

" I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou doſt paſs,
" Never the ſea yet half ſo dangerous was,
" And one foretold, by *water* thou ſhould'ſt die," &c.

A note on theſe lines ſays, " The witch of Eye received anſwer from her ſpirit, that the duke of Suffolk ſhould take heed of *water*." See the fourth ſcene of the firſt act of this play.

STEEVENS.

[7] *Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour* &c,] This and the following lines are founded on theſe two in the old play:

" And therefore ere I merchant-like ſell blood for gold,
" Then *caſt me headlong down into the ſea*.

The new image which Shakſpeare has introduced into this ſpeech, " ——— my arms torn and defac'd," —is found alſo in *King Richard II*:

" From my own windows *torn my houſehold coat*,
" Raz'd out my impreſs; leaving me no ſign,—
" Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
" To ſhow the world I am a gentleman."

See the notes on that paſſage. Vol. XII. p. 82, n. 2, and 3.

MALONE.

Jove ſometime went diſguis'd, And why not I?[8]
CAP. But Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.
' SUF. Obſcure and lowly ſwain,[9] king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaſter,
' Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom.[2]
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrup?
' Bareheaded plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
' And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
' How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
' Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
' When I have feaſted with queen Margaret?
' Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fall'n;
' Ay, and abiay this thy abortive pride:[3]

[8] *Jove ſometime went diſguis'd*, &c.] This verſe is omitted in all but the firſt old edition, [quarto 1600,] without which what follows is not ſenſe. The next line alſo:

Obſcure and lowly ſwain, king Henry's blood,

was falſely put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

[9] ——— lowly *ſwain*,] The folio reads—*lowſy ſwain*. STEEVENS.

The quarto *lowly*. In a ſubſequent paſſage the folio has the word right:

By ſuch a *lowly* vaſſal as thyſelf.

Lowſy was undoubtedly an errour of the preſs. MALONE.

[2] —— *a* jaded *groom*.] I ſuppoſe he means a low fellow, fit only to attend upon horſes; which in our author's time were frequently termed *jades*. The original play has *jady*, which conveys this meaning (the only one that the words ſeem to afford,) more clearly, *jaded* being liable to an equivoque. *Jaded* groom, however, may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthleſs as the moſt paltry kind of horſe.

So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" —— if we live thus tamely,
" To be thus *jaded* by a piece of ſcarlet,"—. MALONE.

A *jaded* groom may ſignify a groom who has hitherto been treated with no greater ceremony than a horſe. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too ſoon, pride ſhuing before its time. JOHNSON.

* How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
* And duly waited for my coming forth?
' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
' And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.[4]
* WHIT. Speak, captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?
* CAP. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
* SUF. Baſe ſlave! thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
' CAP. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's ſide
' Strike off his head.
SUF. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.[5]
CAP. Yes, Poole
SUF. Poole?

[4] —— charm thy *riotous* toogue.] i. e. reſtrain thy licentious talk; compel thee to be ſilent. See. Vnl. IX. p. 326. n. 2 and Mr. Steeven's note in *Othello*, Act V. ſc. ult. where Iago uſes the ſame expreſſioo. It occurs frequently io the books of our author's age. MALONE.

Again, in the Third Part of this Play, Act V. ſc. iii:
" Peace, willful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Thou dar'ſt not* &c.] In the quarto editioo the paſſage ſtands thus:
Suf. Thou dar'ſt oot for thy owu.
Cap. Yes, Pole?
Suf. Pole?
Cap. Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, ſink and dirt,
I'll ſtop that yawoing mouth of thine.
I think the two intermediate ſpeeches ſhould be ioſerted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetitioo of *Poole*, &c. STEEVENS.
It is clear from what follows that theſe ſpeeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakſpeare, but accidentally omitted at the preſs. I have therefore reſtored them. MALONE.

CAP. Poole? Sir Poole? lord? [6]
' Ay, kennel, puddle, ſink; whoſe filth and dirt
' Troubles the ſilver ſpring where England drinks.
' Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
' For ſwallowing [7] the treaſure of the realm:
' Thy lips, that kiſs'd the queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
' And thou that ſmil'dſt at good duke Humphrey's death, [8]
' Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain, [9]
* Who, in contempt, ſhall hiſs at thee again: [1]

[6] *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The diſſnoaoee of this brokeo line makes it almoſt certaio that we ſhould read with a kiod of ludicrous climax:

Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, *kennel*, *puddle*. JOHNSON.

[7] For *ſwallowing* —] He means, perhaps, ſo as to prevent thy ſwallowing, &c. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: " —he is now in huckſter's handling *for* running away." I have met with many other inſtances of this kind of phraſeology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true ooe. MALONE.

[8] *And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good duke Humphrey's death*, &c.] This enumeration of Suffolk's crimes ſeems to have beeo ſuggeſted by *The Mirrour of Magiſtrates*, 1575, *Legend of William de la Pole*:

" And led me back again to Dover road,
" Where *unto me recounting all my faults*,—
" As murthering of duke Humphrey in his bed,
" And how I had brought all the realm to nought,
" Cauſing the king unlawfully to wed,
" There was no grace but I muſt loſe my head."

MALONE.

[9] —— *ſhall grin in vain*,] From hence to the end of this ſpeech is ondoubtedly the original compoſition of Shakſpeare, no traces of it being fnund in the elder play. MALONE.

[1] —— *the ſenſeleſs* winds ——
Who, in contempt, *ſhall* hiſs *at thee again:*] The ſame worthleſs image occurs alſn io *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——— the *winds*
" Who, oothing hurt withal, *hiſs'd* him in ſcoro."

STEEVENS.

* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
* For daring to affy[2] a mighty lord
* Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king,
* Having neither ſubject, wealth, nor diadem.
* By deviliſh policy art thou grown great.
* And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
* With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
* By thee, Anjou and Maine were ſold to France:
* The falſe revolting Normans, thorough thee,
* Diſdain to call us lord; and Picardy
* Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpriz'd our forts,
* And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
* The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
* Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain,—
* As hating thee, are riſing[3] up in arms:
* And now the houſe of York—thruſt from the crown,
* By ſhameful murder of a guiltleſs king,
* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
* Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
* Advance our half-fac'd ſun,[4] ſtriving to ſhine,
* Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*

[2] —— *to* affy——] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton:*

"In bands of wedlock did to me *affy*
"A lady," &c.

Again, in the 17th Song of *The Polyolbion:*

"—— the Almaine emperor's bride
"Which after to the earl of Anjou was *affy'd.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— are *riſing*—] Old Copy—*and* riſing. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] —— *whoſe hopeful colours*
Advance our half-fac'd ſun.] "Edward III. bare for his deviee the rays of the ſun diſperſing themſelves out of a cloud." Camden's *Remaines.* MALONE.

* The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
* Is crept into the palace of our king,
* And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
* SUF. O that I were a god, to ſhoot forth thunder
* Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges!
* Small things make baſe men proud: ' this villain here,
' Being captain of a pinnace,[5] threatens more
' Than Bargulus the ſtrong Illyrian pirate.[6]
' Drones ſuck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.

[5] *Being captain of a* pionace,] A *pinnace* did oot anciently ſignify, as at preſent, a mau of war's boat, but a ſhip of ſmall burthen. So, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118: " The king (James I.) naming the great ſhip, Trade's Increaſe; and ibe prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her), Pepper-corn."
STEEVENS.

The complement of men on board a pinnace (or *ſpyner*) was about twenty five. See *Paſton Letters*, Vol. I. p. 159. HENLEY.

[6] *Than Bargulus the ſtrong Illyrian pirate.*] Mr. Theobald ſays, " This wight I have-not been able to trace, or diſcover from what legend our author derived his aequaintance with him." And yet he is to be met with in *Tully's Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompus's Hiſtory*: " *Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo eſt apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.*" Lib. II. cap. xi.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer obſerves that Shakſpeare might have met with this pirate in two tranſlations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him " Bargulus, a pirate upon the ſee of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimoald, about twenty-three yeais afterwards, " Bargulus, the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance io the quarto; but we have another hero in his room. The Captain, ſays Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues thao mighty *Abradas*,
The great Macedoniao pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is meotioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601:

" *Abradas* tbe great Macedoniao pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare ſayles io the ocean." STEEVENS.

Here we ſee another proof of what has beeo before ſuggeſted. See p. 229, o. 7; aod p. 294, n. 4 MALONE.

' It is impoſſible, that I ſhould die
' By ſuch a lowly vaſſal as thyſelf.
' Thy words move rage, and not remorſe, in me :[7]
' I go of meſſage from the queen to France;
' I charge thee, waft me ſafely croſs the channel.

' CAP. Walter,—

' WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

* SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus :*[8] —'tis thee I fear.

[7] *Thy words move rage, and not remorſe, in me :*] This line Shakſpeare has injudiciouſly taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk; for what *remorſe*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to ſhow to his *aſſailant*; whereas the Captain might with propriety ſay to his *captive*,—thy haughty language exaſperates me, inſtead of exciting my *compaſſion*. MALONE.

Perhaps our author meant (however imperfectly he may have expreſſed himſelf) to make Suffolk ſay—"Your words excite my anger, inſtead of prompting me to ſolicit pity." STEEVENS.

[8] *Gelidus timor occupat artus :*] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I ſuppoſe, of [*pene*] the word that I have ſubſtituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the ſecond folio, and all the modern editors, have eſcaped the difficulty, by ſuppreſſing the word. The meaſure is of little conſequence, for no ſuch line, I believe, exiſts in any claſſick author. Dr. Grey refers us to "Ovid de *Triſt.* 313, and *Metamorph.* 247:" a very wide field to range in; however with ſome trouble I found out what he meant. The line is *not* in Ovid; (nor I believe in any other poet;) but in his *De Triſtibus* Lib. I. El. iii. 113, we find

Navita, confeſſus *gelido* pallore *timorem*,—

and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with theſe lines:

Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*,
Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem. MALONE.

In the eleventh Book of Virgil, Turnus (addreſſing Diances) ſays

——cur ante tubam *tremor occupat artus*?

' WHIT. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear, before I leave thee.

' What, are ye daunted now? now will ye ſtoop?

' 1. GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, ſpeak him fair.

' SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,

' Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

' Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe

' With humble ſuit: no, rather let my head

' Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any,

' Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:

' And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,

' Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

* True nobility is exempt from fear:—

* More can I bear, than you dare execute. [9]

' CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

' SUF. Come, ſoldiers, ſhow what cruelty ye can, [a]

This is as near, I conceive, to Suffolk's quotation, as either of the paſſages already produced. Yet, ſomewhere, in the wide expanſe of Latin Poetry, ancient and modern, the very words in queſtion may hereafter be detected.

Pene, the gem which appears to have illumioated the dreary mioe of collatioo, is beheld to ſo little advantage above-ground, that I am content to leave it where it was diſcovered. STEEVENS.

[9] *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" —— I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,)
" To endure more miſeries, and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *Othello*:

" Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
" As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

[a] *Come, ſoldiers, ſhow what cruelty ye can,*] In the folio this line is given to the Captain by the careleſſneſs of the printer or tranſcriber. The preſent regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburtoo. See the latter part of note 8, p. 295. MALONE.

' That this my death may never be forgot!—
' Great men oft die by vile bezonians:[3]
' A Roman ſworder[4] and banditto ſlave,
' Murder'd ſweet Tully; Brutus' baſtard hand[5]
' Stabb'd Julius Cæſar; ſavage iſlanders,
' Pompey the great:[6] and Suffolk dies by pirates.
Exit SUF. *with* Whitmore *and others.*

Surely (as has been ſuggeſted) this line belongs to the next ſpeech.' No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without ſuch an introduction, there is an obſcure abruptneſs in the beginning of Suffolk's reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *bezonians:*] See a note on the 2d part of *King Henry IV.* Act V. ſc. iii. Vol. XIII:

Biſognoſo, is a mean low man.

So, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

" — If he come to me like your *Beſognio*, or your boor."

Again, in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, p. 4:

" The ordinary tillers of the earth, ſuch as we call huſbandmen; in France peaſants, in Spain *beſonyaas*, and generally the cloutſhoe." STEEVENS.

[4] *A Roman ſworder* &c.] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popillus Laenas, tribune of the ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Brutus'* baſtard *hand* —] Brutus was the ſon of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

[6] *Pompey the great:*] The poet ſeems to have confounded the ſtory of Pompey with ſome other. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance might be advanced as a ſlight proof, in aid of many ſtronger, that our poet was no claſſical ſcholar. Such a one could not eaſily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Pompey, however, is not in the quarto. Spenſer likewiſe abounds with deviations from eſtabliſhed hiſtory and fable. STEEVENS.

Pompey being killed by Achillas and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fiſhing-boat in which they were, reached the coaſt, and his head being thrown into the ſea, (a circumſtance which Shakſpeare found in North's tranſlation of Plutarch,) his miſtake does not appear more extraordinary than ſome others which have been remarked in his works.

CAP. And as for theſe whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
Exeunt all but the firſt Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* Suffolk's *body*.

' WHIT. There let his head and lifeleſs body lie,
' Until the queen his miſtreſs bury it.' [*Exit.*
' 1. GENT. O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
' His body will I bear unto the king:
' If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
' So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakſpeare's additions to the old play: This may account for the claſſical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines ſtand thus:

" A fworder, and baoditto ſlave
" Murdered ſweet Tully;
" Brutus' baſtard hand ſtabb'd Julius Cæſar,
" And Suffolk dies by pirates on the ſeas." MALONE.

' *There let his head* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto gives us the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the queen,
" And ranſomleſs this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe delivered into her. STEEVENS.

See p. 300, n. 6, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

See Sir John Feon's Collection of *The Paſton Letters*, Vol. I. p. 40. HENLEY.

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis *and* John Holland.

' GEO. Come, and get thee a ſword,[8] though made ' of a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

' JOHN. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

' GEO. I tell thee,[9] Jack Cade the clothier means ' to dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a ' new nap upon it.

JOHN. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in England, ſince gentlemen came up.[a]

* GEO. O miſerable age! Virtue is not regarded * in handycrafts-men.

' JOHN. The nobility think ſcorn to go in lea- ' ther aprons.

* GEO. Nay more, the king's council are no good * workmen.

* JOHN. True; and yet it is ſaid,—Labour in

[8] —— *get thee a ſword.*] The quarto reads—Come away *Nick* and *put a long ſtaff in thy pike*, &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, inſtead of "Cade the *clothier*," we have in the quarto "Cade the *dyer* of *Aſhford*." See the notes above referred to. MALONE.

[9] *I tell thee*,] In the original play this ſpeech is introduced more naturally. *Nick* aſks George "Sirra George, what's the matter?" to which George replies, "Why marry, Jack Cade, the *dyer* of Aſhford here," &c. MALONE.

[a] —— *ſince gentlemen* came up.] Thus we familiarly ſay—a faſhion *comes up*. STEEVENS.

* thy vocation: which is as much to ſay, as,—let
* the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore
* ſhould we be magiſtrates.

* GEO. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better
* ſign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

* JOHN. I ſee them! I ſee them! There's Beſt's
* ſon, the tanner of Wingham;—

* GEO. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies,
* to make dog's leather of.

JOHN. And Dick the butcher,[3]—

* GEO. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and
* iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

* JOHN. And Smith the weaver:—

* GEO. *Argo*, their thread of life is ſpun.

* JOHN. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

' CADE. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſup-
' poſed father,—

DICK. Or rather, of ſtealing a cade of herrings.[3] [*Aſide.*

[3] *And Dick the butcher,*] In the firſt copy thus:

Why there's Dick the butcher, and *Robin the ſadler*, and *Will that came a wooing to our Nan laſt Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that ſhould have your parnell, and a great ſort more, is come from Rocheſter and from Maidſtone, and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we muſt all be lords, or ſquires, as ſoon as Jack Cade is king.* See p. 190. n. 8; p. 198, n. 2; p. 294, n. 4, and p. 509 n. 6, MALONE.

[3] —— *a cade of herrings,*] That is, A barrel of herrings. I ſuppoſe the word *keg*, which is now uſed, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

A cade is leſs than a barrel. The quantity it ſhould contain is aſcertained by the accounts of the Celereſs of the Abbey of Berking. "Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng ſhold contene a thouſand

'CADE. —for our enemies ſhall fall before us,[4] 'inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down kings and 'princes,—Command ſilence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer,—

herrings, and a *cade* of herryng ſix hundreth, ſix ſcore to the hundreth," Mon. Ang. I. 83. MALONE.

Naſh ſpeaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books againſt a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrouſly ſays, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the firſt that deviſed to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Praiſe of the Red Herring*, 1599. *Cade*, however, is derived from *Cadus*, Lat. a caſk or barrel. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *our enemies ſhall fall before us*,] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be regulated thus:

Cade. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father, for our enemies ſhall fall before us;——

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inſpired with the ſpirit, &c. TYRWHITT.

In the old play the correſpooding paſſage ſtands thus:

Cade. I John Cade, ſo named *for* my valiancy,—

Dick. Or rather *for* ſtealing of a cade of ſprats.

The tranſpoſition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is ſo plauſible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick's quibbling on the word *of* (which is uſed by Cade, according to the phraſeology of our author's time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick ſignifies—*on account of*,) is ſo much in Shakſpeare's manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words "Or rather of ſtealing," &c. be poſtponed to—"For our enemies ſhall fall before us," Dick then, as at preſent, would aſſert—that Cade is not ſo called on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correſpond ſufficiently with the old play: but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakſpeare, would be deſtroyed. Cade, as the ſpeeches ſtand in the folio, proceeds to aſſign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has ſaid.

[*Of* is uſed again in *Coriolanus*, in the ſenſe which it bears in Cade's ſpeech: — We have been call'd to *of* many." i. e. *by* many. MALONE.

DICK He was an honeſt man, and a good brick-layer. [*Aſide.*

' CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—

' DICK. I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife. [*Aſide.*

' CADE. My wife deſcended of the Lacies.—

DICK. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces. [*Aſide.*

' SMITH. But, now of late, not able to travel with ' her furr'd pack,[4] ſhe waſhes bucks here at home. [*Aſide.*

' CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable houſe.

DICK. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;[5] and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a houſe, but the cage.[6] [*Aſide.*

* CADE. Valiant I am.

* SMITH. 'A muſt needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aſide.*

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aſide.*

[4] ——*furr'd pack,*] A wallet or knapſack of ſkin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—"and now being not able to *occupy* her furred pack,"— under which perhaps "more was meant than meets the ear." MALONE.

[5] ——*the field is honourable*;] Perhaps a quibble between *field* in its heraldic, and in its common acceptation, was deſigned. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*but the cage.*] A cage was formerly a term for a priſon. See Minſheu, in v. We yet talk of jail-*birds*. MALONE.

There is ſcarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, ſtill called *The Cage*. STEEVENS.

CADE. I fear neither ſword nor fire.

SMITH. He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof.[7] [*Aſide.*

DICK. But, methinks, he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for ſtealing of ſheep. [*Aſide.*

CADE. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be, in England, ſeven half-penny loaves ſold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops;[8] and I will make it felony, to drink ſmall beer: all the realm ſhall be in common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my palfry go to graſs. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

ALL. God ſave your majeſty!

'CADE. I thank you, good people: there ſhall 'be no money;[9] all ſhall eat and drink on my

[7] —— *for his coat is of* proof.] A quibble between two ſenſes of the word; one as being able to reſiſt, the other as being *well tried*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

[8] —— *the* three-hoop'd *pot ſhall have ten* hoops;] In *The Gul's Horn-Booke*, a ſatirical pamphlet by Dekar, 1609, *hoops* are mentioned among other drinking meaſures: "—his *hoops*, eans, half-eans," &c. And Naſh, in his *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, ſays: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man ſhould take his *hoope*, and no more."

It appears from a paſſage in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon, that "burning of eans" was one of the offices of a city magiſtrate. I ſuppoſe he means burning ſuch as were not of ſtatutable meaſure. STEEVENS.

An anonymous commentator ſuppoſes, perhaps with more truth, that "the burning of eans" was marking them with a red-hot iron, which is ſtill practiſed by the magiſtrate in many country boroughs, in proof of *their being* ſtatutable meaſure.—Theſe *eans*, it ſhould be obſerved, were of wood. HENLEY.

[9] —— *there ſhall be no money;*] To mend the world by baniſhing money is an old contrivance of thoſe who did not conſider that the quarrels and miſchiefs which ariſe from money, as the ſign or ticket of riches, muſt, if money were to ceaſe, ariſe immediately

'ſcore: and I will apparel them all in one livery, 'that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip 'me their lord.

'DICK. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing,[2] that of the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment? that parchment, being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings: but I ſay, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man ſince. How now? who's there?

Enter ſome, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.[3]

SMITH. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

CADE. O monſtrous!

SMITH. We took him ſetting of boys' copies.[4]

from riches themſelves, and could never be at an end till every-man was contented with his own ſhare of the goods of life.

JOHNSON.

[2] *Is not this a lamentable thing*, &c.] This ſpeech was tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare, it being found in the old play in a ſubſequent ſcene.

MALONE.

[3] "——— *the clerk of Chatham*] The perſon whom Shakſpeare makes clerk of Chatham ſhould ſeem to have been one *Thomas Bayly*, a reputed necromancer, or fortune-teller, at Whitechapel. He had formerly been a boſom friend of Cade's, and of the ſame profeſſion. *W. Wyrceſter*, p. 471. RITSON.

[4] *We took him* &c.] We muſt ſuppoſe that Smith had taken the Clerk ſome time before, and left him in the cuſtody of thoſe who now bring him in. In the old play *Will* the *weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been converſing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith ſhould go out after his ſpeech—ending, "for his coat is of proof:" but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little conſequence.—It is, I think, moſt probable that *Will* was the true name of this character,

CADE. Here's a villain!

SMITH. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

CADE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations,[5] and write court-hand.

'CADE. I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper 'man, on mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, 'he ſhall not die.—Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt ex-'amine thee: What is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They uſe to write it on the top of letters;[6]—'Twill go hard with you.

'CADE. Let me alone: Doſt thou uſe to write 'thy name? or haſt thou a mark to thyſelf, like 'an honeſt plain-dealing man?

'CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my name.

'ALL. He hath confeſs'd: away with him; he's 'a villain, and a traitor.

as in the old play, (ſo Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of ſome low actor, has crept into the folio by miſtake. MALONE.

[5] —— *obligations,*] That is, *bonds.* MALONE.

[6] *They uſe to write it on the top of letters;*] i. e. Of letters miſſive, and ſuch like publick acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata.* WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agincourt*, I find the ſame circumſtance. The archbiſhop of Burges (i. e. Bruges) is the ſpeaker, and addreſſes himſelf to king Henry:

"I beſeech your grace to deliver me your ſafe
"Conduct, under your broad ſeal *Emanuel.*"

The king in anſwer ſays:

"—— deliver him ſafe conduct
"Under our broad ſeal *Emanuel.*" STEEVENS.

' CADE. Away with him, I ſay: hang him with ' his pen and inkhorn about his neck.'

[*Exeunt ſome with the* Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

' MICH. Where's our general?

' CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

' MICH. Fly, fly, fly! ſir Humphrey Stafford and ' his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

' CADE. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee ' down: He ſhall be encounter'd with a man as ' good as himſelf: He is but a knight, is 'a?

' MICH. No.

' CADE. To equal him, I will make myſelf a ' knight preſently; Riſe up ſir John Mortimer, ' Now have at him.'[7]

Enter ſir Humphrey STAFFORD, *and* William *his Brother, with drum and forces.*

* STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
* Home to your cottages, forſake this groom;—
* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

* W. STAF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

[7] —— *have at him*] After this ſpeech the old play has the following words:

— Is there any more of them that be knights?

Tom. Yea, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; riſe up ſir Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.

See p. 294, n. 4, and p. 300, n. 6. MALONE.

* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.
CADE. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves, I paſs not;[8]
It is to you, good people, that I ſpeak,
* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
' STAF. Villain, thy father was a plaſterer;
' And thou thyſelf, a ſhearman, Art thou not?
CADE. And Adam was a gardener.
' W. STAF. And what of that?
CADE. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?
' STAF. Ay, ſir.
CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.
W. STAF. That's falſe.
' CADE. Ay, there's the queſtion; but, I ſay, 'tis true:
' The elder of them, being put to nurſe,
' Was by a beggar-woman ſtol'n away;
' And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
' Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
' His ſon am I; deny it, if you can.
DICK. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he ſhall be king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore, deny it not.

[8] —— *I paſs not;*] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.
So, in Drayton's *Queſt of Cynthia*:
" Transform me to what ſhape you can,
" I *paſs not* what it be." STEEVENS.

* STAF. And will you credit this baſe drudge's words,

* That ſpeaks he knows not what?

* ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. STAF. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

* CADE. He lies, for I invented it myſelf. [*Aſide.*]—Go to, ſirrah, Tell the king from me that—for his father's ſake, Henry the fifth, in whoſe time boys went to ſpan-counter for French crowns,—I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

' DICK. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord ' Say's head, for ſelling the dukedom of Maine.

' CADE. And good reaſon; for thereby is Eng' gland maim'd,[9] and fain to go with a ſtaff, but ' that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow kings, I ' tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the com'. monwealth,[a] and made it an eunuch: and more

[9] —— *is England* maim'd,] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, ſure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the ſame conceit; *Civil Wars*, 1595:

" Anjou and *Maine*, the *maim* that foul appears—."

MALONE.

[a] —— *hath* gelded *the common-wealth*,] Shakſpeare has here tranſgreſſed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*: " Nolo morte dici Africani *caſtratam* eſſe rempublicam." The character of the ſpeaker, however, may countenance ſuch indelicacy. In other places our author, leſs excuſeably, talks of *gelding* purſes, patrimonies, and continents. STEEVENS.

This peculiar expreſſion is Shakſpeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *K. Richard II.* Roſs ſays that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

" Bereft and *gelded of* his patrimony."

' than that, he can ſpeak French, and therefore he
' is a traitor.

' STAF. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

' CADE. Nay, anſwer, if you can: The Frenchmen
' are our enemies: go to then, I aſk but this; Can
' he, that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be
' a good counſellor, or no?

* ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his
* head.

* W. STAF. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
* Aſſail them with the army of the king.

' STAF. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
' Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
' That thoſe, which fly before the battle ends,
' May, even in their wives' and children's ſight,
' Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
' And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, *and forces.*

* CADE. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
* Now ſhow yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
* Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoon;
* For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
* As would (but that they dare not,) take our parts.

* DICK. They are all in order, and march toward us.

So Cade here ſays, that the commonwealth is *bereft of* what it before poſſeſſed, namely, certain provinces in France. MALONE.

* CADE. But then are we in order, when we are
* moſt out of order. Come, march forward.[3]

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords *are ſlain.*

' CADE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Aſhford?

' DICK. Here, ſir.

' CADE. They fell before thee like ſheep and
' oxen, and thou behav'dſt thyſelf as if thou hadſt
' been in thine own ſlaughter-houſe: therefore thus
' will I reward thee,—The Lent ſhall be as long
' again as it is;[4] and thou ſhalt have a licence to
' kill for a hundred lacking one.

' DICK. I deſire no more.

* CADE. And, to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no
* leſs. This monument of the victory will I bear;[5]
* and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe' heels,

[3] —— *Come, march forward.*] In the firſt copy, inſtead of this ſpeech, we have only—Come, Sirs, *St. George for us, and Kent.* See p 229, n. 7; p. 294, n. 4; and p. 300, n. 6. MALONE.

[4] —— *as long* again *as it is;*] The word *again*, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was reſtored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

[5] *This monument of the victory will I bear;*] Here Cade muſt be ſuppoſed to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinſhed:

"Jack Cade, upon his victory againſt the Staffords, apparelled himſelf in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, ſet full of gilt nails, and ſo in ſome glory returned again toward London." STEEVENS.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, who was killed at *Sevenoke* in *Cade's* rebellion, is buried at *Bromſgrove* in *Staffordſhire*. VAILLANT.

* till I do come to London, where we will have the
* mayor's ſword borne before us.
* DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good,[6] break
* open the gaols, and let out the priſoners.
* CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
* let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a ſupplication; the duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and lord* SAY *with him; at a diſtance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

* Q. MAR. Oft have I heard—that grief ſoftens
the mind,
* And makes it fearful and degenerate;
* Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
* But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
* But where's the body that I ſhould embrace?
' BUCK. What anſwer makes your grace to the
' rebels' ſupplication?'

[6] *If we mean to thrive and do good,* &c.] I think it ſhould be read thus, *If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols,* &c. JOHNSON.

The ſpeaker deſigns to ſay—"If we *ourſelves* mean to thrive, and do good *to others*" &c. The old reading is the true one. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *to the rebels' ſupplication?*] "And to the entent that the cauſe of this glorious capitayne comyng thither might be ſhadowed from the king and his counſayll, he ſent to him an humble *ſupplication*, — affirmyng his commyng not be againſt him, but againſt divers of his counſayl," &c. Hall, Henry VI. fol. 77. MALONE.

* K. HEN. I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to entreat:[8]
' For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
' Should periſh by the ſword! And I myſelf,
' Rather than bloody war ſhall cut them ſhort,
' Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
' But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.
* Q. MAR. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
* Rul'd, like a wandering planet,[9] over me;
* And could it not enforce them to relent,
* That were unworthy to behold the ſame?
' K. HEN. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath ſworn to have thy head.
' SAY. Ay, but I hope, your highneſs ſhall have his.
K. HEN. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love,[1] if that I had been dead,

[8] *I'll ſend ſome* holy biſhop *to entreat:*] Here, as in ſome other places, our author has fallen into an inconſiſtency, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. In the old play, the king ſays not a word of ſending any *biſhop* to the rebels; but ſays, he will himſelf come and parly with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. Shakſpeare, in new modelling this ſcene, found in Holinſhed's Chronicle the following words: "—to whome [Cade] were ſent from the king, the *Archbiſhop of Canterburie* and Humphrey duke of Buckingham, to commun with him of his griefs and requeſts." This gave birth to the line before us; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in ſcene viii. only Buckingham and Clifford, *conformably to the old play.* MALONE.

[9] *Rul'd, like a wandering planet,*] Predominated irreſiſtibly over my paſſions, as the planets over the lives of thoſe that are born under their influence JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakſpeare into this ſtrange exhibition; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her boſom, in the preſence of her huſband! MALONE.

[1] *I fear,* my *love,*] The folio has here—I fear *me,* love, which

Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. MAR. No, my love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

* K. HEN. How now! what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

' MES. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

' Jack Cade proclaims himſelf lord Mortimer,
' Deſcended from the duke of Clarence' houſe;
' And calls your grace uſurper, openly,
' And vows to crown himſelf in Weſtminſter.
' His army is a ragged multitude
' Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
' Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
' Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
' All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
' They call—falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

* K. HEN. O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.[3]

' BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth.[4]
' Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

is certainly ſenſe; but as we find "*my* love" in the old play, and theſe lines were adopted without retouching, I ſuppoſe the tranſcriber's ear deceived him. MALONE.

[3] —— *what they do.*] Inſtead of this line, in the old copy we have—

"Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
"An army up, and meet with the rebels." MALONE.

[4] — *retire to* Kenelworth,] The old copy — *Kilhingworth*, which (as Sir William Blackſtone obſerves) is ſtill the modern pronunciation. STEEVENS.

* Q. MAR. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
* Theſe Kentiſh rebels would be ſoon appeas'd.
' K. HEN. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
' Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
' SAY. So might your grace's perſon be in danger;
' The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
' And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
' And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

* 2. MES. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens
* Fly and forſake their houſes:
* The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
* Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear,
* To ſpoil the city, and your royal court.
* BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe.
* K. HEN. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will ſuccour us.
* Q. MAR. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
* K. HEN. Farewel, my lord; [*to lord* Say.] truſt not the Kentiſh rebels.
* BUCK. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd,[5]

In the letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at this place, we find, "the caſtle hath name of *Kyllelingwoorth*; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull ſtory, *Kenelwoorth*." FARMER.

[5] —— be *betray'd*,] *Be*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

'SAY. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
'And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and Others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

SCALES. How now? is Jack Cade ſlain?

1. CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be ſlain; for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them myſelf,
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, *and his followers. He ſtrikes his ſtaff on London-ſtone.*

CADE Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, ſitting upon London-ſtone, I charge and command, that, of the city's coſt, the piſſing-conduit run nothing but claret[6] wine this firſt year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than —lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

SOL. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

[6] —— *the piſſing conduit run nothing but claret* ——] This *piſſing conduit*, I ſuppoſe, was the *Standarde* in Cheape, which, as Stowe relates, "John Wels grocer, maior 1430, cauſed to be made with a ſmall ceſterne for freſh water, *having one cocke continually running.*" "I have wept ſo immoderately and lauiſhly, (ſays Jacke Wiltoo), that I thought verily my palat had bin turned to the *piſſing conduit* in Londoo." *Life*, 1594. RITSON.

Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, it appears to have been borrowed from the French, in whoſe entertainments, as well as our ſtreets, it was ſufficiently familiar, as I learn from a very curious and entertaining work entitled *Hiſtoire de la vie privée des Français*, par M. le Grand D'Auſſi, 3 vols. 8vo. 1782. At a feaſt given by Philippe-le-Boo there was exhibited "une ſtatue de femme, dont les mammelles fourniſſaient de l'hippocras;" and the Roman de Tirant-le-Blanc affords ſuch another circumſtance. "Outre une ſtatue de femme, des mammelles de laquelle jailliſſoit une liqueur, il y avait encore une jeune fille &c. Elle étoit nue, & tenoit ſes mains baiſſées & ſerrées contre ſon corps, comme pour s'en couvrir. *De deſſous ſes mains, il ſortoit une fontaine de vin delicieux*," &c. Again in another feaſt made by the Philippe aforeſaid, in 1453, there was "une ſtatue d'enfant nu, poſé ſur une roche, *& qui, de ſa broquette, piſſoit eau-roſe.*" STEEVENS.

CADE. Knock him down there.[7] [*They kill him.*

* SMITH. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call
* you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair
* warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, firſt, go and ſet London-bridge on fire;[8] and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one ſide, CADE *and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by* Matthew Gough. *They fight; the citizens are routed, and* Matthew Gough[9] *is ſlain.*

CADE. So, ſirs:—Now go ſome and pull down the Savoy;[1] others to the inns of court; down with them all.

[7] *Knock him down there.*] So, in Holinſhed, p. 634: "He alſo put to execution in Southwark diverſe perſons, ſome for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, leſt they ſhould bewraie his baſe linage, diſparaging him for his uſurped ſurname of Mortimer." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *ſet* London-bridge *on fire;*] At that time *London-bridge* was made of wood. "After that, (ſays Hall) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw*-bridge." The houſes on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants periſhed. MALONE.

[9] —— *Matthew Gough* ——] "A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had ſpent his time in ſervice of the king and his father." Holinſhed, p. 635. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *go ſome and* pull down the Savoy;] This trouble had been

DICK. I have a ſuit unto your lordſhip.

CADE. Be it a lordſhip, thou ſhall have it for that word.

' DICK. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth. [3]

' ' JOHN. Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then; [4] for he ' was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not ' whole yet. [*Aſide.*

' SMITH. Nay, John, it will be ſtinking law; for ' his breath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe. [*Aſide.*

' CADE. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. ' Away, burn all the records of the realm; [5] my ' mouth ſhall be the parliament of England.

* JOHN. Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes, * unleſs his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aſide.*

ſaved Cade's reformers by his predeceſſor Wat Tyler. It was never re-ediſyed, till *Henry VII.* founded the hoſpital. RITSON.

[3] — *that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] Tis alludes to what Holioſhed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported, indeed, that he ſhould ſaie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the laws of England ſhould come forth of his mouth.*" TYRWHITT.

[4] —— *'twill be* ſore *law then;*] This poor jeſt has already occurred in *The Tempeſt*, ſcene the laſt:

"You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah? —

"I ſhould have been a *ſore* one then." STEEVENS.

[5] — *Away, burn all the records of the realm;*] Little more than half a century had elapſed from the time of writing this play, before a ſimilar propoſal was actually made in parliament. Biſhop Burnet in his life of Sir Matthew Hale ſays; "Among the other extravagant motions made in this parliament (i. e. one of Oliver Cromwell's) one was to deſtroy all the records in the Tower, and to ſettle the nation on a new foundation; ſo he (Sir M. Hale) took this province to himſelf, to ſhow the madneſs of this propoſition, the injuſtice of it, and the miſchiefs that would follow on it; and did it with ſuch clearneſs and ſtrength of reaſon as not only ſatisfied all ſober perſons (for it may be ſuppoſed that was ſoon done) but ſtopt even the mouths of the frantic people themſelves." REED.

* CADE. And henceforward all things ſhall be
* in common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

' MES. My lord, a prize! a prize! here's the lord
' Say, which ſold the towns in France; * he that
* made us pay one and twenty fifteens,[6] and one
* ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the Lord* SAY.

' CADE. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten
' times. — Ah, thou ſay, thou ſerge,[7] nay, thou
' buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank

[6] —— *one and twenty* fifteens,] "This capteine (Cade) aſſured them — if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cauſe them to be honourably uſed, and take ſuch order for the puniſhing and reformiog of the miſdemeanours of their bad councellours, that neither *fifteens* ſhould hereafter be demanded, nor anie impoſitions or taxes be ſpoken of." Holinſhed. Vol. II. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or perſonal property of each ſubject.
MALONE.

[7] —— *thou* ſay, *thou ſerge*,] *Say* was the old word for *ſilk*: on this depends the ſeries of degradation, from *ſay* to *ſerge*, from *ſerge* to *buckram*. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

"All in a kirtle of diſcolour'd *ſay*
"He clothed was."

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay*:

"And in a kirtle of green *ſay*."

It appears, however, from the following paſſage in *The Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ii, that *ſay* was not *ſilk*:

"His garment neither was of *ſilk* nor *ſay*." STEEVENS.

It appears from Minſheu's DICT. 1617, that *ſay* was a kind of ſerge. It is made entirely of wool. There is a conſiderable manufactory of *ſay* at Sudbury near Colcheſter. This ſtuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet uſed by ſome mechanicks in aprons.
MALONE.

' of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer
' to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto
' mounsieur Basimecu,[9] the dauphin of France? Be
' it known unto thee by these presence, even the
' presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom
' that must sweep the court clean of such filth as
' thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted
' the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-
' school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had
' no other books but the score and the tally, thou
' hast caused printing to be used;[a] and, contrary

[9] —— *mounsieur* Basimecu,] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baisemycu*, or, by a designed corruption, *Basemycu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half English, — "Monsieur *Bussmiecu*." MALONE.

[a] —— *printing to be used;*] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the sixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

"Let there be found two fatal instruments,
"The one to publish, th' other to defend
"Impious contention, and proud discontents;
"Make that *inflamed characters* may send
"Abroad to thousands thousand men's intents;
"And, in a moment, may dispatch much more
"Than could a world of pens perform before."

Shakspeare's absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson who were both scholars, is the following passage:

"Though *cannons* roar, yet you must not be deaf."

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a castle at the same period "with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. STEEVENS.

Mr Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, hath availed himself of this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that

' to the king, his crown, and dignity,[3] thou haſt
' built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face,
that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk
' of a noun, and a verb; and ſuch abominable
' words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear.
' Thou haſt appointed juſtices of peace, to call poor
men before them about matters they were not able
' to anſwer.[4] Moreover, thou haſt put them in
' priſon; and, becauſe they could not read, thou
' haſt hang'd them;[5] when, indeed, only for that
' cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou
' doſt ride on a foot-cloth,[6] doſt thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak,[7] when honeſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corſellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. BLACKSTONE.

[3] —— *contrary to the king, his crown, &c.*] "Againſt the peace of the ſaid lord the now king, his crown, and dignity," is the regular language of indictments. MALONE.

[4] —— *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to anſwer.*] The old Play reads, with more humour, — "to hang honeſt men that *ſteal for their living.*" MALONE.

[5] —— *becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them;*] That is, they were hanged becauſe they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Thou doſt ride on a* foot-cloth,] A *footcloth* was a horſe with houſings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, 1610:

"I have ſeen, ſince my coming to Florence, the ſon of a pedlar mounted on a *footcloth.*" STEEVENS.

A *foot-cloth* was a kind of houſing, which covered the body of the horſe, and almoſt reached the ground. It was ſometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

[7] —— *to let thy horſe wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly

* DICK. And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf,
* for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent, —

DICK. What ſay you of Kent?

' SAY. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.* [8]

' CADE. Away with him, away with him! he ſpeaks Latin.

* SAY. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will.

' Kent, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
' Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle: [9]
' Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches;
' The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
' Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
' I ſold not Maine, I loſt not Normandy;

characteriſtical. Nothing gives ſo much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the ſight of ſuperfluities merely oſtentatious. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds thus:

" *Cade. Bonum terrum*, what's that?
" *Dick.* He ſpeaks French.
" *Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.
" *Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."

Holinſhed has likewiſe ſtigmatized the Kentiſh men, p. 677. " The *Kentiſh-men*, in this ſeaſon (whoſe minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle:*] So, in Cæſar's *Comment.* B. V. " Ex his omnibus ſunt humaniſſimi qui *Cantium* incoluot." The paſſage is thus tranſlated by Arthur Golding, 1590. " Of all the inhabitants of this iſle, the *civileſt* are the Kentiſhfolke." STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of *The Whole Contention*, &c. probably, and Shakſpeare certainly, had read: " Of all the inhabitants of this iſle the *Kentiſhmen* are the *civileſt*." MALONE.

* Yet, to recover them, [2] would loſe my life.
* Juſtice with favour have I always done;
* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
* Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks,
* Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the king: [3]
* And — ſeeing ignorance is the curſe of God,
* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, —

[2] Yet, *to recover them*, &c.] I ſuſpect that here as in a paſſage in *K. Henry V.* (See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act IV. ſc. iii. Vol. XIII.) *Yet* was miſprinted for *Yea*. MALONE.

[3] *When have I aught exacted at your hands,*
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks,
Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the king.] This paſſage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] ſo as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and, beſides, he gives in the following line another reaſon of his bounty, that learning raiſed him, and therefore he ſupported learning. I am inclined to think Kent ſlipped into this paſſage by chance, and would read:

When have I aught exacted at your hand,
But *to maintain the king, the realm, and you?* JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnſon in believing the word *Kent* to have been ſhuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the paſſage ſtands in the folio, not only declares he had preferred men of learning *to maintain Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you*; for it ſhould be remembered that they are Kentiſh men to whom he is now ſpeaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *ſtrenuouſly reſolved to the utmoſt, to* &c. STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnſon alludes, is that of the folio:

When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts, have I beſtow'd on learned clerks, &c.

I have pointed the paſſage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonſenſe. I ſuſpect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption. MALONE.

* Unleſs you be poſſeſs'd with deviliſh ſpirits,
* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
* For your behoof, —

* CADE. Tut! when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in
* the field?

SAY. Great men have reaching hands: oft have
I ſtruck
* Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.

* GEO. O monſtrous coward! what, to come be-
hind folks?

* SAY. Theſe cheeks are pale for watching [4] for
your good.

* CADE. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will
* make 'em red again.

* SAY. Long ſitting to determine poor men's
cauſes
* Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.

* CADE. Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then,
* and the pap of a hatchet. [5]

[4] —— *for watching* —] That is, in conſequence of watching. So Sir John Davies:

"And ſhuns it ſtill, although *for* thirſt ſhe die."

The ſecond folio and all the modern editions read — *with* watching. MALONE.

[5] —— *the* pap *of a hatchet.*] Old copy — the *help* of a hatchet. But we have here, as Dr. Farmer obſerved to me, a ſtrange corruption. *The help of* a hatchet is little better than nonſenſe, and it is almoſt certain our author originally wrote *pap with* a hatchet; alluding to Lyly's pamphlet with the ſame title, which made its appearance about the time when this play is ſuppoſed to have been written. STEEVENS.

We ſhould certainly read — *the* pap *of a hatchet;* and are much indebted to Dr. Farmer for ſo juſt and happy an emendation. There is no need, however, to ſuppoſe any alluſion to the title of a pamphlet: It has doubtleſs been a cant phraſe. So, in Lyly's *Mother*

' DICK. Why doſt thou quiver, man?[6]

' SAY. The palſy, and not fear, provoketh me.

' CADE. Nay, he nods at us; as who ſhould ſay, ' I'll be even with you. I'll ſee if his head will ' ſtand ſteadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, ' and behead him.

* SAY. Tell me, wherein I have offended moſt?
* Have I affected wealth, or honour; ſpeak?
* Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
* Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
* Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
* Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,[7]
* This breaſt from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
* O, let me live!

Bombie: "— they giue us pap with a ſponne before we can ſpeake and when wee ſpeake for that we loue, *pap with a hatchet.*"

RITSON.

—— *and the* help *of* a *hatchet.*] I ſuppoſe, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a* hatchet) was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio.

MALONE.

[6] *Why doſt thou quiver, man?* &c.] Otway has borrowed this thought, in *Venice preſerved:*

"*Spinoſa.* You are trembling, ſir.,
"*Renault.* 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,
"Full of decay and natural infirmities." STEEVENS.

[7] *Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,*] I formerly imagined that the word *guiltleſs* was miſplaced, and that the poet wrote —

Theſe hands are guiltleſs, free from blood-ſhedding.

But change is unneceſſary. *Guiltleſs* is not an epithet to *blood-ſhedding*, but to *blood*. Theſe hands are free from ſhedding *guiltleſs* or *innocent* blood. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"For then my *guiltleſs blood* muſt cry againſt them."

MALONE.

* CADE. I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words;
* but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an it be but for
* pleading ſo well for his life.[8] Away with him!
* he has a familiar under his tongue;[9] he ſpeaks
* not o'God's name. ' Go, take him away, I ſay,
' and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break
' into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir James Cromer,[a]
' and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon
' two poles hither.

' ALL. It ſhall be done.

* SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
* God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,
* How would it fare with your departed ſouls?
* And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

* CADE. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt ſome, with Lord* SAY.
' The proudeſt peer in the realm ſhall not wear a
' head on his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute;
' there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall

[8] —— *he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo well for his life.*] This ſentiment is not merely deſigned as an expreſſion of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to thoſe of more liberal education and ſuperior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and inſult the eminence which they deſpair to reach.
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *a* familiar *under his tongue;*] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was ſuppoſed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" Love is a *familiar;* there is no angel but love:"
STEEVENS.

[a] —— *Sir James Cromer,*] It was *William Crowmer*, ſheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previouſly ſent to the Tower, and both, or at leaſt the former, convicted of treaſon, at Cade's mock commiſſion of oyer and terminer at Guildhall. See W. Wyreeſter, p. 470. RITSON.

'pay to me her maidenhead[3] ere they have it:
'Men ſhall hold of me *in capite;*[4] and we charge
'and command, that their wives be as free as heart
'can wiſh, or tongue can tell.[5]

'DICK. My lord, when ſhall we go to Cheapſide,
'and take up commodities upon our bills?[6]

[3] ——*ſhall pay to me her maidenhead* &c.] Alluding to an ancient uſage on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called *The Cuſtom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward's note at the beginning of it. See alſo Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet*, &c. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Cowell's account of this cuſtom has received the ſanction of ſeveral eminent antiquaries; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual exiſtence of the cuſtom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackſtone, in his Commentaries, is of opinion it never prevailed in England, though he ſuppoſes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

See Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHIA, 8vo, 1681. in v. *Marcheta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this cuſtom as exiſting in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A. D. 1057. MALONE.

[4] —— *in capite;*] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is anſwerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

[5] —— *or tongue can tell.*] After this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire, and Dick enters with a ſerjeant; i. e. a bailiff; and there is a dialogue conſiſting of ſeventeen lines, of which Shakſpeare has made no uſe whatſoever. MALONE.

[6] —— *take up commodities upon our* bills?] 'Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus in the original play:

"*Nick.* But when ſhall we take up thoſe commodities which
"you told us of?

"*Cade.* Marry, he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſhall take
"up theſe commodities following, item, a gown, a kirtle,
"a petticoat, and a ſmocke."

If *The Whole Contention*, &c. printed in 1600, was an imperfect tranſcript of Shakſpeare's Second and Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* (as it has hitherto been ſuppoſed to be,) we have here another

' CADE. Marry preſently.
' ALL. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of Lord* SAY *and his ſon-in-law.*

' CADE. But is not this braver? — Let them kiſs
' one another,[7] for they loved well, when they were
' alive. Now part them again, leſt they conſult
' about the giving up of ſome more towns in
' France. Soldiers, defer the ſpoil of the city until
' night: for with theſe borne before us, inſtead of
' maces, will we ride through the ſtreets; and, at
' every corner, have them kiſs. — Away! [*Exeunt.*

extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the tranſcriber.— It is obſervable that the equivoque which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but *is* found in Shakſpeare's *Much ado about nothing:*

" *Ber.* We are likely to prove a *good* commodity, being taken up of theſe men's *bills.*

" *Con.* A *commodity* in queſtion, I warrant you."

See Vol VI. p. 311, n. 8. MALONE.

[7] *Let them kiſs one another,*] This is from *The Mirrour of Magiſtrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade:*

" With theſe two heads I made a pretty play,
" For pight on poles I bore them through the ſtrete,
" And for my ſport made *each kiſſe other* ſwete."

FARMER.

It is likewiſe found in Holinſhed, p. 634: " and as it were in a ſpite cauſed them in every ſtreet *to kiſſe* together." STEEVENS.

So alſo in Hall, Henry VI. fol. 78. MALONE.

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his rabblement.*

* CADE. Up Fiſh-ſtreet! down ſaint Magnus'
* corner! kill and knock down! throw them into
* Thames! — [*A parley ſounded, then a retreat.*
* What noiſe is this I hear? Dare any be ſo bold
* to ſound retreat or parley, when I command them
* kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and old* CLIFFORD, *with forces.*

• BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare, and will
diſturb thee:
• Know, Cade, we come ambaſſadors from the king
• Unto the commons, whom thou haſt miſled;
• And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
• That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.
• CLIF. What ſay ye, countrymen?[8] will ye
relent,

[8] Clif. *What ſay ye, countrymen?* &c.] The variation in the original play is worth noting:

" Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
" What means this mutinous rebellion,
" That you in troops do muſter thus yourſelves.
" Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?
" To riſe againſt your ſovereign lord and king,
" Who mildly hath this pardon ſent to you,
" If you forſake this monſtrous rebel here.
" If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
" Then haſte to France, that our forefathers won,
" And win again that thing which now is loſt,
" And leave to ſeek your country's overthrow.
" *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford. [*They forſake* Cade.

' And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you;
' Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
' Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
' Fling up his cap, and ſay — God ſave his majeſty!
' Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
' Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
' Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.
' ALL. God ſave the king! God ſave the king!
' CADE. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye
' ſo brave? — And you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe
' him? will you needs be hang'd with your par-
' dons about your necks? Hath my ſword therefore
' broke through London Gates, that you ſhould leave
' me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought,
' ye would never have given out theſe arms, till you
' had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are
' all recreants, and daſtards; and delight to live in
' ſlavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs
' with burdens, take your houſes over your heads,
' raviſh your wives and daughters before your faces:
' For me, — I will make ſhift for one; and ſo —
' God's curſe 'light upon you all!
' ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.
' CLIF. Is Cade the ſon of Henry the fifth,
' That thus you do exclaim — you'll go with him?
' Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
' And make the meaneſt of you earls and dukes?
' Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
' Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil,
' Unleſs by robbing of your friends, and us.
' Wer't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
' The fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,

Here we have preciſely the ſame verſification which we find in all the tragedies and hiſtorical dramas that were written before the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

' Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
' Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
' I ſee them lording it in London ſtreets,
' Crying—*Villageois!*[9] unto all they meet.
' Better, ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,
' Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
' To France, to France, and get what you have
loſt;
' Spare England, for it is your native coaſt:
' Henry hath money,[2] you are ſtrong and manly;
' God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

' ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
' king, and Clifford.

' CADE. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and
' fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the
' fifth hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and
' makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay
' their heads together, to ſurprize me: my ſword
' make way for me,[3] for here is no ſtaying.—In
' deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the
' very midſt of you! and heavens and honour be
' witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only
' my followers' baſe and ignominious treaſons,
' makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

[9] ——— *Villageois!*] Old copy—*Villiago.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] *Henry hath* money,] Dr. Warburton reads—*Henry hath mercy;* but he does not ſeem to have attended to the ſpeaker's drift, which is to lure them from their preſent deſign by the hope of French plunder. He bids them ſpare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *ſtrength*, and the king has *money*.
JOHNSON.

[3] —— *my ſword make way for me,*] In the original play Cade employs a more vulgar weapon: "My *ſtaff* ſhall make way through the midſt of you, and ſo a pox take you all!" MALONE.

' Buck. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him;
' And he, that brings his head unto the king,
' Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
' Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
' To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth *Caſtle.*

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Caſtle.*

* K. HEN. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
* And could command no more content than I?
* No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
* But I was made a king, at nine months old: [4]
* Was never ſubject long'd to be a king.
* As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject. [5]

[4] ——— *I was made a king, at nine months old:*] So all the hiſtorians agree. And yet in Part I. Act III. ſc. iv. king Henry is made to ſay:

" I do remember how my father ſaid,"

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the ſame hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

[5] ——— *to be a ſubject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following ſhort dialogue, of which Shakſpeare has here made no uſe:

" *King.* Lord Somerſet, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

" *Som.* This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done " to death, and the city is almoſt ſack'd.

" *King.* God's will be done; for as he hath decreed,

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

* BUCK. Health, and glad tidings, to your majeſty!

* K. HEN. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade ſurpriz'd?

* Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's *followers, with halters about their necks.*

' CLIF. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

' And humbly thus with halters on their necks

' Expect your highneſs' doom, of life, or death.

' K. HEN. Then, heaven, [6] ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,

' To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe!—

' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

' And ſhow'd how well you love your prince and country:

' Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind,

' And Henry, though he be infortunate,

" So it muſt be; and be it as he pleaſe,
" To ſtop the pride of theſe rebellious men.
" *Queen.* Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,
" The rebel Cade had been ſuppreſs'd ere this,
" And all the reſt that do take part with him."

This ſentiment he has attributed to the queen in ſc. iv.

MALONE.

[6] *Then, heaven,* &c.] Thus, in the original play:

" *King.* Stand up, you ſimple men, and give God praiſe,
" For you did take in hand you know not what;
" And go in peace, obedient to your king,
" And live as ſubjects; and you ſhall not want,
" Whilſt Henry lives and wears the Engliſh crown.
" *All.* God ſave the king, God ſave the king."

MALONE.

' Aſſure yourſelves, will never be unkind:
' And ſo, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
' I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.
All. God ſave the king! God ſave the king!

Enter a Meſſenger.

* Mes. Pleaſe it your grace to be advértiſed,
* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
* And with a puiſſant and a mighty power,
* Of Gallowglaſſes, and ſtout Kernes,[7]
* Is marching hitherward in proud array;
* And ſtill proclaimeth, as he comes along,
* His arms are only to remove from thee
* The duke of Somerſet, whom he terms a traitor.
* K. Hen. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and York diſtreſs'd;
* Like to a ſhip, that, having 'ſcap'd a tempeſt,
* Is ſtraightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:[8]

[7] *Of* Gallowglaſſes, *and ſtout* Kernes,] Theſe were two orders of foot-ſoldiers among the Iriſh. See Dr. Warburton's note on the ſecond ſceoe of the fifth act of *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 330, n. 6. Steevens.

" The *galloglaſſe* uſeth a kiod of pollax for his weapon. Theſe meo are grim of couoteoance, tall of ſtature, big of limme, luſty of body, wel and ſtrongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary ſouldier, uſing for weapoo his ſword aod target, aod ſometimes his peece, beeing commonly good markmeo. Kerne [Kigheyreo] ſignifieth a ſhower of hell, becauſe they are takeo for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." Stanihurſt's *Deſcription of Ireland*, Ch. viii. f. 28. Bowle.

[8] *Is ſtraightway* calm'd, *and boarded with a pirate:*] The editions read—*claim'd*; and ooe would thiok it plain enough; alloding to York's claim to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempeſt*, as York's premeditated rebellioo to a *piracy*. But ſee what it is to be critical: Mr. Theobald ſays, *claim'd* ſhould be *calm'd*, becauſe a *calm* frequently ſucceeds a *tempeſt*. It may be ſo; but not here, if the kiog's word may be taken; who expreſsly

* But now [9] is Cade driven back, his men diſpers'd;
* And now is York in arms, to ſecond him.—
* I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
* And aſk him, what's the reaſon of theſe arms.
* Tell him, I'll ſend duke Edmund to the Tower;—
* And, Somerſet, we will commit thee thither,
* Until his army be diſmiſs'd from him.

ſays; that no ſooner was Cade driven back, but York appeared in arms:

But now is *Cade driv'n back, his men diſpers'd;*
And now is *York in arms to ſecond him.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton begins his note by roundly aſſerting that the editions read *claim'd*. The paſſage, indeed, is not found in the quarto; but the folio, 1623, reads *calme*. *Claim'd*, the reading of the ſecond folio, was not, perhaps, intentional, but merely a miſprint for—*calm'd*. Theobald ſays, that the third folio had anticipated his correction. I believe *calm'd* is right.

So, in *Othello*:

" —— muſt be be-lee'd and *calm'd* ——."

The commotion raiſed by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was ſubſiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raiſe freſh diſturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace.

STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakſpeare's phraſeology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd*; and the latter word has been adopted, unneceſſarily in my apprehenſion, by the modern editors. Many words were uſed in this manner in our author's time, and the import is preciſely the ſame as if he had written *calm'd*. So, in *King Henry IV.* " — what a *candy* deal of courteſy," which Mr. Pope altered improperly to—" what a deal of *candy'd* courteſy." See Vol. XII. p. 222, n. 3, and p. 224, n. 4.

By " *my ſtate*" Henry, I think, means, *his realm*; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rabble. " *With* a pirate," agreeably to the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time, means, " *by* a pirate." MALONE.

[9] But *now*——] *But* is here not adverſative.—It was only *juſt now*, ſays Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed.

MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II*:

" *But now* the blood of twenty thouſand men
" Did triumph in my face." STEEVENS.

* SOM. My lord,
* I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,
* Or unto death, to do my country good.
* K. HEN. In any caſe, be not too rough in terms;
* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
* BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,
* As all things ſhall redound unto your good.
* K. HEN. Come, wife, let's in,[2] and learn to govern better;
* For yet may England curſe my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's *Garden.*[3]

Enter CADE.

* CADE. Fie on ambition! fie on myſelf; that
* have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh! Theſe
* five days have I hid me in theſe woods; and durſt
* not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for

[2] *Come, wife, let's in,* &c.] In the old play the king concludes the ſcene thus:

"Come, let us haſte to London now with ſpeed,
"That ſolemn proceſſions may be ſung,
"In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
"And triumphs of this happy victory." MALONE.

[3] Keot *Iden's Garden.*] Holinſhed, p. 635, ſays: "— a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited ſo his time, that he tooke the ſaid Cade in a garden in *Suſſex*, ſo that there he was ſlaine at Hothfield," &c.

Inſtead of the ſoliloquy with which the preſent ſcene begins, the quarto has only this ſtage direction. *Enter Jacke Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men; and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

This Ideo was, in fact, the new ſheriff of Keot, who had followed Cade from Rocheſter. *W. Wyrceſter*, p. 472. RITSON.

* me; but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might
* have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I
* could ſtay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-
* wall have I climb'd into this garden; to ſee if I
* can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which
* is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot
* weather. And, I think, this word ſallet was born
* to do me good: for many a time, but for a ſal-
* let, my brain-pan[4] had been cleft with a brown
* bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry,

[4] —— *but for a* ſallet, *my* brain-pan &c.] A *ſallet* by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet, (ſays Skinner,) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt*. POPE.

I do not ſee by what rules of etymology, *ſallet* can be formed from *cælata*. Is it not rather a corruption from the French *ſalut*, taken, I ſuppoſe, from the ſcriptural phraſe, the *helmet of ſalvation*? *Brain-pan*, for ſkull, occurs, I think in Wicliff's tranſlation of Judges xix. 53. WHALLEY.

So, in *Caxton's Chronicle:*

" Aunne he [Cade] toke ſir Umfreyes *ſalade* and his briganteins ſmyten fully of gilte nailles, and alſo his gilt ſpoies, and arraied him like a lord and a capitayne." RITSON.

Again, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, " — One of the company ſeeing Brutus athirſt alſo, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *ſallet*."

Again, *Ibid:* " Some were driven to fill their *ſallets* and murrians with water."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more fool thou art*, 1570;

" This will beare away a good rappe,
" As good as a *ſallet* to me verilie." STEEVENS.

Salade has the ſame meaning in French, as appears from a line in *La Pucelle d'Orleans:*

" Devers la place arrive un Ecuyer
" Portant *ſalade*, avec lance dorée." M. MASON.

Minſheu conjectures that it is derived " *à ſalut*, Gal. becauſe it keepeth the head whole from breaking." He adds, " alias *ſalade* dicitur, a G. *ſalade*, idem; utrumque vero *celando*, quod caput tegit."

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph and Mary, ch. 2. we find —" twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *ſalets*." MALONE.

* and bravely marching, it hath ſerved me inſtead
* of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the worſ
* ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

' IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the
court,
' And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
' This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
' Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
' I ſeek not to wax great by others' waining;[5]
' Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;[6]
' Sufficeth, that I have maintains my ſtate,
' And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.
' CADE. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize
' me for a ſtray, for entering his fee-ſimple without
' leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get
' a thouſand crowns of the king for carrying my
' head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an

[5] —— *by others'* waining,] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Is* in the preceding line was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *Or gather wealth, I care not with what* envy;] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquiſition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often uſed in this ſenſe by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This ſpeech in the old play ſtands thus:

" Good lord, how pleaſant is this country life!
" This little land my father left me here,
" With my contented mind, ſerves me as well,
" As all the pleaſures in the court can yield,
" Nor would I change this pleaſure for the court."

Here ſurely we have not a haſty tranſcript of our author's lines, but the diſtinct compoſition of a preceding writer. The verſification muſt at once ſtrike the ear of every perſon who has peruſed any of our old dramas. MALONE.

' oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin,
' ere thou and I part.

' IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be
' I know thee not; Why then ſhould I betray thee?
' Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
' And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
' Climbing my walls in ſpite of me the owner,
' But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee? ay, by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too.[7] Look on me well: I have eat no meat theſe five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail,[8] I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

' IDEN. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
' Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt-gazing eyes to mine,[9]
' See if thou canſt outface me with thy looks.
' Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer;
' Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
' Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon;
' My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
' And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
' Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

[7] —— *and* beard *thee too.*] See Vol. XII. p. 350. n. 3. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *as dead as a door-nail,*] See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. A& V. ſc. iii. Vol. XIII. STEEVENS.

[9] *Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt-gazing eyes to mine,* &c.] This and the following nine lines are an amplification by Shakſpeare on theſe three of the old play:

" Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
" And every way as big: then hand to hand
" I'll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,
" And ſtand you all aſide." MALONE.

' As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,
' Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.[9]
* CADE. By my valour, the moſt complete cham-
* pion that ever I heard.—' Steel, if thou turn the
' edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in
' chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I be-
' ſeech God[a] on my knees, thou may'ſt be turn'd
' to hobnails. [*They fight.* Cade *falls.*] O, I am

[9] *As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,*
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburtoo, read:

As for more words, let this my ſword report
(Whoſe greatneſs anſwers words) what ſpeech forbears.

It ſeems to be a poor praiſe of a ſword, that *its greatneſs anſwers words*, whatever be the meaning of the expreſſioo. The old reading, though ſomewhat obſcure, ſeems to me more capable of explanatioo. *For more words*, whoſe pomp and tumour may anſwer words, aod only words, I ſhall forbear them, *and refer the reſt to my ſword.*
JOHNSON.

So, io the third part of *King Henry VI:*

" I will nnt bandy with thee, word for word,
" But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one."

More (As for *more* words) was an arbitrary and unoeceſſary addition made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

How ao *unneceſſary* additioo? The meaſure is incomplete without it. STEEVENS.

[a] —— *I beſeech* God—] The folio reads—I beſeech *Jove*. This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undnubtedly introduced oy the editor of the folio to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. Iu the old play 1600, he ſays, " I beſeech *God* thou migh't fall into ſome *ſmith's hand*, and be turned to hobnails." This the editor of the *ſecond* editiou of the quarto play, no date, but prioted in 1619, changed (from the ſame apprehenſion) to " I *would* thou might ſt fall," &c. Theſe alteratioos fully confirm my nnte oo *King Henry V.* A& IV. ſc. iii. [where the King ſwears " by *Jove*"]—Cootrary to the general rule which I have obſeived in printiog this play, I have not adhered in the preſent inſtance to the reading of the folio; beeauſe I am confident that it proceeded oot from Shakſpeare, but his editor, who, for the reaſon already given, makes Falſtaff ſay to Prince Henry —" I knew ye as well as he that made ye," inſtead of—" *By the Lord*, I knew ye," &c. MALONE.

' ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me: let
' ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give
' me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy
' them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a
' burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe,
' becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of Cade is fled.

' IDEN. Is't Cade that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?

' Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
' And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead;[3]
* Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point;
* But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
* To emblaze the honour that thy maſter got.

' CADE. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy vic-
' tory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt
' man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for

[3] —— *when I am dead:* &c.] How Iden was to hang a ſword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not eaſy to explain. The ſentiment is more correctly expreſſed in the quarto:

Oh, ſword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great ſervice thou haſt done to me. STEEVENS.

Here again we have a ſingle thought conſiderably amplified. Shakſpeare in new moulding this ſpeech, has uſed the ſame mode of expreſſion that he has employed in *The Winter's Tale:* "If thou'lt ſee a thing to *talk on*, when *thou art dead* and rotten, come hither." i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a ſubſequent ſcene of the play before us:

"And *dead men's cries* do fill the empty air."

Which of our author's plays does not exhibit expreſſions equally bold as "I will hang thee," to expreſs "I will have thee hung?"

I muſt juſt obſerve, that moſt of our author's *additions* are ſtrongly characteriſtick of his manner. The making Iden's ſword wear the ſtains of Cade's blood on its point, and comparing thoſe ſtains to a herald's coat, declare at once the pen of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

So, in the mock play performed in *Hamlet:*

"—— *ſmear'd*
"With *heraldry* more diſmal—." STEEVENS.

' I, that never fear'd any, am vanquiſh'd by famine,
' not by valour. [*Dies.*

* IDEN. How much thou wrong'ſt me,[4] heaven
be my judge.

* Die, damned wretch, the curſe of her that bare
thee!

* And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,

* So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.[5]

[4] *How much thou wrong'ſt me,*] That is, in ſuppoſing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer [Mr. Ritſon,] ſuggeſts that the meaning may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his proweſs, and declaring that he was ſubdued by famine, not by the valour of his adverſary.—I think Dr. Johnſon's is the true interpretation MALONE.

[5] *So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.* &c.] Not to dwell upon the wickedneſs of this horrid wiſh, with which Iden debaſes his character, the whole ſpeech is wild and confuſed. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is ſomewhat difficult; nor can I diſcover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. Theſe I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this ſavage wiſh, and makes him only add, after the lines I have juſt quoted:

I'll drag him hence, and with my ſword
Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.

The player editors ſeem to have preferred want of humanity and common ſenſe, to ſeweſs of lines, and defect of verſification. STEEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed along the ground. By ſaying, "the dunghill ſhall be thy grave," Iden means, the dunghill ſhall be the place where thy *dead body ſhall be laid:* the dunghill ſhall be the *only* grave which thou ſhalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— our monuments
" Shall be the maws of kites."

After what has been already ſtated, I fear it muſt be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's deſire to expand a ſcanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgement in the player editors. MALONE.

' Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
' Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave.
' And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head;
' Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
' Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. Fields between Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The king's Camp on one ſide. On the other, enter YORK *attended, with drum and colours: his forces at ſome diſtance.*

' YORK. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
' And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
' Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
' To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *ſancta majeſtas!*[6] who would not buy thee dear?
' Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
' This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
' I cannot give due action to my words,
' Except a ſword or ſcepter, balance it.[7]
' A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul;[8]

[6] *Ah, ſancta majeſtas!*] Thus the old copy; inſtead of which the modern editors read, *Ah, majeſty!* STEEVENS.

[7] —— *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

[8] *A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul;*] I read:
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſword.

' On which I'll toſs the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

' Whom have we here? Buckingham,[1] to diſturb me?
' The king hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
' BUCK. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.
' YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
' Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
' BUCK. A meſſenger from Henry, our dread liege,
' To know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace;
' Or why, thou—being a ſubject as I am,[9]—

York obſerves that his hand muſt be employed with a ſword or ſceepter; he then naturally obſerves, that he has a ſword, and reſolves that, if he has a ſword, he will have a ſceepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to ſay—If I have a *ſoul*, my hand ſhall not be without a ſceepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of theſe words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the ſake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquieſce in it. But ſome difficulty will ſtill remain; for if we read, with the old copy, *ſoul*, York threatens to "toſs the flower-de-luce of France on his *ſcepter*," which ſounds but oddly. To toſs it on his *ſword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes."

However, in the licentious phraſeology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his ſceptre*, (that is, exerciſe his royal power,) when he obtains it, ſo as to abaſe and deſtroy the French. —The following line alſo in *King Henry VIII.* adds ſupport to the old copy:

"Sir, *as I have a ſoul*, ſhe is an angel." MALONE.

[9] —— *being a ſubject as I am,*] Here again in the old play we have the ſtyle and verſification of our author's immediate predeceſſors:

' Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
' Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave,
' Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court.

' YORK. Scarce can I ſpeak,[2] my choler is ſo great.
' O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
' I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms;
' And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
' On ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury! *Aſide.*
' I am far better born than is the king;
' More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
' But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
' Till Henry be more weak, and I more ſtrong.—
' O Buckingham,[3] I pr'ythee, pardon me,
' That I have given no anſwer all this while;
' My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
' The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
' Is—to remove proud Somerſet from the king.
' Seditious to his grace, and to the ſtate.

' BUCK. That is too much preſumption on thy part:

" Or that thou, being a ſubject as I am,
" *Should'ſt thus approach ſo near with colours ſpread,*
" *Whereas the perſon of the king doth keep.*" MALONE.

[2] *Scarce can I ſpeak*, &c.] The firſt nine lines of this ſpeech are founded on the following in the old play:

"'A ſubject as he is!
" O, how I hate theſe ſpiteful abject terms!
" But York diſſemble, *till thou meet thy ſonnes*,
" Who now in arms expect their father's fight,
" And not far hence I know they cannot be." MALONE.

[3] O *Buckingham*,] *O*, which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

' But if thy arms be to no other end,
' The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
' The duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
YORK. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?
BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.
' YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do diſmiſs my powers.—
' Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
' Meet me to-morrow in ſaint George's field.
' You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh.—
* And let my ſovereign, virtuous Henry,
* Command my eldeſt ſon,—nay, all my ſons,
* As pledges of my fealty and love,
* I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
* Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
* Is his to uſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
' BUCK. York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion:
' We twain will go into his highneſs' tent. [4]

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

' K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
' That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
* YORK. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
*York doth preſent himſelf unto your highneſs.
* K. HEN. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

[4] *We twain will go into his highneſs' tent.*] Shakſpeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, inſtead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines ſtand thus:

Buck. Come, York, thou ſhalt go ſpeak unto the king;—
But ſee, his grace is coming to meet with us. MALONE.

' York. To heave the traitor Somerſet from
' hence; [5]
' And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel, Cade,
' Who ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden, *with* Cade's *head.*

' Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
' May paſs into the preſence of a king,
' Lo, I preſent your grace a traitor's head,
' The head of Cade, whom I in combat ſlew.
' K. Hen. The head of Cade?[6]—Great God, how
juſt art thou!—
' O, let me view his viſage being dead,
' That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
' Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that ſlew
him?

[5] York. *To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence;*] The correſponding ſpeech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, and acquaints the king with the plea that York had before made to him for his riſing: "To heave the duke of Somerſet," &c. This variation could never have ariſen from copyiſts, ſhort-hand writers, or printers. Malone.

[6] *The head of Cade?*] The ſpeech correſponding to this in the firſt part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone ſufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet:

King. Firſt, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,
That haſt ſubdu'd that wicked traitor thus.
O, let me ſee that head, that in his life
Did work me and my land ſuch cruel ſpight.
A viſage ſtern; coal-black his curled locks;
Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humours in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight:
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name.

Malone.

' IDEN. I was, an't like your majeſty.
' K. HEN. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
' IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
' A poor eſquire of Kent, that loves his king.
* BUCK. So pleaſe it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
* He were created knight for his good ſervice.
' K. HEN. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Riſe up a knight.
' We give thee for reward a thouſand marks;
' And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
' IDEN. May Iden live to merit ſuch a bounty,
' And never live but true unto his liege![7]
' K. HEN. See, Buckingham! Somerſet comes with the queen;
' Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

' Q. MAR. For thouſand Yorks he ſhall not hide his head,
' But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.
' YORK. How now![8] Is Somerſet at liberty?

[7] *May Iden*, &c.] Iden has ſaid before:
Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy, &c.
Shakſpeare makes Iden rail at thoſe enjoyments which he ſuppoſes to be out of his reach; but no ſooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden's eulogium on the happineſs of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours beſtowed by his majeſty, Shakſpeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

[8] *How now!* &c.] This ſpeech is greatly amplified, and in other reſpects very different from the original, which conſiſts of but ten lines. MALONE.

'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
'False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
'That head of thine doth not become a crown;
'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
'And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
'Is able with the change to kill and cure.[9]
'Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
'And with the same to act controlling laws.
'Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
'O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
'SOM. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
'Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
'Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
'YORK. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,

[9] —— *like to Achilles' spear,*
Is able with the change to kill and cure.]
Mysus & Æmonia juvenis qua cuspide vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.
PROPERT. Lib. II. El. 1.
Greene in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:
'Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself;
'As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
'Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare." MALONE.

* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail;[a]
[*Exit an* Attend.

* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
* They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.

' Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain, [*Exit.* BUCKINGHAM.

* To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of York
* Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.

* YORK. O blood-beſpotted Neapolitan,
* Outcaſt of Naples, England's bloody ſcourge!
' The ſons of York, thy betters in their birth,

[a] *Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt let me aſk of theſe,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail;] As theſe lines ſtand, I think the ſenſe perplexed and obſcure. I have ventured to tranſpoſe them. WARBURTON.

I believe theſe lines ſhould be replaced in the order in which they ſtood till Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed them. By *theſe* York means *his knees*. He ſpeaks, as Mr. Upton would have ſaid, δειϰτιϰως: laying his hand upon, or at leaſt pointing to, his knees.
TYRWHITT.

By *theſe* York evidently means his ſons, whom he had juſt called for. Tyrwhitt's ſuppoſition, that he meant to aſk his *knees*, whether he ſhould bow his *knees* to any man, is not imagined with his uſual ſagacity. M. MASON.

I have no doubt that York means either his ſons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, in whom he may be ſuppoſed to point. Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line of the ſpeech at the beginning of it. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unneceſſary. The folio reads—of *thee*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was ſubſtituted for *ſon* by the editor of the ſecond folio. The correction is juſtified both by the context and the old play. "*For* my enfranchiſemeot," inſtead of—*of* my, &c. was likewiſe his correction. MALONE.

' Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thoſe[3]
' That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with forces, at one ſide; at the other, with forces alſo, old* CLIFFORD *and his ſon.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.
* Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
' CLIF. Health and all happineſs to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
' YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
' Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
' We are thy ſovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
' For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
' CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not miſtake;
' But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do:—
' To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
' K. HEN. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour[4]

[3] *Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thoſe*—] Conſidering how our author loves to play on words ſimilar in their ſound, but oppoſite in their ſignification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) ſignifies detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c. THEOBALD.

Bale ſignifies ſorrow. Either word may ſerve. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *a* bedlam *and ambitious humour*—] The word *bedlam* was not uſed in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hoſpital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a houſe or hoſpital for lunatics till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpoſe. GREY.

‘ Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his king.
‘ CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
‘ And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. MAR. He is arreſted, but will not obey;
‘ His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
‘ YORK. Will you not, ſons?
EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will ſerve.
‘ RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
* CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
* YORK. Look in a glaſs, and call thy image ſo;
* I am thy king, and thou a falſe-heart traitor.—
‘ Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,
* That, with the very ſhaking of their chains,
* They may aſtoniſh theſe fell lurking curs;[5]
* Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come[6] to me.[7]

Shakſpeare was led into this anachrooiſm by the author of the older play. MALONE.

It is no anachronifm, and Dr. Grey was miſtaken. “Next unto the-pariſh of St. Buttolph,” ſays Stuw, “is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers: theo an *Hoſpitall* of *S. Mary of Bethelem*, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sheriffes of London, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to haue beene a priorie of Cannons with brethren and ſiſters, and king Edward the thirde granted a protection, which I have ſeene, for the brethren *Militiæ beatæ Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. *It was an hoſpitall for diſtracted people.*” Survay of London, 1598, p. 127. RITSON.

[5] ——— fell lurking *curs;*] Mr. Roderick would read “fell *barkings*” Mr. Heath “fell *lurching;*” but, perhaps, by *fell lurking* is meant curs who are at once compounded of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,—*
Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come—] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged ſtaff* for their cognizance.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with forces.*

' CLIF. Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
' And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
' If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting-place.
* RICH. Oft have I ſeen[8] a hot o'erweening cur
* Run back and bite, becauſe he was withheld;
* Who, being ſuffer'd[9] with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
* And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
* If you oppoſe yourſelves to match lord Warwick.
* CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
* As crooked in thy manners as thy ſhape!
* YORK. Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.

[7] *Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come to me.*] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haſt;
Both thou and they ſhall curſe this fatal hour.

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakſpeare, we ſee, has not introduced him in the preſent ſcene, but has availed himſelf of thoſe lines below. MALONE.

[8] *Oft have I ſeen* &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal ſport See Stowe's account of Queen Elizabeth's Amuſements of this kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle.* PERCY.

The one of them has adopted his deſcription from the other. HENLEY.

[9] —— *being* ſuffer'd —] Being ſuffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however ſure but the poet meant, being in a ſtate of *ſufferance* or pain. MALONE.

* CLIF. Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn yourſelves.[2]
* K. HEN. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
* Old Saliſbury,—ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
* Thou mad miſleader of thy brainſick ſon!—
* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
* And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?—
* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
* If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
* Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?—
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
* Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
* For ſhame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
* SAL. My lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
* The title of this moſt renowned duke;
* And in my conſcience do repute his grace
* The rightful heir to England's royal ſeat.
* K. HEN. Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
* SAL. I have.
* K. HEN. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heaven for ſuch an oath?
* SAL. It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin;[3]

[2] *Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn yourſelves.*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"*Heat* not a furnace for yourſelf ſo hot,
"That it do *ſinge yourſelf.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin;* &c.] We have the ſame ſentiment in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"It is religion, to be thus forſworn."

* But greater ſin, to keep a ſinful oath.
* Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
* To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right;
* And have no other reaſon for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?

* Q. MAR. A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.

' K. HEN. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.

' YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
' I am reſolv'd for death, or dignity.[4]

' CLIF. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

' WAR. You were beſt to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field..

CLIF. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm,
Than any thou canſt conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,[5]
Might I but know thee by thy houſhold badge.[6]

Again, in *King John:*

" It is religion that doth make vows kept;
" But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn;
" And moſt forſworn to keep what thou doſt ſwear."

MALONE.

[4] —— *for death*, or *dignity*.] The folio reads—*and* dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] —— *burgonet*,] Is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638:

" ——— now tye
" Strong charms upon my full-plum'd *burgonet*."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *thy* houſhold *badge*.] The folio has *houſed* badge, owing

WAR. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar ſhows,
That keeps his leaves in ſpite of any ſtorm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
' Deſpight the bearward that protects the bear.
' Y. CLIF. And ſo to arms, victorious father,
' To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.
RICH. Fie! charity, for ſhame! ſpeak not in ſpite,
For you ſhall ſup with *Jeſu Chriſt* to-night.
' Y. CLIF. Foul ſtigmatick,[7] that's more than thou canſt tell.
' RICH. If not in heaven, you'll ſurely ſup in hell. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

probably to the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

[7] *Foul* ſtigmatick,] A *ſtigmatick*, is one on whom nature has ſet a mark of deformity, a ſtigma. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excurſions. Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet ſounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.[8]

Enter YORK.

' How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
' YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford ſlew my ſteed;
' But match to match I have encounter'd him.
' And made a prey for carrion kites and crows[9]
' Even of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.[1]

This certainly is the meaning here. A *ſtigmatick* originally and properly ſignified a perſon who has been branded with a hot iron for ſome crime. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616. MALONE.

[8] *Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.*] See *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 373, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[9] *And made a prey for carrion kites and crows—*] So, in *Hamlet*:
" I ſhould have fatted all the region *kites*
" With this ſlave's offal." STEEVENS.

[1] *Even of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.*] In the old play:
" The bonnieſt gray, that e'er was bred in North."
MALONE.

Enter CLIFFORD.

'WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.
YORK. Hold, Warwick, ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
For I myſelf[3] muſt hunt this deer to death.
'WAR. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'ſt.—
'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my ſoul to leave thee unaſſail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
'CLIF. What ſeeſt thou in me, York?[4] why doſt thou pauſe?
'YORK. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
'But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemy.
'CLIF. Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,

[3] *For I myſelf* &c.] This paſſage will remind the claſſical reader of Achilles' conduct in the 22d Iliad, v. 205, where he expreſſes his determination that Hector ſhould fall by no other hand than his own. STEEVENS.

[4] *What ſeeſt thou in me, York?* &c.] Inſtead of this and the ten following lines, we find theſe in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

York. Now, Clifford, ſince we are ſingled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us;
For now my heart hath ſworn immortal hate
To thee and all the houſe of Lancaſter.
Clif. And here I ſtand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing ne'er to ſtir till thou or I be ſlain;
For never ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I have ſpoil'd the hateful houſe of York.
[*Alarums, and they fight, and* York *kills* Clifford.
York. Now Lancaſter, ſit ſure; thy ſinews ſhrink.
Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [*Exit* York.
MALONE.

' But that 'tis ſhown ignobly, and in treaſon,
' York. So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
' As I in juſtice and true right expreſs it:
' Clif. My ſoul and body on the action both!—
' York. A dreadful lay![5]—addreſs thee inſtantly.
[*They fight, and* Clifford *falls.*
' Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*[6] [*Dies.*[7]
' York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill.
' Peace with his ſoul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* Y. Clif. Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout;[8]

[5] *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous ſtake. JOHNSON.

[6] *La fin couranne les œuvres.*] The players read:
La fin corrone les eumenes. STEEVENS.
Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *Dies.*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of hiſtory; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmoſt to make his characters conſiderable. This circumſtance however ſerves to prepare the reader or ſpectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's ſon on York and Rutland.
It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this hiſtorical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there repreſents Clifford's death as it really happened:
" Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreaſt
" Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,
" Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain." PERCY.
For this inconſiſtency the elder poet muſt anſwer; for theſe lines are in *The True tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, &c. on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

[8] *Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout;* &c.] Inſtead of this long ſpeech, we have the following lines in the old play:

* Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
* Where it ſhould guard. O war, thou ſon of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their miniſter,
* Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance! [9]—Let no ſoldier fly:
* He, that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no ſelf-love; nor he, that loves himſelf,
* Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*ſeeing his dead father.*
* And the premiſed flames[8] of the laſt day
* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
* Particularities and petty ſounds
* To ceaſe![3]—Waſt thou ordain'd, dear father,

Y. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!
Where may I ſeek my aged father forth?
O diſmal ſight! ſee where he breathleſs lies.
All ſoiear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true houſe!
Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghoſt I ſwear
Immortal hate unto the houſe of York;
Nor never ſhall I ſleep ſecure one night,
Till I have furiouſly reveng'd thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.
[*He takes him up on his back.*
And thus as old Anchiſes' ſon did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greeks,
Even ſo will I;—but ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate. MALONE.

[9] Hot coals *of vengeance!*] This phraſe is ſcriptural. So, in the 140th Pſalm: "Let *hot* burning *coals* fall upon them." STEEVENS.

[8] *And the premiſed flames*——] *Premiſed*, for ſent before their time. The ſenſe is, let the flames reſerved for the laſt day be ſent NOW. WARBURTON.

[3] *To* ceaſe!] I to *ſtop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"——be not *ceas'd*
"With flight denial——." STEEVENS.

* To looſe thy youth in peace, and to achieve[4]
* The ſilver livery of adviſed age;[5]
* And, in thy reverence,[6] and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this ſight,
* My heart is turn'd to ſtone:[7] and, while 'tis mine,
* It ſhall be ſtony.[8] York not our old men ſpares;
* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.[9]
* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
* Meet I an infant of the houſe of York,
* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
* As wild Medea young Abſyrtus did:[1]

[4] —— *to achieve* —] Is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

[5] *The ſilver livery of* adviſed *age;*] *Adviſed* is *wiſe, experienced.* MALONE.

Adviſed is *cautious, conſiderate.* So before in this play:
" And bid me be *adviſed* how I tread." STEEVENS.

[6] *And, in thy* reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has uſed the word in the ſame manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother ſays to the elder, (ſpeaking of their father,) " thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*." MALONE.

[7] *My heart is turn'd to ſtone:*] So, in *Othello:* " — my heart is turn'd to ſtone, I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand." MALONE.

[8] *It ſhall be ſtony.*] So again, in *Othello:*
" Thou doſt *ſtone* my heart."
And, in *King Richard III.* we have " ſtone-hard heart."
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet:*
" To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
" And melt in her own fire." STEEVENS.

[1] *As wild Medea* &c.] When Medea fled with Jaſon from Colchos, ſhe murdered her brother Abſyrtus, and cut his body into ſeveral pieces, that her father might be prevented for ſome time from purſuing her. See Ovid. Trift. Lib. III. El. 9.

* In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
' Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's houſe;
[*Taking up the body.*
' As did Æneas old Anchiſes bear,
' So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders; [3]
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET. *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

RICH. So, lie thou there;—
' For, underneath an alehouſe' paltry ſign,
The Caſtle in ſaint Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous in his death:[4]—

— divellit, divulſaque membra per agros
Diſſipat, in multis invenienda locis:—
Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus.
Dum legit extinctos, triſte moretur iter. MALONE.

[3] The quarto copy has theſe lines:
Even ſo will I.—But ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate.

Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away again.

Out, crook-back'd villain! get thee from my ſight!
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.
[*Exit young Clifford with his father.*
STEEVENS.

This is to be added to all the other circumſtances which have been urged to ſhow that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakſpeare. The former's deſcription of Æneas is different. See p. 366, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] *So, lie thou there;——*
For, underneath an alehouſe' paltry ſign,
The caſtle in ſaint Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.] The particle *for* in the ſecond line ſeems to be uſed without any very apparent inference. We might read:

* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
* Prieſts pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fall'n *underneath an alehouſe' paltry ſign*, &c.

Yet the alteration is not neceſſary; for the old reading is ſenſe, though obſcure. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that the particle *for* ſeems to be uſed here without any apparent inference. The correſponding paſſage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

" *Behold, the prophecy is come to paſs;*
" For, underneath—" &c.

We have had already two ſimilar omiſſions in this play. MALONE.

Thus the paſſage ſtands in the quarto:

Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!
What's here? the ſign of the Caſtle?
Then the prophecy is come to paſs;
For Somerſet was forewarned of caſtles,
The which he always did obſerve: and now,
Behold, under a paltry ale-houſe ſign,
The Caſtle in ſaint Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous by his death.

I ſuppoſe, however, that the third line was originally written:

Way, then the propheey is come to paſs. STEEVENS.

The death of Somerſet here accompliſhes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the cloſe of the firſt act of this play:

" Let him ſhun *caſtles:*
" Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
" Than where *caſtles, mounted* ſtand."

i. e. the repreſentation of a *caſtle*, mounted for a *ſign*. THEOBALD.

* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
* We ſhall to London get; where you are lov'd;
* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
* May readily be ſtopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* Y. CLIF. But that my heart's on future miſ-
chief ſet,
* I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you muſt; uncurable diſcomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent parts.[3]

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Which *ſees into the bottom* of my grief."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" To *look* into *the bottom* of my place." MALONE.

[3] —— *all our preſent* parts.] Should we not read?—*party*. TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:
" Throw in the frozen boſoms of our *part*,
" Hot coals of vengeance."
I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time.
So, in the Proclamation for the apprehenſion of John Cade, Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 616, edit. 1605: " —the which John Cade alſo, after this, was ſworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them," &c.
Again, in Hall's Chronicle, *King Henry VI.* fol. 101: " —in concluſion King Edward ſo corageouſly comforted his men, refreſhing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [i. e. the adverſe army] was diſcomforted and overcome." Again, in the ſame Chronicle, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii: " — to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguiſh both the *faccions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth."
Again, in *Coriolanus*:
" —— if I cannot perſuade thee,
" Rather to ſhow a noble grace to both *parts*,
" Than ſeek the end of one,"—
In Plutarch the correſponding paſſage runs thus: " For if I cannot perſuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*," &c. MALONE.

A hundred inſtances might be brought in proof that *part* and *party* were ſynonymouſly uſed. But that is not the preſent queſtion.

* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To ſee their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flouriſh; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

' YORK. Of Saliſbury, [4] who can report of him;
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contuſions and an bruſh of time; [5]

Mr. Tyrwhitt's ear (like every other accuſtomed to harmony of verſification) muſt naturally have been ſhocked by the leonine gingle of *hearts* and *parts*, which is not found in any one of the paſſages produced by Mr. Malone in defence of the preſent reading. STEEVENS.

[4] *Of Saliſbury*, &c.] The correſponding ſpeeches to this and the following, are theſe, in the original play:

York. How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
I hope to us and ours, for England's good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did uſurp our rights,
But did you ſee old Saliſbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſs of this right hand
That aught but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his launce with his old weary arms;
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him up again;
And ſtill he fought with courage 'gainſt his foes;
The boldeſt-ſprited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.
MALONE.

[5] —— bruſh *of time;*] Read *bruiſe* of time. WARBURTON.

* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,[6]
* Repairs him with occaſion? this happy day
* Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
* If Saliſbury be loſt.

RICH. My noble father,
' Three times to-day I holp him to his horſe.
' Three times beſtrid him,[7] thrice I led him off,
' Perſuaded him from any further act:
' But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
* And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

' SAL. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day;[8]

The *bruſh of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I ſuppoſe to be the true one. So, in *Timon:*

" ——————one winter's *bruſh*—." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*gallant in the brow of youth,*] The *brow of youth* is an expreſſion not very eaſily explained. I read *the blow of youth;* the bloſſom, the ſpring. JOHNSON.

The *brow* of *youth* is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its ſummit. So, in *Othello:*

" ——— the head and *front* of my offending."

Again, in *K. John:*

" Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Three times beſtrid him,*] That is, Three times I ſaw him fallen, and, ſtriding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 383, n. 9. Of this act of friendſhip, which Shakſpeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find on the oppoſite page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumſtances, which when united form almoſt a deciſive proof that the piece before us was conſtructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

[8] *Well haſt thou fought* &c.] The variation between this ſpeech and that in the original play deſerves to be noticed:

' By the maſs, ſo did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
' God knows, how long it is I have to live;
' And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
' You have defended me from imminent death.—
* Well lords, we have not got that which we have;[9]
* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
* Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.[2]
' YORK. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;
' For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
' To call a preſent court of parliament.[3]

Sal. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant duke;
And thou brave bud of York's increaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm
Three times this day thou haſt preſerv'd my life.

MALONE.

[9] *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;*] i. e. we have not ſecured, we are not ſure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the preſent piece, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:

" That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs."

MALONE.

[2] *Being* oppoſites *of ſuch* repairing *nature.*] Being enemies that are likely ſo ſoon to rally and recover themſelves from this defeat. See Vol. V. p. 308. n, 9.

To *repair* in our author's language is, *to renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline:*

" O, diſloyal thing!
" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth,—."

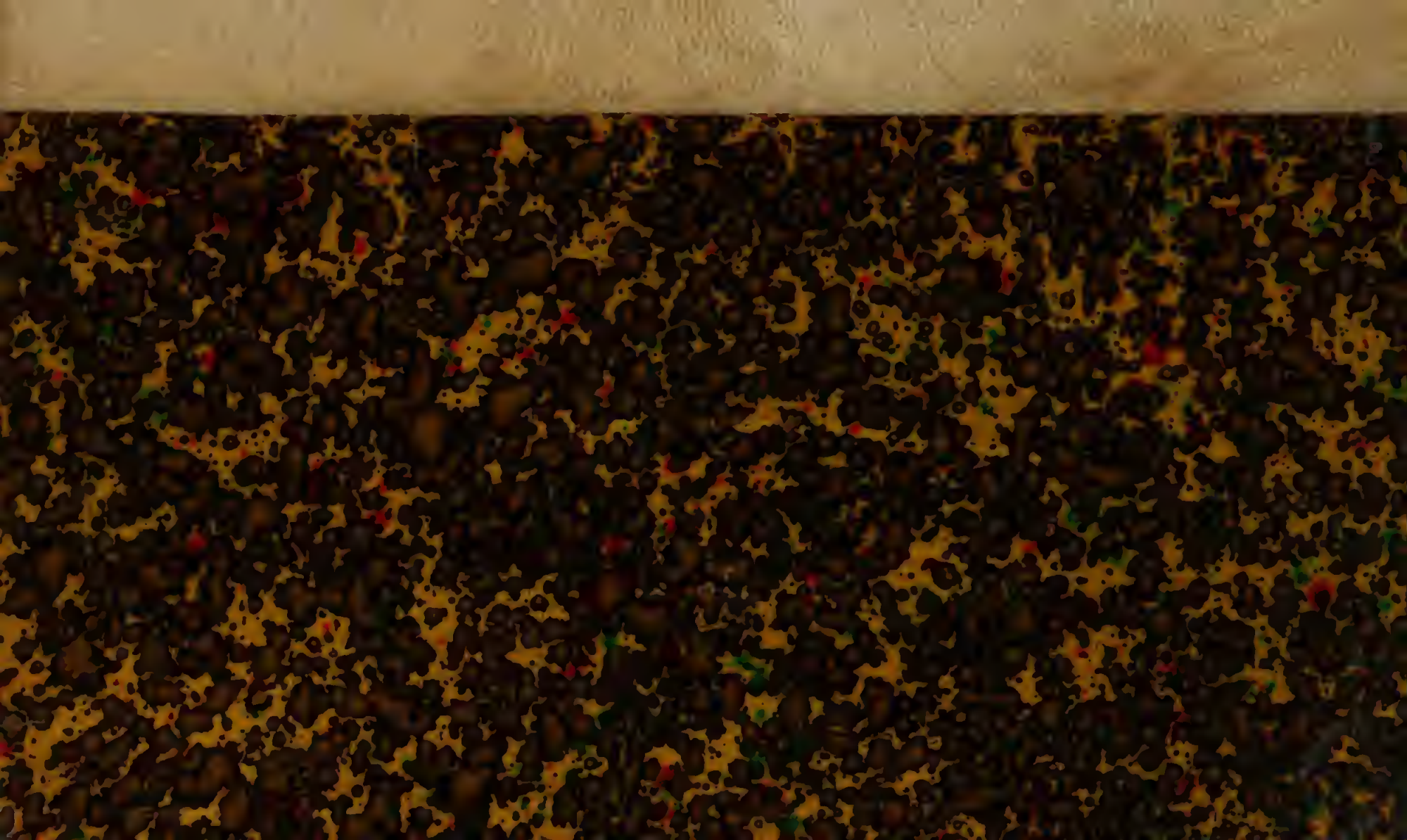
Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" —— It much *repairs* me,
" To talk of your good father." MALONE.

[3] *To call a preſent court of parliament.*] The king and queen left the ſtage only juſt as York entered, and have not laid a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this? The fact is, as we have ſeen, that in the old play the king does ſay, " he will call a parliament," but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in ſome other places, fallen into an impropriety, by ſometimes following and at others deſerting his original. MALONE.

' Let us purſue him, ere the writs go forth:—
' What ſays lord Warwick? ſhall we after them?
' WAR. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my faith,[4] lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Now by my faith,*] The firſt folio reads—Now by my *hand*. This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 346, n. 2. The true reading I have reſtored from the old play. MALONE.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

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